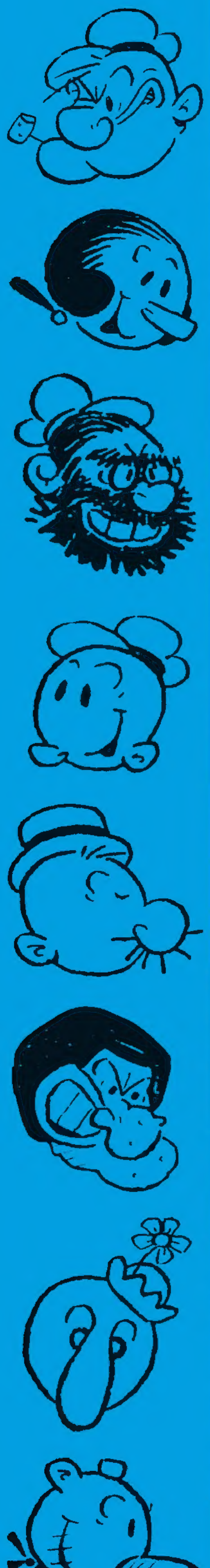


ADULT & KID FRIENDLY!™

Popeye®

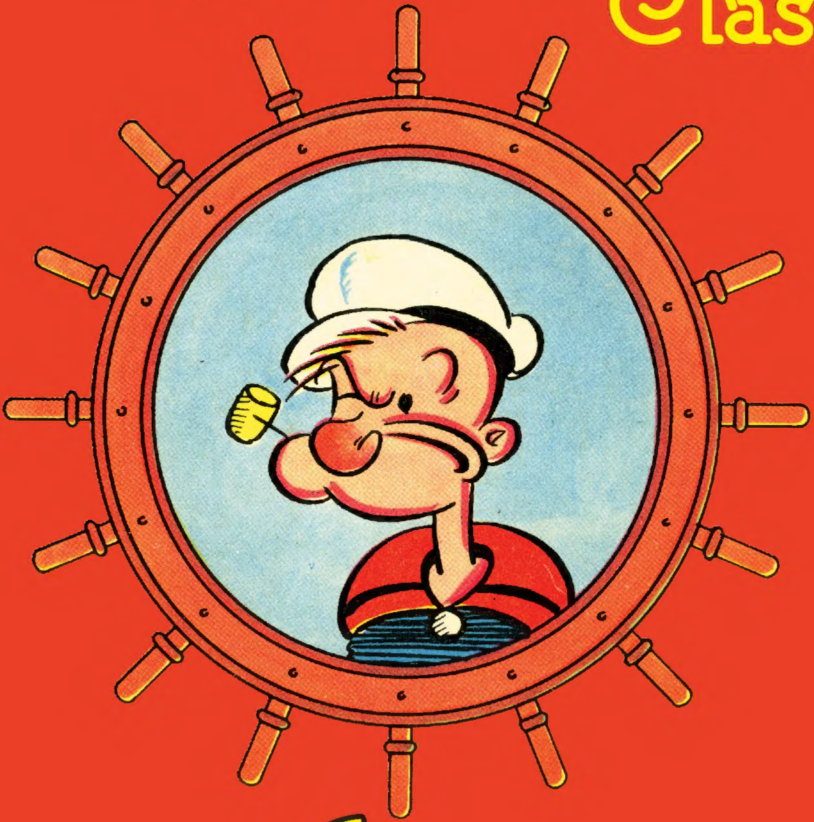
Classics

A THOUSAND BUCKS WORTH OF FUN and more!

Edited and Designed by CRAIG YOE

BUD SAGENDORF

Popeye Classics



Bud Sagendorf

Produced by
CLIZIA GUSSONI

Edited and Designed by
CRAIG YOE

YOE BOOKS!

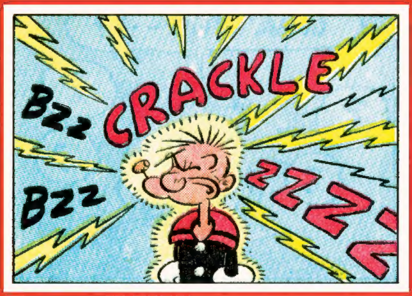
IDW PUBLISHING
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Forrest “Bud” Sagendorf (1915 – 1994)
wrote and drew more Popeye comic strips and books than any other cartoonist—and wrote and drew them better than all the other swabs!
When Bud was just 17, his sister, who worked in an art supply store in Santa Monica, California, introduced him to a customer, E.C. Segar, the creator of Popeye. Bud began a long relationship with Segar, who became his teacher, employer, and father figure.
After Segar’s passing, Bud produced comic books for 24 years, penned the daily strip, and drew art for licensing products.
For a full biography with the crème de la spinach comics and many other rarities, see *Popeye: The Great Comic Book Tales by Bud Sagendorf* (Yoe Books/IDW, 2011).
We encourage you to send us images of Sagendorf treasures for future scrapbooks.

SOCIETY · OF · SAGENDORKS

"I am not now, nor have ever been, a member of the Society of Sagendorks (S.O.S.). I know nothing of the Society of Sagendorks' clandestine rites involving Bud Sagendorf's art, and have no knowledge of the group's apparent deification of Forrest "Bud" Sagendorf, their connection to the world banking system, or their avowed goal of total world domination. Furthermore, the cult-like symbol for the Society of Sagendorks above was NOT drawn by me, rather by someone who has fiendishly affixed a reproduction of my signature to it in order to discredit me by associating me with these zealots. Be it known: I stand willing to totally cooperate with any and all authorities on this matter even to the point of releasing names of people that may themselves be involved in sympathetic activities of the Society of Sagendorks or names of actual card-carrying members of the Society of Sagendorks I have obtained through my connections. For the good of mankind and all that we hold good and holy, I urge all patriotic, upstanding citizens to do the same!"

—Craig Yoe



Dedicated to my generous and fun
Popeye friend,

Bruce Shults.

This is Volume 5 in the complete reprint of Bud Sagendorf's classic *Popeye* comics. Collect them all.

Do you have art or ephemera for the Bud Sagendorf Scrapbook? Please contact Craig Yoe on Facebook!

Join the fun on Facebook on the "Celebrating Popeye" page!

Check out our videos on **The Yoe Tube** at **YouTube.com/TheYoeTube** and **Vimeo.com/TheYoeTube**

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Deep thanks to: Ted Adams, Giovanna Anzaldi, Brendan Burford, Frank Caruso, Justin Eisinger, Greg Goldstein, Fred Grandinetti, Donnie Pitchford, and Bruce Shults.

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A BUD SAGENDORF SCRAPBOOK

'Drawing Beats Spelling,' Declares Bud Sagendorf

A favorite gambit of fiction is to have a character desperately unhappy in his work and pining for a more exciting position but not so Bud Sagendorf who does the POPEYE cartoon.

"I not only love my work and feel sorry for anyone who only gets to read the comics," he says, "but its also more fun to draw them."

He should know. He has spent a number of years doing both. He says that he started drawing at an early age "because it was easier to make pictures than learn to spell."

That may be but some years late he had obviously mastered the mystery of spelling since he was assistant cimic art director in charge of production at King Features Syndicate, a job demanding a wary eye for the spelling vagaries of artists.

While still in high schol, he went to work for the late E. C. Segar, creator of Popeye. He couldn't have found a better teacher as Segar was a master of the humorous continuity strip.

"While working for him," Sagendorf fondly recalls, "I had the fun of going through the labor pains of the birth of many wonderful characters such as Swee 'pea, Eugene the Jeep, Alice the Goon and Poopdeck-Pappy."

After Segar's death in 1938, Bud was called east by King Features to continue work on the strip. After a while he was

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 4)

(Continued From Page 1)

lured from the ink pots to take a desk job as the aforementioned assistant comic editor.

He did the job conscientiously but when King decided to do a Popeye comic magazine, he go back behind the drawing board and undertook to write and draw the whole thing. He still does it. In 1959, he again took over the daily and Sunday Popeye strip while continuing to do the magazine.

He is married and lives in West port with his beautiful blonde wife, Nadya and three children. They are Martin, who he describes as "an electronic nut," Nicki, who's "a living doll," and Bradley, the baby of the family.

Tongue in cheek, Bud claims that "needless to say, two of them are brilliant and the third is going to be a comic artist."

THIS PAGE: A feature about Sagendorf published in the *Philadelphia Tribune* on October 11, 1960.

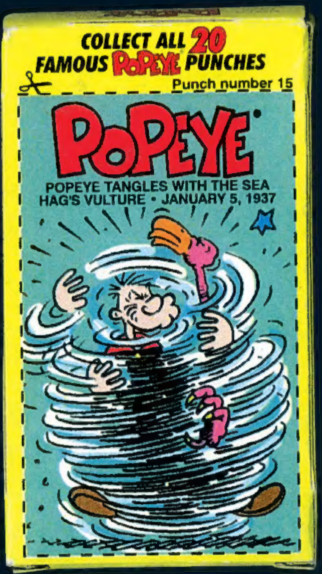
OPPOSITE, TOP: An ad for the *Popeye* newspaper comic strip appeared in the *Milwaukee Sentinel* on May 20, 1966.

OPPOSITE, BOTTOM LEFT: 1995 candy stick box featuring Sagendorf's art from 1979.

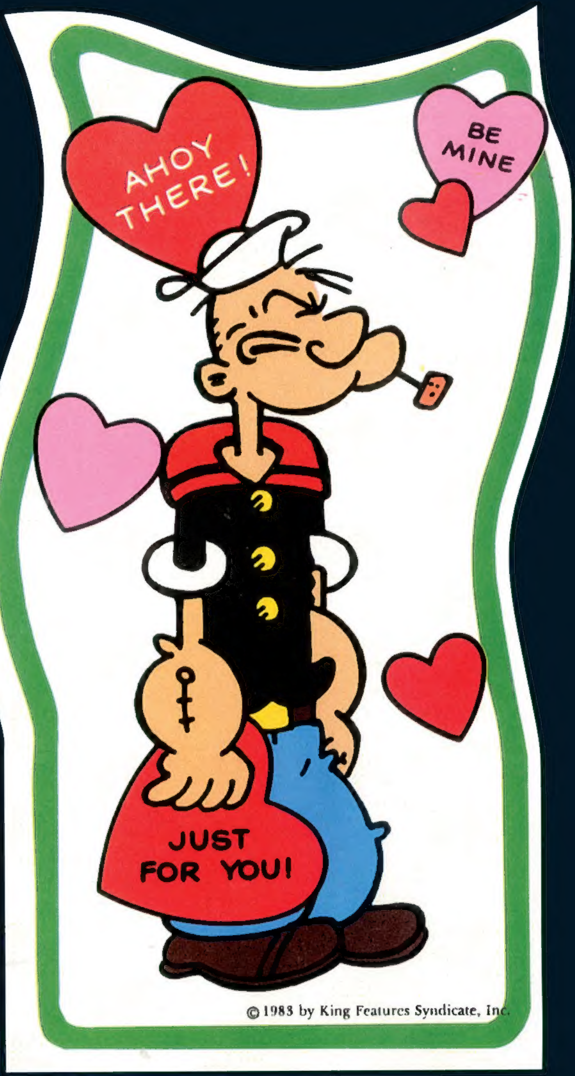
OPPOSITE, BOTTOM RIGHT: Key harmonica from 1973.

Items on this spread are from the collection of Fred Grandinetti. Thanks much, Fred!

On Your Vacation
TAKE POPEYE and OLIVE WITH YOU
PERHAPS TREES ARE THE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON MARS!
WHY DON'T YOU TRY TALKING TO IT?
'AT'S CRAZY! I WOULD FEEL SILLY TALKIN' TO A TREE!
You probably won't find yourself talking to trees on Mars—but you can find yourself enjoying POPEYE and his adventures every day you're away. Just call 276-3900 and have this and many other popular comics delivered to your vacation address.
MILWAUKEE SENTINEL
Wisconsin's Great Morning Newspaper


COLLECT ALL 20 FAMOUS POPEYE PUNCHES
Punch number 15
POPEYE
POPEYE TANGLES WITH THE SEA HAG'S VULTURE • JANUARY 5, 1937

POPEYE©
KEY MONICA
POPEYE


AHOY THERE!
BE MINE
JUST FOR YOU!
© 1983 by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

WHAT A MAN!
POPEYE OLIVE 'N' OYL
©1980 King Features Syndicate, Inc.

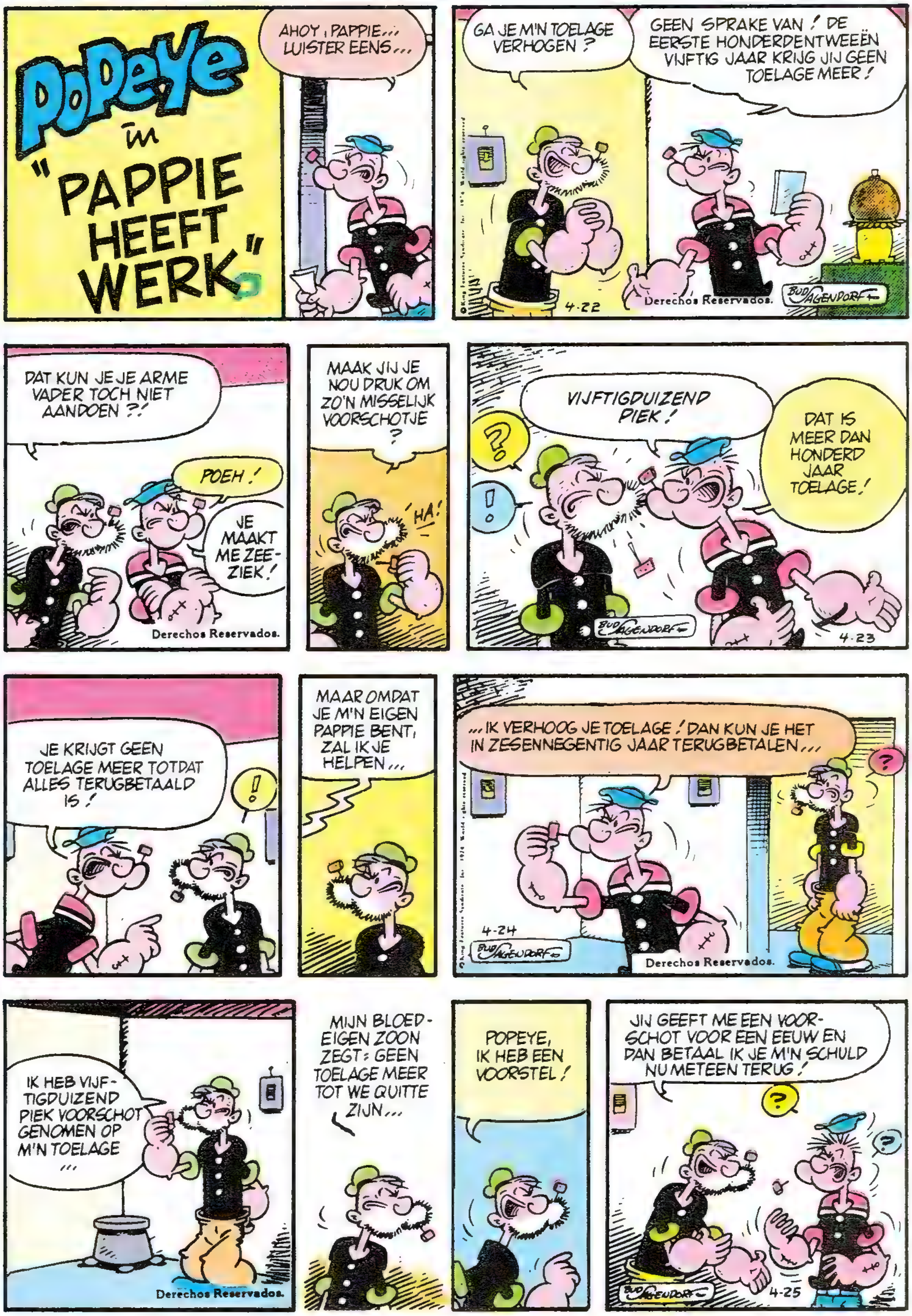
OPPOSITE, TOP: A 1983 Valentine card and a 1980 memo book featuring Sagendorf's art.

BOTTOM: 1974 magnets.

TOP: 1979 "Happy Birthday Popeye" plate.

BOTTOM: 1979 bowl.

Except for the Popeye, Bluto and Olive Oyl magnets, the items on this spread are from the collection of Fred Grandinetti. Thanks much, Fred!



TOP: A Dutch newspaper strip (April 22, 1974).
RIGHT: The Dutch issue of *Popeye* #63 (1984) published by Semic.
Items on this spread are from the collection of Kerry Huffman. Thanks much, Kerry!

Nr. 64 — Fl. 1.95/Bfr. 40

semic TV STRIP

POPEYE

ERWTJE ALS DICTATOR

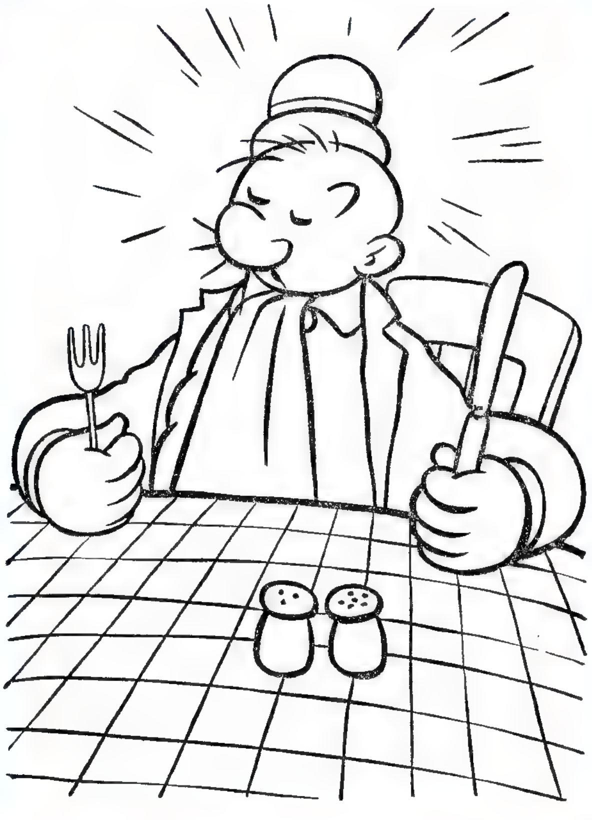
Olive Has A Few Things To Say

Popeye and Swee'Pea are off to town.

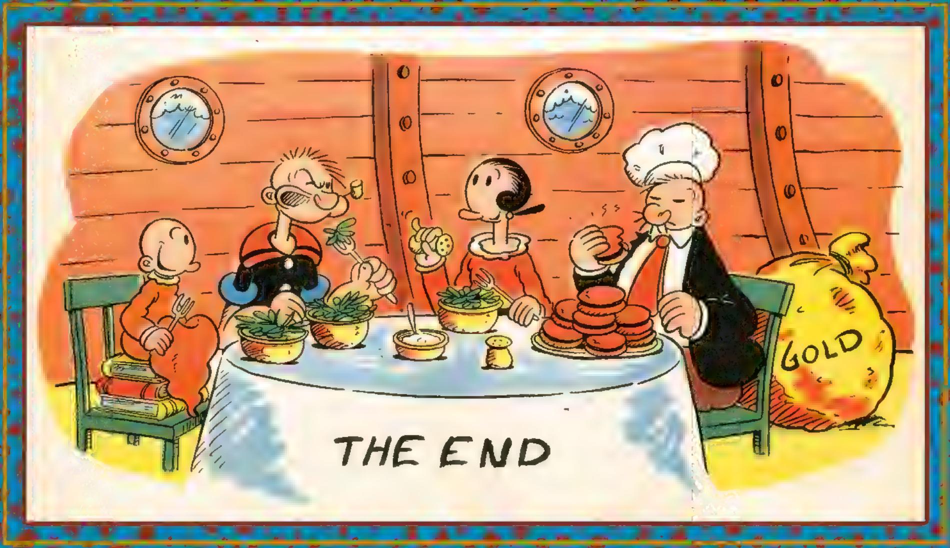
Popeye Leaves To Call On Olive Oyl

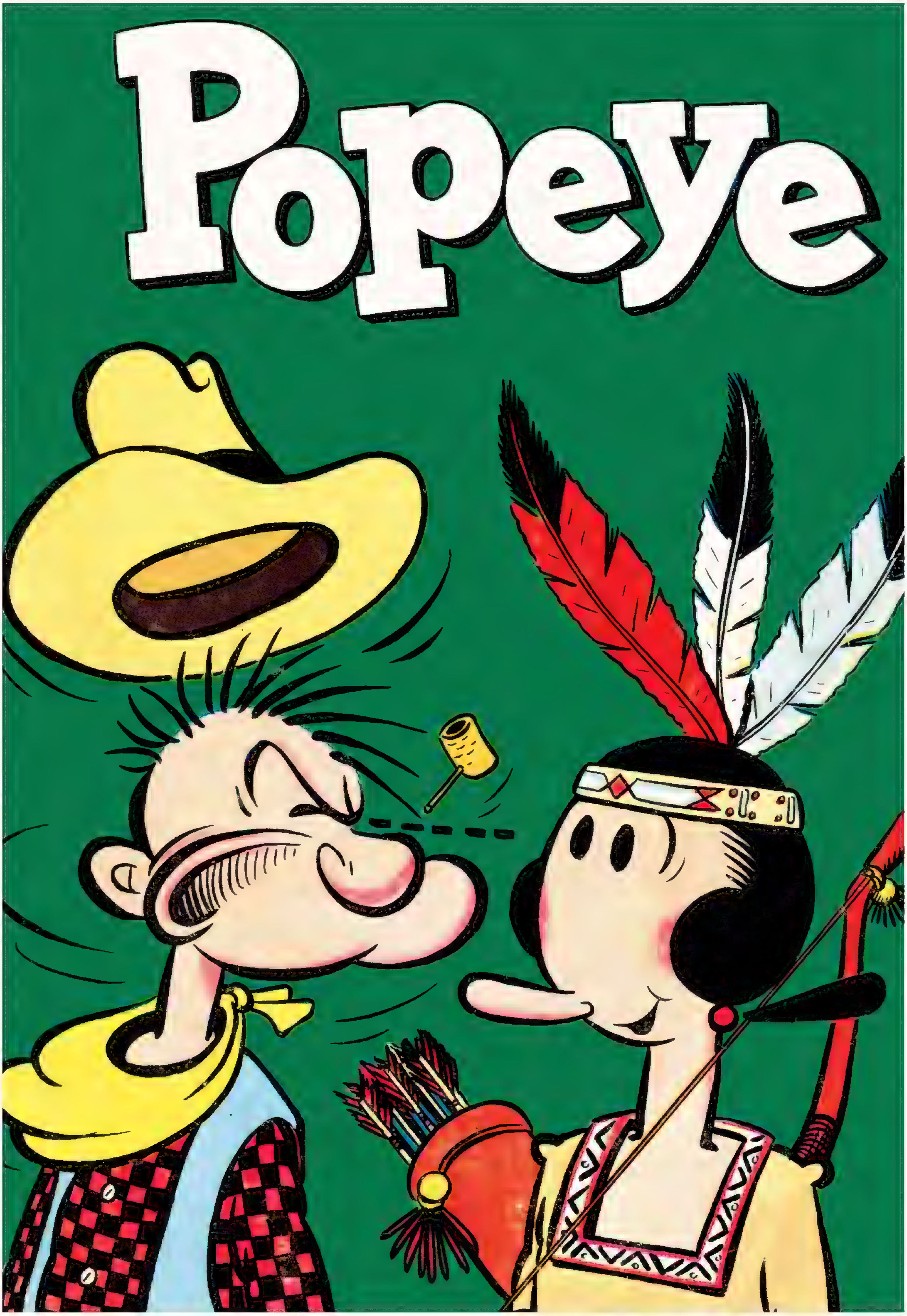
THIS AND PREVIOUS SPREAD: Selected pages from a coloring book.
Items on this spread are from the collection of Fred Grandinetti. Thanks much, Fred!

Now Popeye Will Really Be Strong

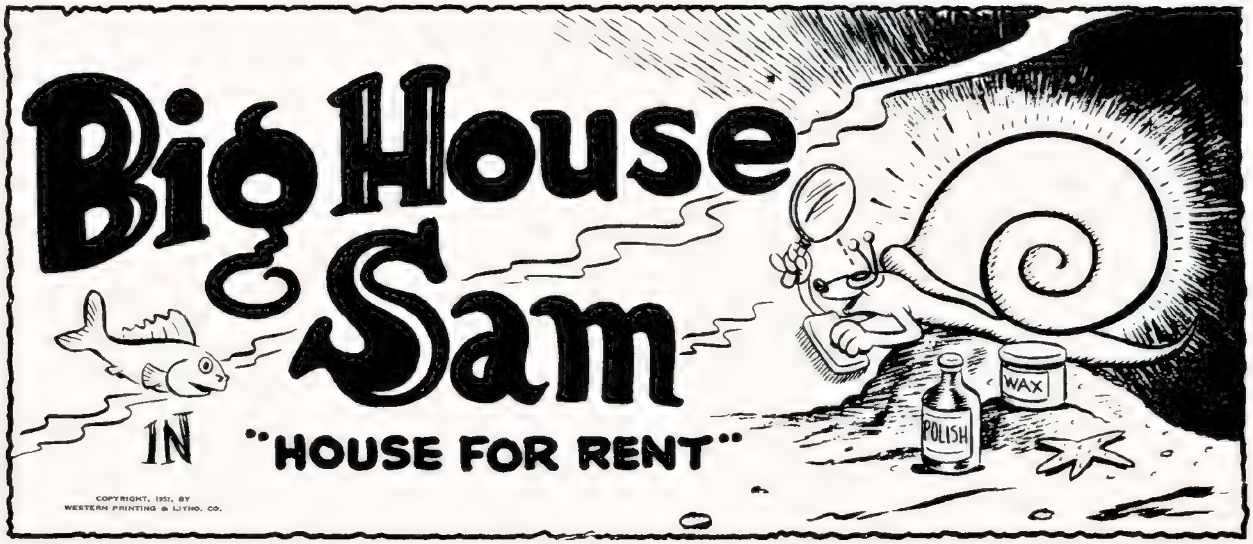


Bring On The Hamburgers


GOLD
THE END



Popeye #20, April-June 1952



The bottom of the ocean is quite a wonderful place. It is not too different from the world above water. There are mountains and valleys and even deep woods of underwater plants. It was near one of these underwater woods that Big House Sam lived. Big House Sam was a water snail and he got his name from the size of his beautiful shell. It was easily twice the size of any other snail's in that part of the ocean. Sam was very proud of his shell and would spend many hours each day waxing and polishing it. It might be said that where his shell was concerned, Sam was a pain in the neck. He drove all the other snails crazy with his bragging about it. Worst of all, when there was a ball game and they asked him to pitch, he would puff up and say:

"WHAT!?! Me play ball! Heavens NO!! I might scratch my beautiful shell."

It wouldn't have been so bad if Big House Sam hadn't been the best pitcher in the whole seven seas. Before he had become so touchy about his shell, Sam had been considered the most valuable player in the Salt Water League.

It was nearing the end of the ball season, and Sam's old team was tied for first place with just one more game to play. If the local team won it they would be the champions, but, to win it, they knew that they had to have Big House Sam to pitch.

Bud Blackshell, the team shortstop, and a very smart snail, came up with what he was positive was an idea that would force Sam to play with them.

"I tell you I'm sure that it will work," he said, as he finished explaining his idea to the other members of the team.

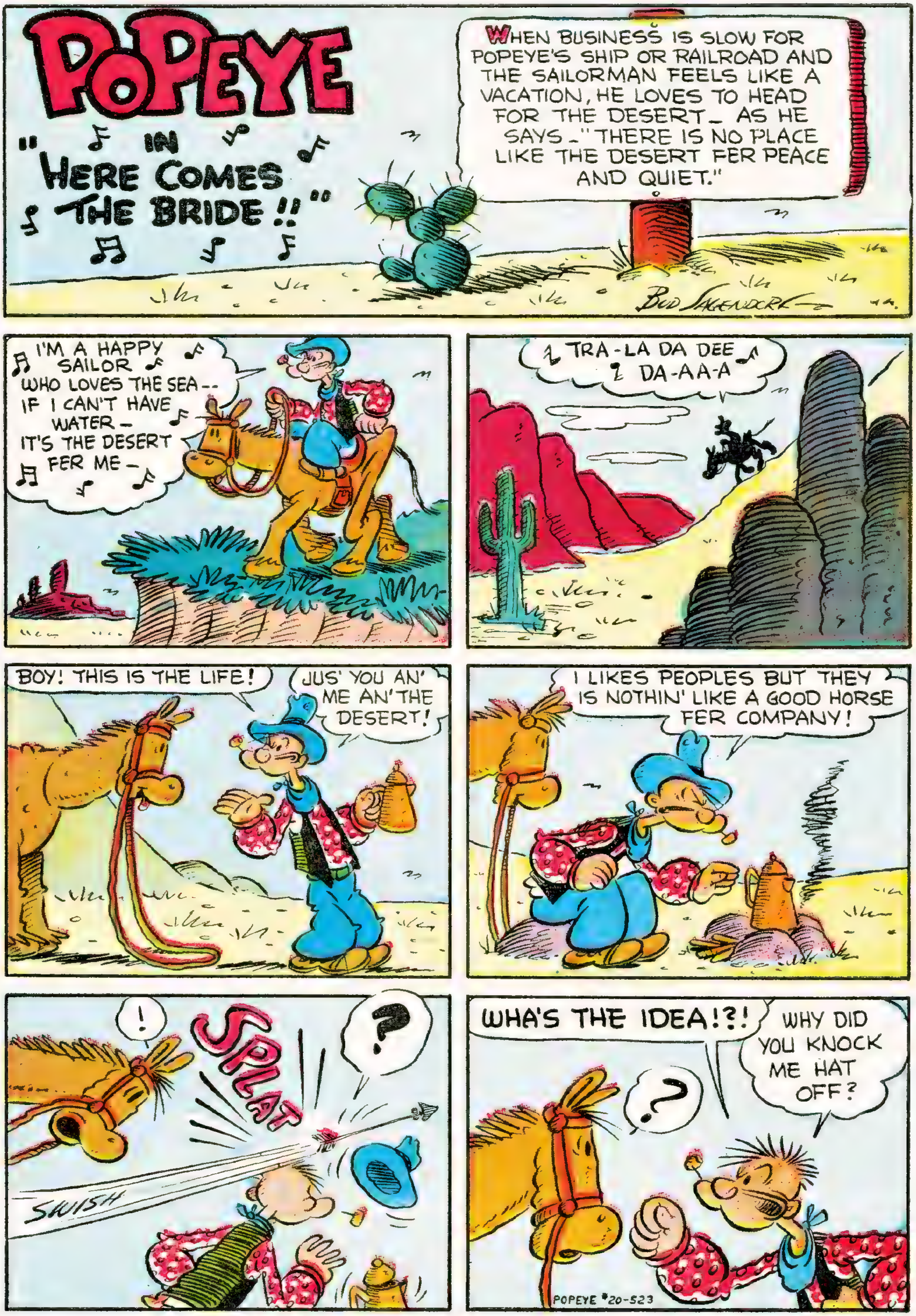
"Well, we might as well try it," said Cracked Shell Charlie, the team captain. "We can't win without him."

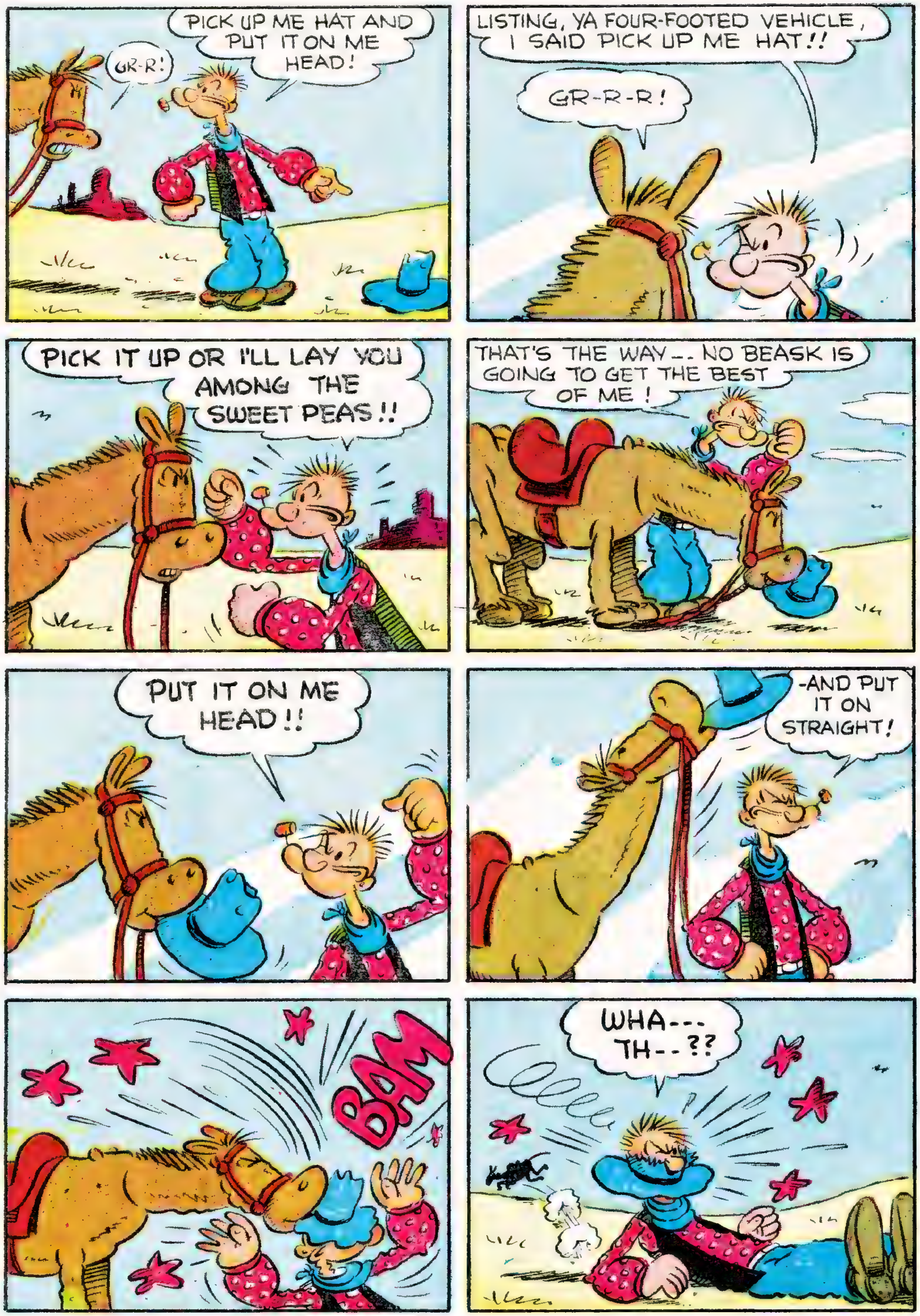
So, late that night, Bud Blackshell and the team captain took a bucket of underwater paint and set off to pay a visit to Sam's house.

Of course, a snail's shell is his house and he sleeps wherever he happens to become sleepy. This made it a little tough to find Sam, but the two ballplayers finally spotted him under a rock ledge. There wasn't a speck of his body showing out of his shell so they knew that he was fast asleep.

Being as quiet as they could, and snails can be that way, they sneaked up to Sam and painted a big sign on the back of his beautiful shell.

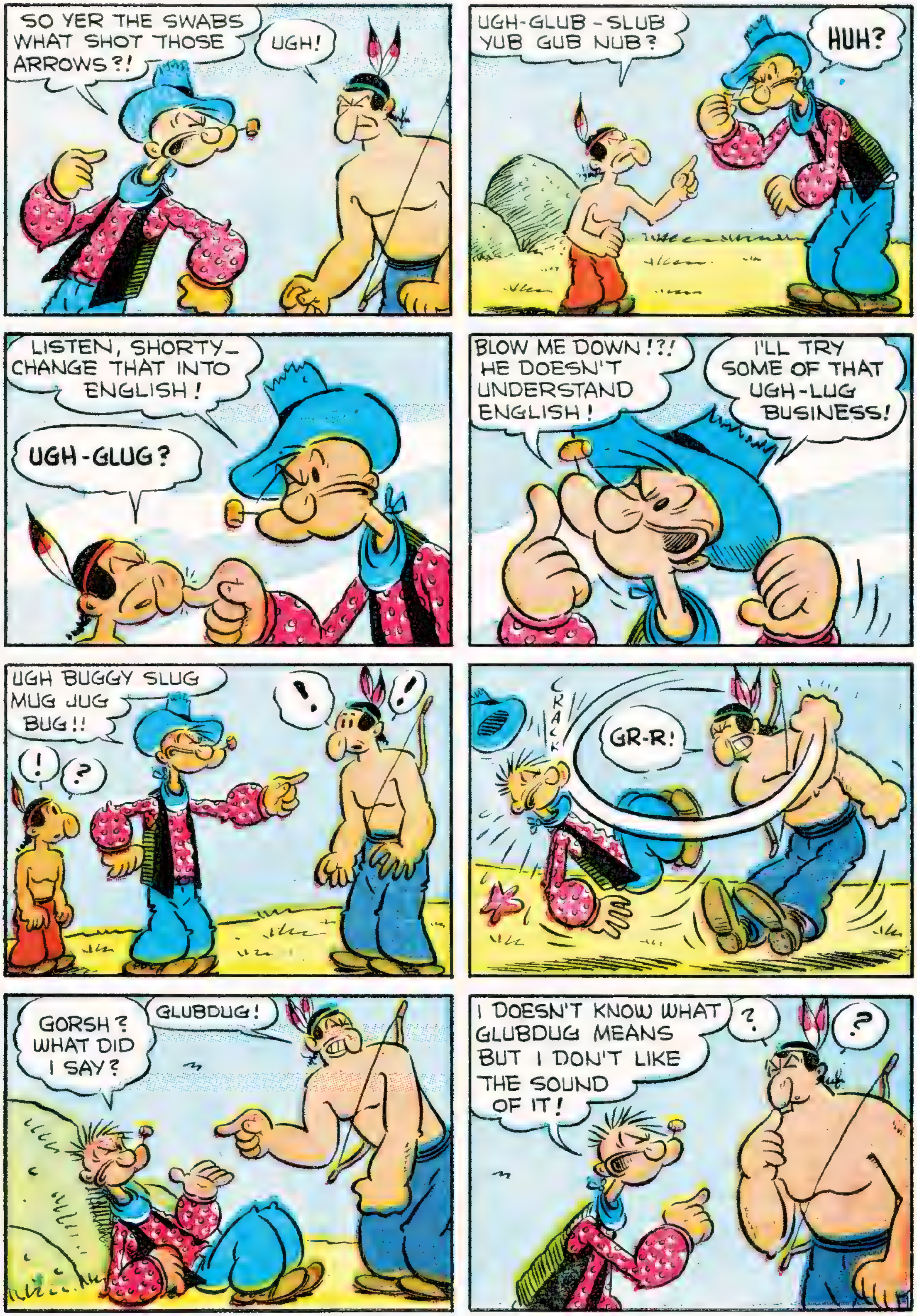
(Continued on inside back cover)


POPEYE
"IN "HERE COMES THE BRIDE!!"
WHEN BUSINESS IS SLOW FOR POPEYE'S SHIP OR RAILROAD AND THE SAILORMAN FEELS LIKE A VACATION, HE LOVES TO HEAD FOR THE DESERT — AS HE SAYS — "THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE THE DESERT FER PEACE AND QUIET."
I'M A HAPPY SAILOR WHO LOVES THE SEA -- IF I CAN'T HAVE WATER — IT'S THE DESERT FER ME —
TRA-LA DA DEE DA-AA-A
BOY! THIS IS THE LIFE!
JUS' YOU AN' ME AN' THE DESERT!
I LIKES PEOPLES BUT THEY IS NOTHIN' LIKE A GOOD HORSE FER COMPANY!
!
SPLAT
?
SWISH
WHA'S THE IDEA!?!
WHY DID YOU KNOCK ME HAT OFF?
?
POPEYE #20-523

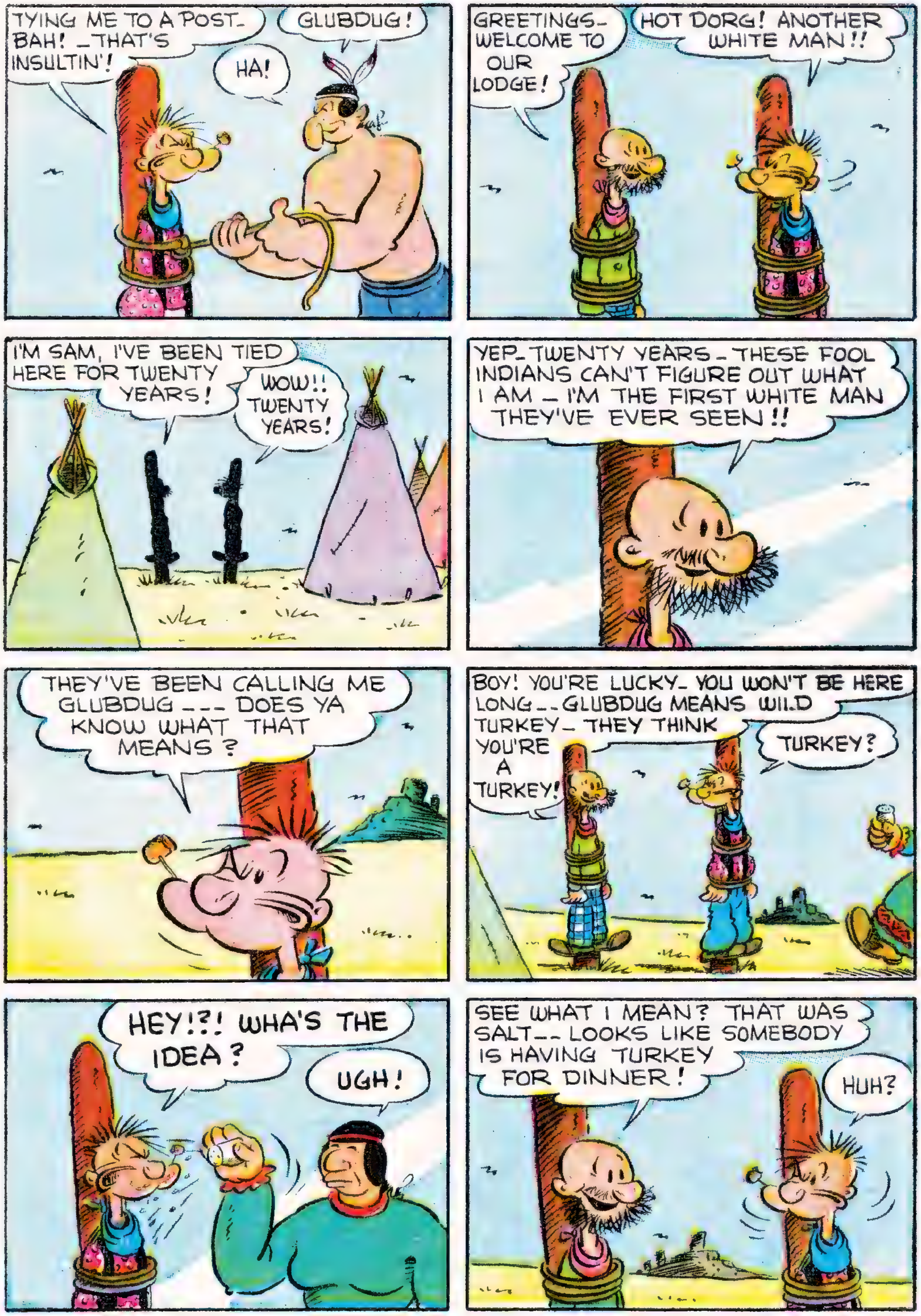

GR-R!
PICK UP ME HAT AND PUT IT ON ME HEAD!
LISTING, YA FOUR-FOOTED VEHICLE, I SAID PICK UP ME HAT!!
GR-R-R!
PICK IT UP OR I'LL LAY YOU AMONG THE SWEET PEAS!!
THAT'S THE WAY -- NO BEASK IS GOING TO GET THE BEST OF ME!
PUT IT ON ME HEAD!!
-AND PUT IT ON STRAIGHT!
BAM
WHA--- TH--??

PHOOEY_NOW HE'S RUN AWAY!
WELL, I WANTED TO BE ALONE AND THAT'S WHAT I GOT!
BLOW ME DOWN! THERE IS SOMETHIN' WRITTEN ON THAT ROCK!
WOW!!
INDIANS!
BEWARE OF The INDIANS
WHAT'S THIS SMALL WRITING SAY?
THE MOST SAVAGE INDIANS IN THE WORLD LIVE IN THESE HILLS- *BEWARE!!*
?
DANIEL BOONE 1770
ARF! ARF! SIGNED BY DANIEL BOONE!
ARF! FER A MINUTE I WAS WORRIED--- BUT THAT WAS WRITTEN OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!
THEY IS NO INDIANS HERE NOW!

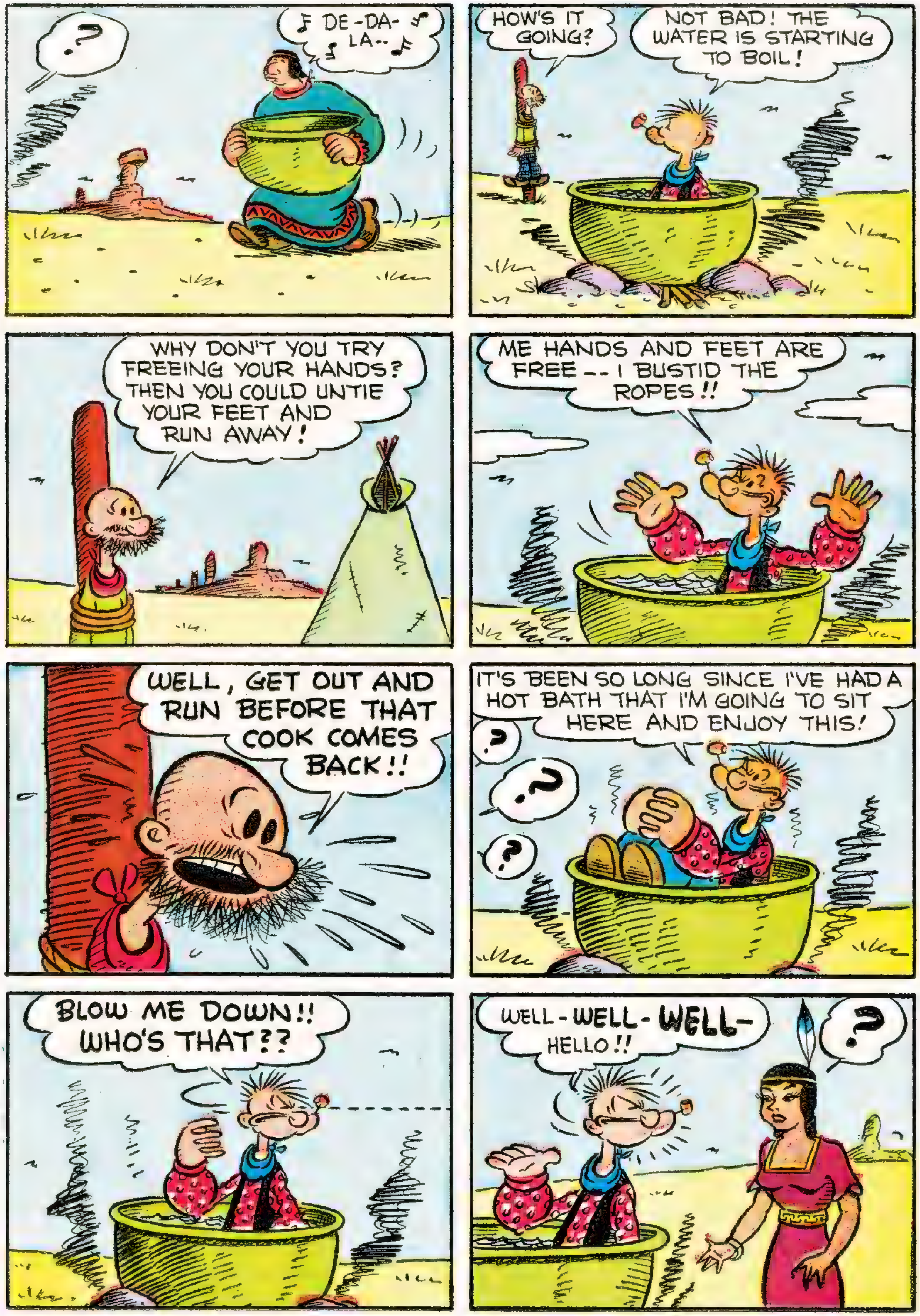
WOW!?!
I YAM A PIN—CUSHION!
ARF! ARF! IT'S A GOOD THING I HAS TOUGH SKIN!!
I WONDER WHERE ALL OF THESE ARROWS COMED FROM ?
WHERE THERE ARE ARROWS THERE MUST BE INDIANS!
INDIANS!?!
GULP!
THAT'S SILLY!! THERE'S NO WILD INDIANS LEFT AROUND HERE!
?
?

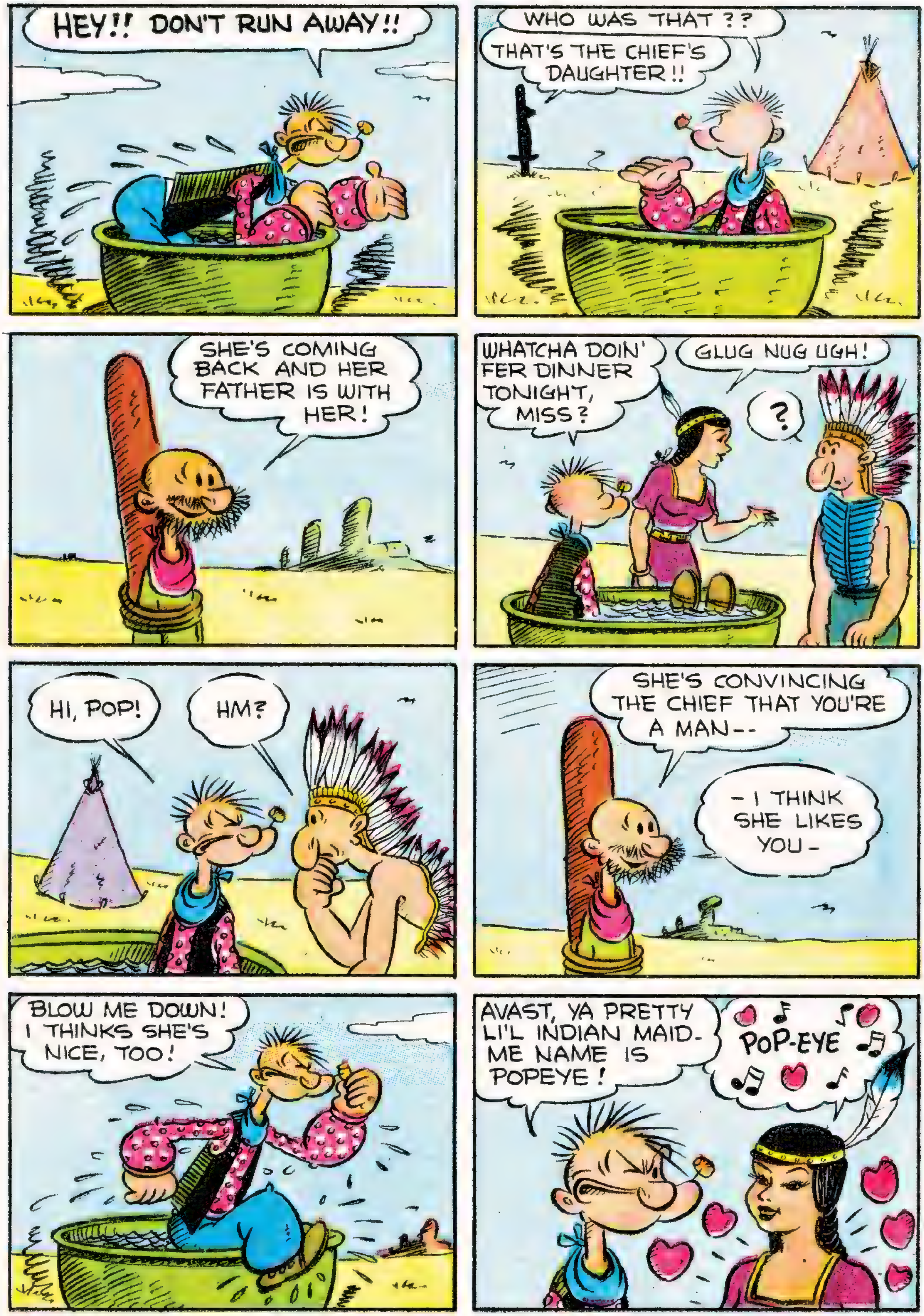

SO YER THE SWABS WHAT SHOT THOSE ARROWS?!
UGH!
UGH-GLUB-SLUB YUB GUB NUB?
HUH?
LISTEN, SHORTY_ CHANGE THAT INTO ENGLISH!
UGH-GLUG?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH!
I'LL TRY SOME OF THAT UGH-LUG BUSINESS!
UGH BUGGY SLUG MUG JUG BUG!!
!
?
!
!
CRACK
GR-R!
GORSH? WHAT DID I SAY?
GLUBDUG!
I DOESN'T KNOW WHAT GLUBDUG MEANS BUT I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF IT!
?
?

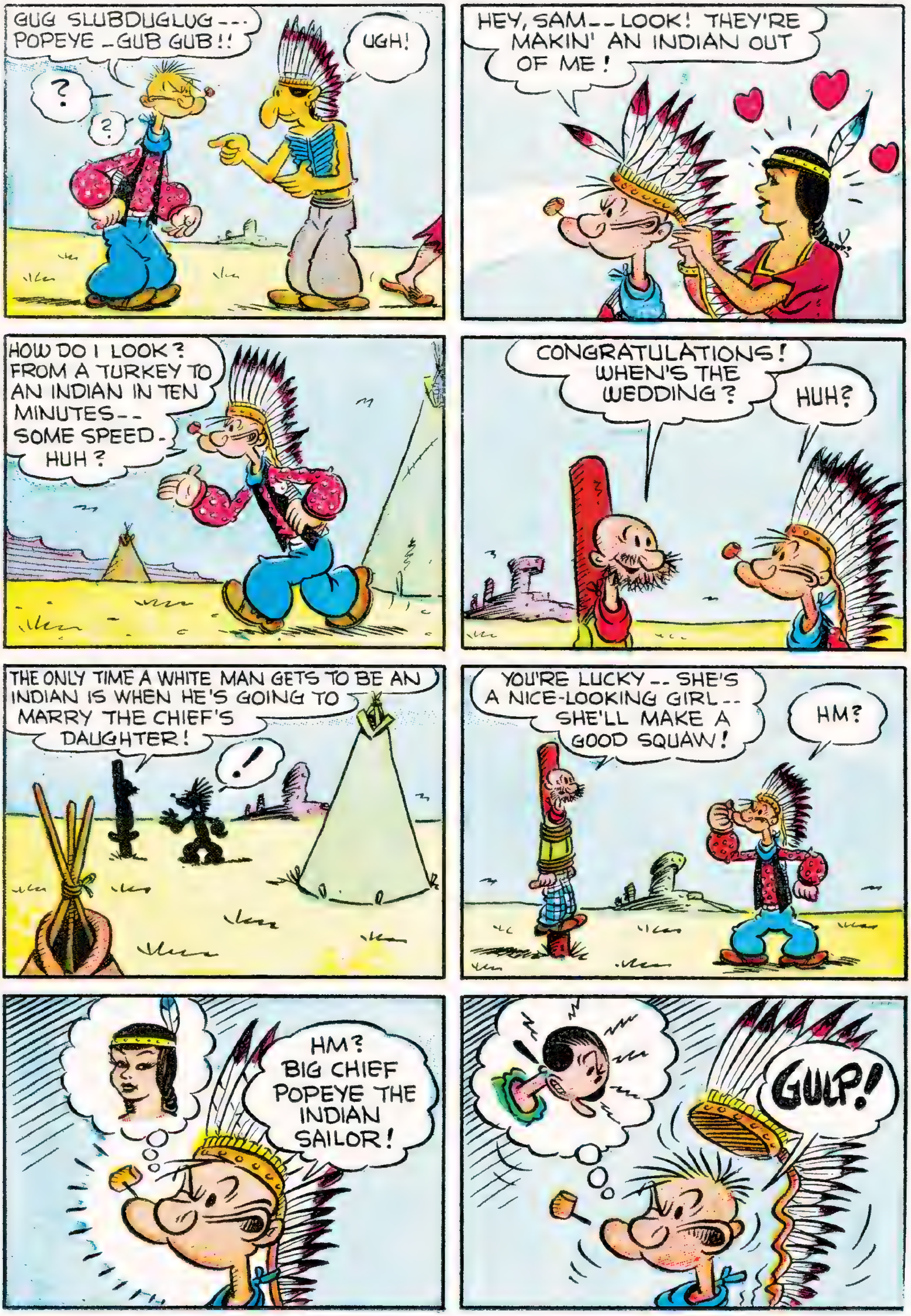
HM? NOW HE'S TALKIN' IN SIGN LANGUAGE!
PHOOEY! I CAN MAKE WITH HAND TALK, TOO!!
UGH!
WH--TH-?? A ROPE?
SNAP
OOOFF!
?
OUCH!!
WATCH WHERE YER DRIVIN'!!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! AN INDIAN VILLAGE!
?
HI YI LOO!!
?

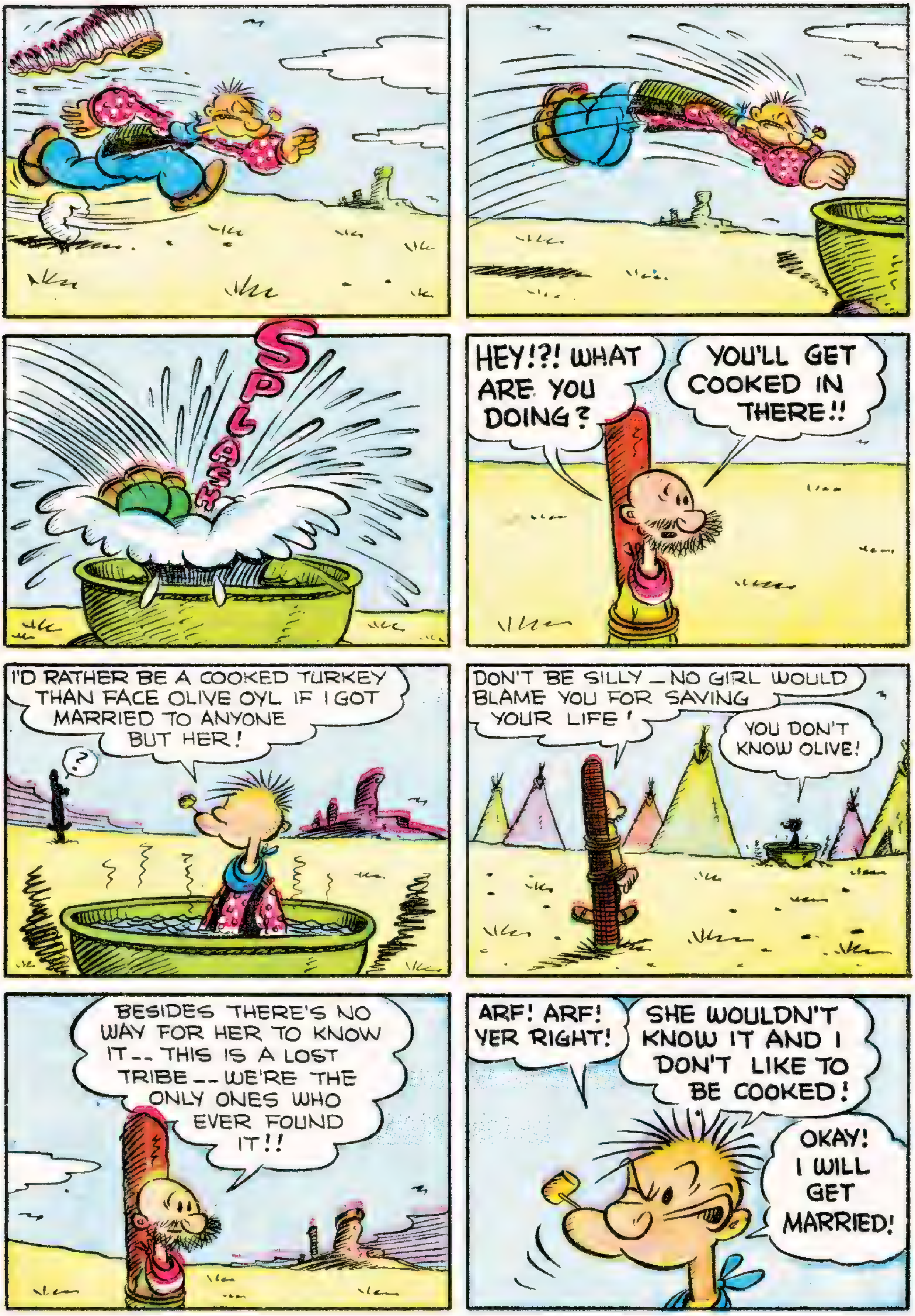

TYING ME TO A POST_ BAH! _THAT'S INSULTIN'!
GLUBDUG!
HA!
GREETINGS_ WELCOME TO OUR LODGE!
HOT DORG! ANOTHER WHITE MAN!!
I'M SAM, I'VE BEEN TIED HERE FOR TWENTY YEARS!
WOW!! TWENTY YEARS!
YEP_ TWENTY YEARS _ THESE FOOL INDIANS CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT I AM _ I'M THE FIRST WHITE MAN THEY'VE EVER SEEN!!
THEY'VE BEEN CALLING ME GLUBDUG --- DOES YA KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?
BOY! YOU'RE LUCKY_ YOU WON'T BE HERE LONG _ _ GLUBDUG MEANS WILD TURKEY_ THEY THINK YOU'RE A TURKEY!
TURKEY?
HEY!?! WHA'S THE IDEA?
UGH!
SEE WHAT I MEAN? THAT WAS SALT-- LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY IS HAVING TURKEY FOR DINNER!
HUH?

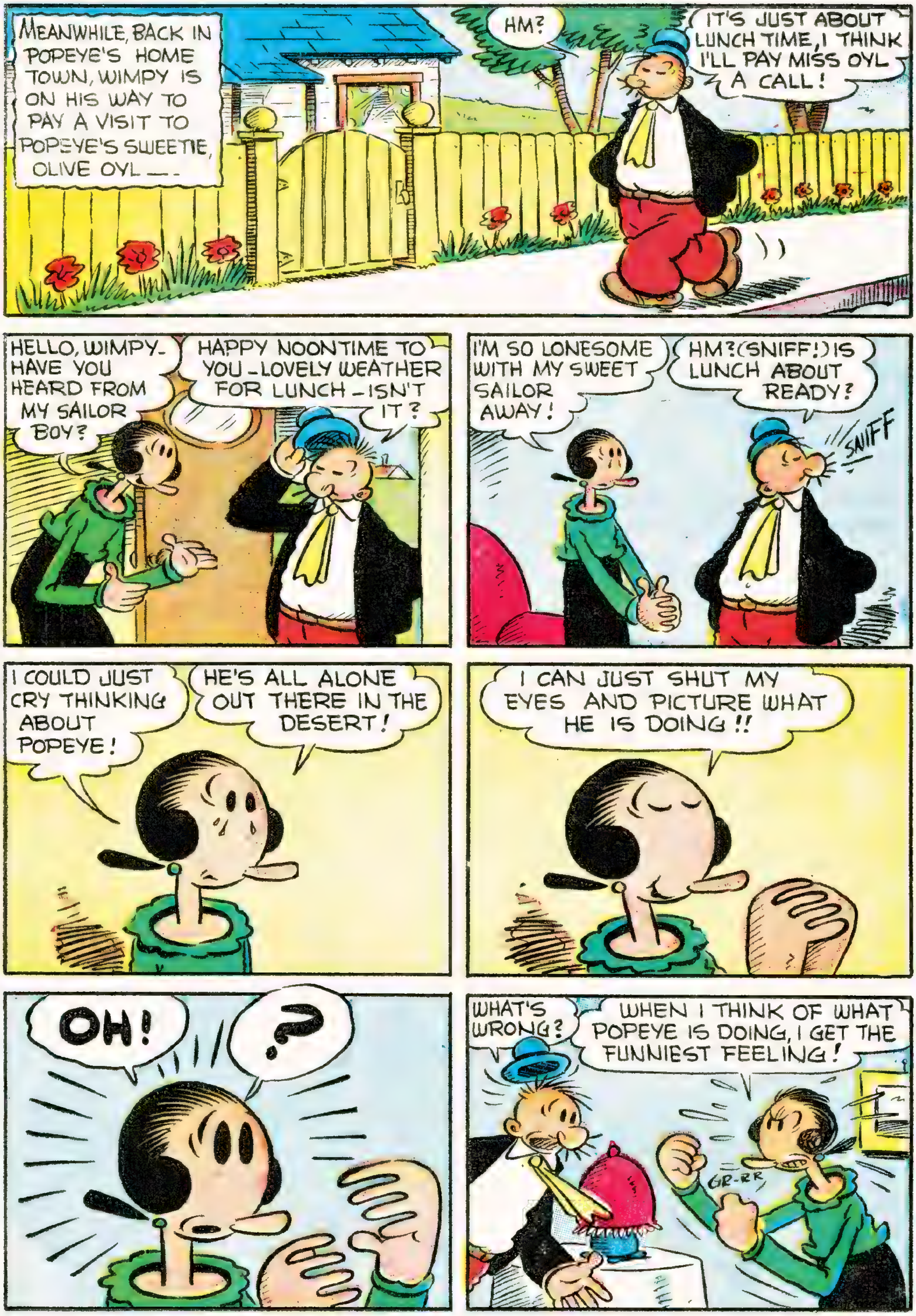
DON'T BE SILLY! THEY WOULDN'T COOK ME!
IN CASE YOU DON'T KNOW IT, PAL-- THAT'S FIREWOOD!
YIPE! AN INDIAN HOT FOOT!
GULP!
UGH!
HEY! CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT! I'M NO TURKEY!
UGH!
GLUBDUG!
TWO HOURS LATER
WOW!?! WHAT ARE YOU? DOESN'T THAT FIRE BOTHER YOU?
I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' NOTHIN' KIN HURT ME!
ARF! ARF! CUT IT OUT! - I'M TICKLISH!
BAH!
UGH!!
PHOOEY!
ARF!
ARF!
GLUG, GLUBDUG? MUG JUG BLUGGLUG!!
?
WOW!! GLUG!
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT ARE THEY TALKIN' ABOUT?
SHE SAYS YOU'RE TOO TOUGH TO COOK THIS WAY-- SHE WANTS A POT TO BOIL YOU IN!

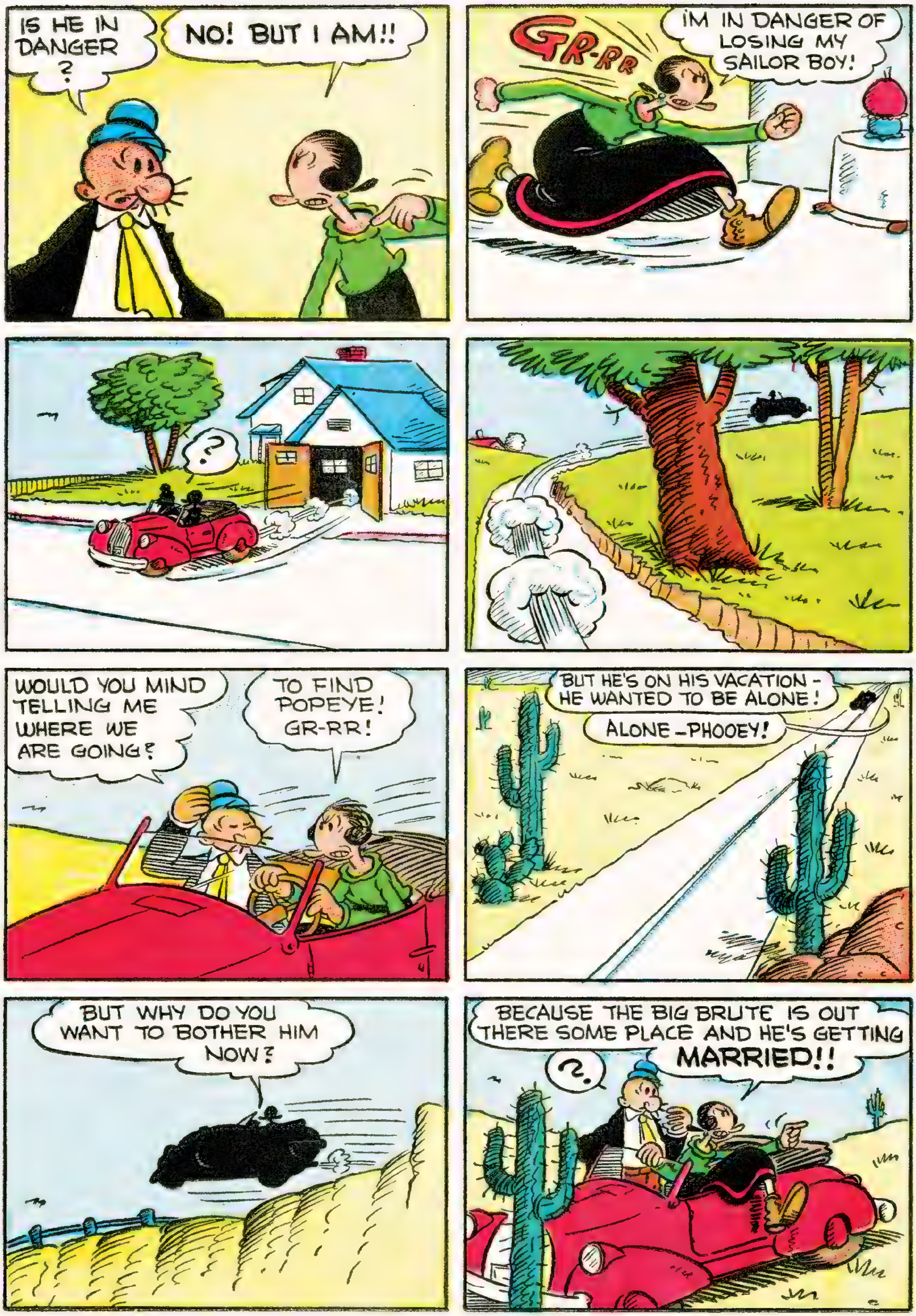

?
DE-DA-LA--
HOW'S IT GOING?
NOT BAD! THE WATER IS STARTING TO BOIL!
WHY DON'T YOU TRY FREEING YOUR HANDS? THEN YOU COULD UNTIE YOUR FEET AND RUN AWAY!
ME HANDS AND FEET ARE FREE -- I BUSTID THE ROPES!!
WELL, GET OUT AND RUN BEFORE THAT COOK COMES BACK!!
IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE HAD A HOT BATH THAT I'M GOING TO SIT HERE AND ENJOY THIS!
?
?
?
BLOW ME DOWN!! WHO'S THAT??
WELL-WELL-WELL- HELLO!!
?


HEY!! DON'T RUN AWAY!!
WHO WAS THAT ??
THAT'S THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER!!
SHE'S COMING BACK AND HER FATHER IS WITH HER!
WHATCHA DOIN' FER DINNER TONIGHT, MISS?
GLUG NUG UGH!
?
HI, POP!
HM?
SHE'S CONVINCING THE CHIEF THAT YOU'RE A MAN--
-I THINK SHE LIKES YOU-
BLOW ME DOWN! I THINKS SHE'S NICE, TOO!
AVAST, YA PRETTY LI'L INDIAN MAID-ME NAME IS POPEYE!
POP-EYE

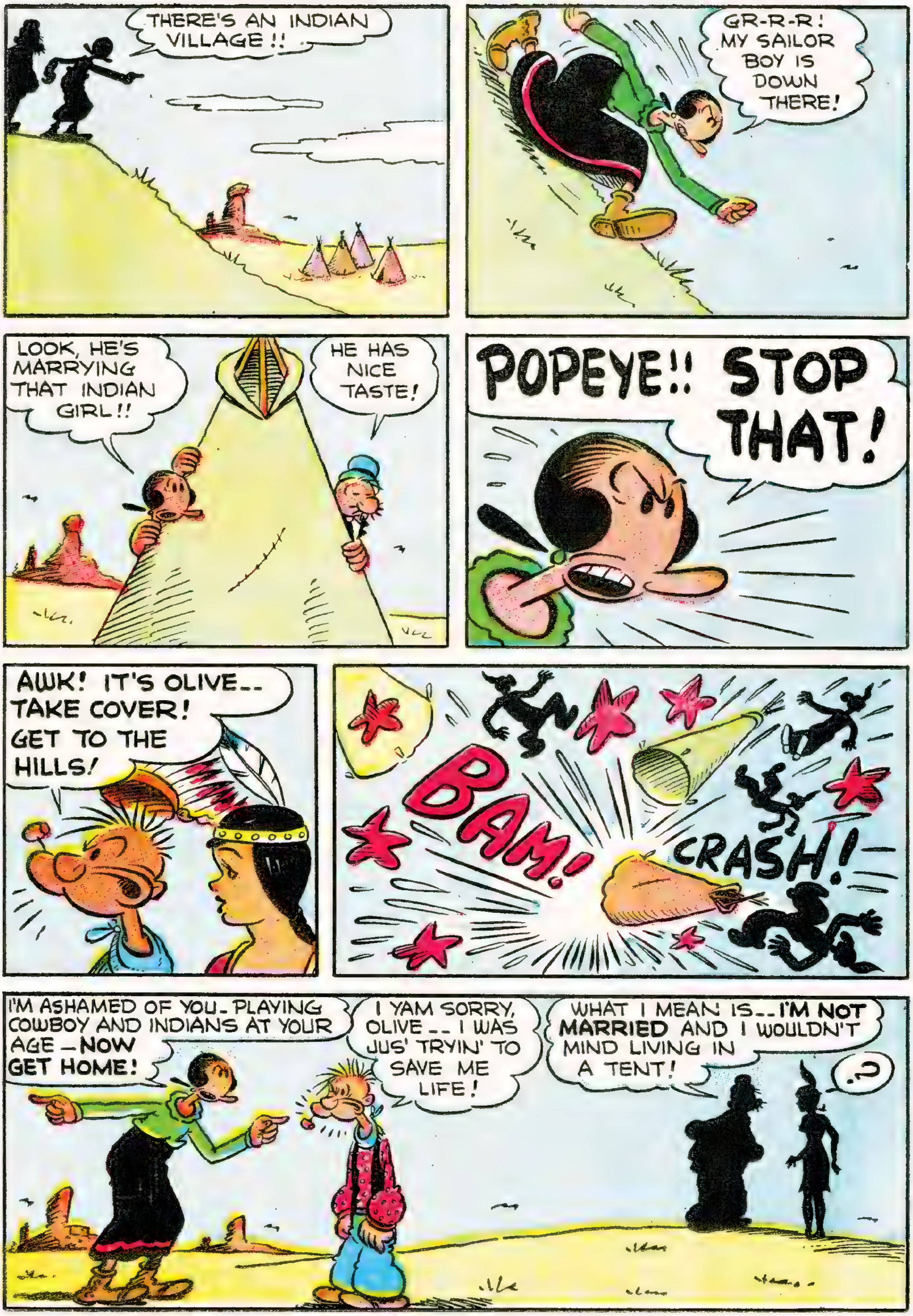

GUG SLUBDUGLUG--- POPEYE-GUB GUB!!
?
?
UGH!
HEY, SAM--LOOK! THEY'RE MAKIN' AN INDIAN OUT OF ME!
HOW DO I LOOK? FROM A TURKEY TO AN INDIAN IN TEN MINUTES-- SOME SPEED- HUH?
CONGRATULATIONS! WHEN'S THE WEDDING?
HUH?
THE ONLY TIME A WHITE MAN GETS TO BE AN INDIAN IS WHEN HE'S GOING TO MARRY THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER!
!
YOU'RE LUCKY-- SHE'S A NICE-LOOKING GIRL-- SHE'LL MAKE A GOOD SQUAW!
HM?
HM? BIG CHIEF POPEYE THE INDIAN SAILOR!
GULP!

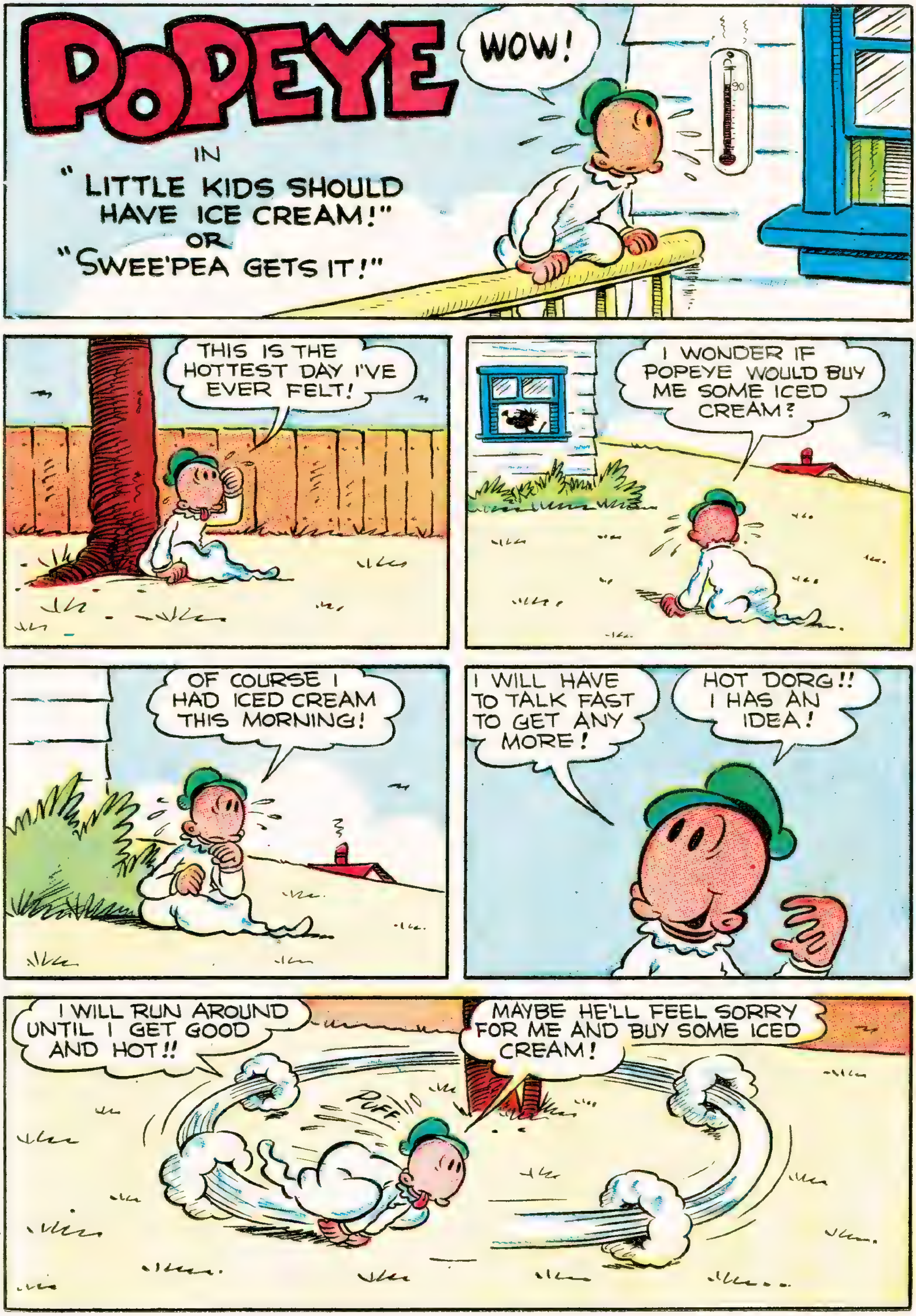

SPLASH
HEY!?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
YOU'LL GET COOKED IN THERE!!
I'D RATHER BE A COOKED TURKEY THAN FACE OLIVE OYL IF I GOT MARRIED TO ANYONE BUT HER!
?
DON'T BE SILLY — NO GIRL WOULD BLAME YOU FOR SAVING YOUR LIFE!
YOU DON'T KNOW OLIVE!
BESIDES THERE'S NO WAY FOR HER TO KNOW IT -- THIS IS A LOST TRIBE -- WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO EVER FOUND IT!!
ARF! ARF! YER RIGHT!
SHE WOULDN'T KNOW IT AND I DON'T LIKE TO BE COOKED!
OKAY! I WILL GET MARRIED!


MEANWHILE, BACK IN POPEYE'S HOME TOWN, WIMPY IS ON HIS WAY TO PAY A VISIT TO POPEYE'S SWEETIE, OLIVE OYL --
HM?
IT'S JUST ABOUT LUNCH TIME, I THINK I'LL PAY MISS OYL A CALL!
HELLO, WIMPY- HAVE YOU HEARD FROM MY SAILOR BOY?
HAPPY NOONTIME TO YOU - LOVELY WEATHER FOR LUNCH - ISN'T IT?
I'M SO LONESOME WITH MY SWEET SAILOR AWAY!
HM? (SNIFF!) IS LUNCH ABOUT READY?
SNIFF
I COULD JUST CRY THINKING ABOUT POPEYE!
HE'S ALL ALONE OUT THERE IN THE DESERT!
I CAN JUST SHUT MY EYES AND PICTURE WHAT HE IS DOING!!
OH!
?
WHAT'S WRONG?
WHEN I THINK OF WHAT POPEYE IS DOING, I GET THE FUNNIEST FEELING!
GR-RR


IS HE IN DANGER ?
NO! BUT I AM!!
GR-RR
I'M IN DANGER OF LOSING MY SAILOR BOY!
?
WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHERE WE ARE GOING?
TO FIND POPEYE! GR-RR!
BUT HE'S ON HIS VACATION - HE WANTED TO BE ALONE!
ALONE - PHOOEY!
BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO BOTHER HIM NOW?
BECAUSE THE BIG BRUTE IS OUT THERE SOME PLACE AND HE'S GETTING MARRIED!!
?

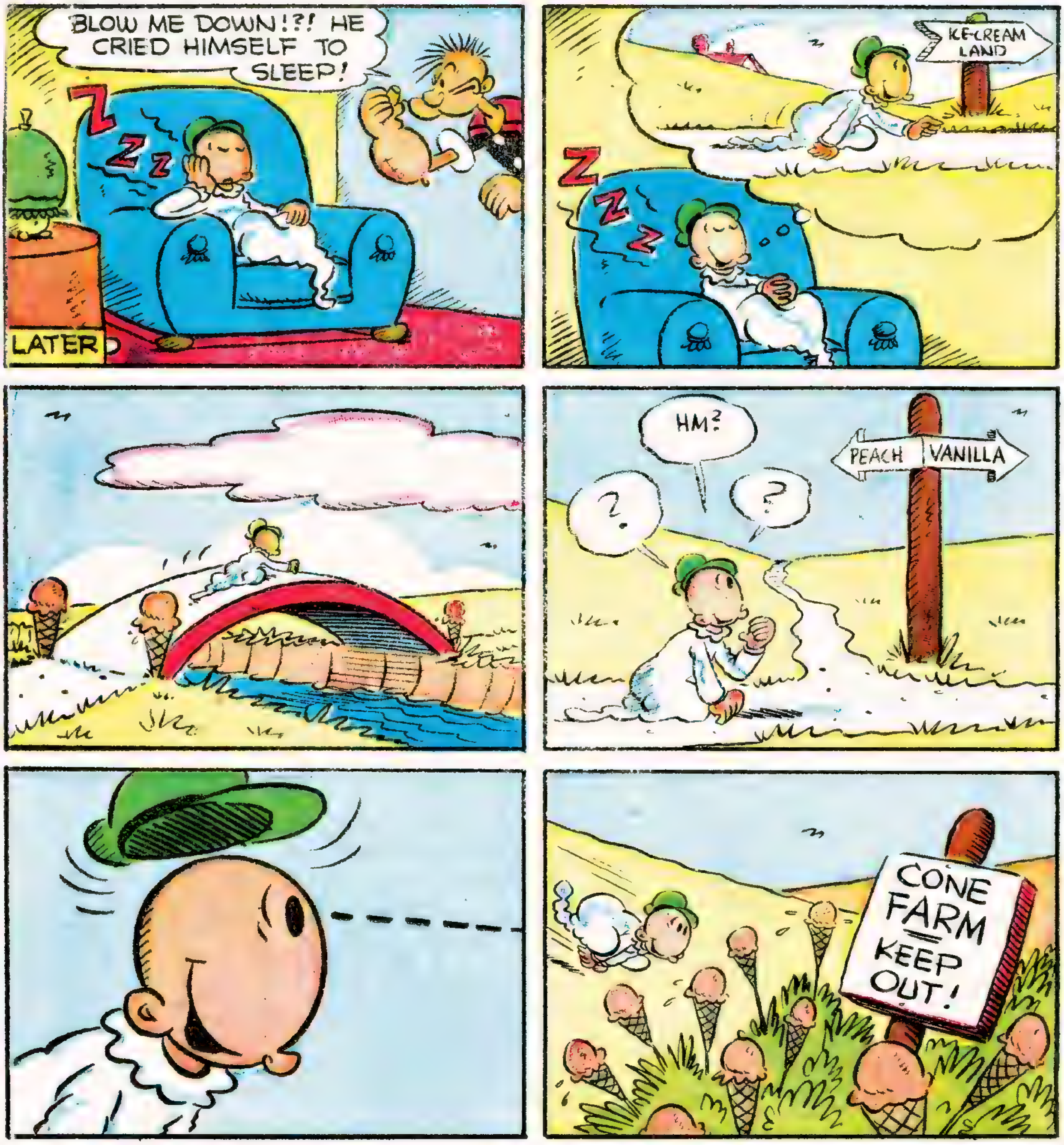
BUT, MISS OYL-- HOW DO YOU KNOW HE'S GETTING MARRIED?
I CAN FEEL IT!
BUT HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND HIM IN THIS WILDERNESS?
THAT'S EASY-- MY JEALOUSY WILL BE MY COMPASS!
I'LL SHOW YOU!
WHEN I FACE THIS WAY, I FEEL NOTHING!
BUT WHEN I FACE THIS WAY, I GET MAD!!
SO I KNOW HE'S IN THIS DIRECTION! I'LL FOLLOW MY ANGER TO HIM!
GR-R
GR-R-
BACK TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE
TODAY IS ME WEDDING DAY-- I HOPE ME SWEETIE, OLIVE, WILL UNDERSTAND WHY I'M DOING THIS!
AHOY, CHIEF- LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!
UGH!!
UGH!
BLOW ME DOWN!! I AM ABOUT TO BE A BRIDE!


THERE'S AN INDIAN VILLAGE !!
GR-R-R! MY SAILOR BOY IS DOWN THERE!
LOOK, HE'S MARRYING THAT INDIAN GIRL!!
HE HAS NICE TASTE!
POPEYE!! STOP THAT!
AWK! IT'S OLIVE-- TAKE COVER! GET TO THE HILLS!
BAM!
CRASH!
I'M ASHAMED OF YOU - PLAYING COWBOY AND INDIANS AT YOUR AGE - NOW GET HOME!
I YAM SORRY, OLIVE -- I WAS JUS' TRYIN' TO SAVE ME LIFE!
WHAT I MEAN IS -- I'M NOT MARRIED AND I WOULDN'T MIND LIVING IN A TENT!
.?

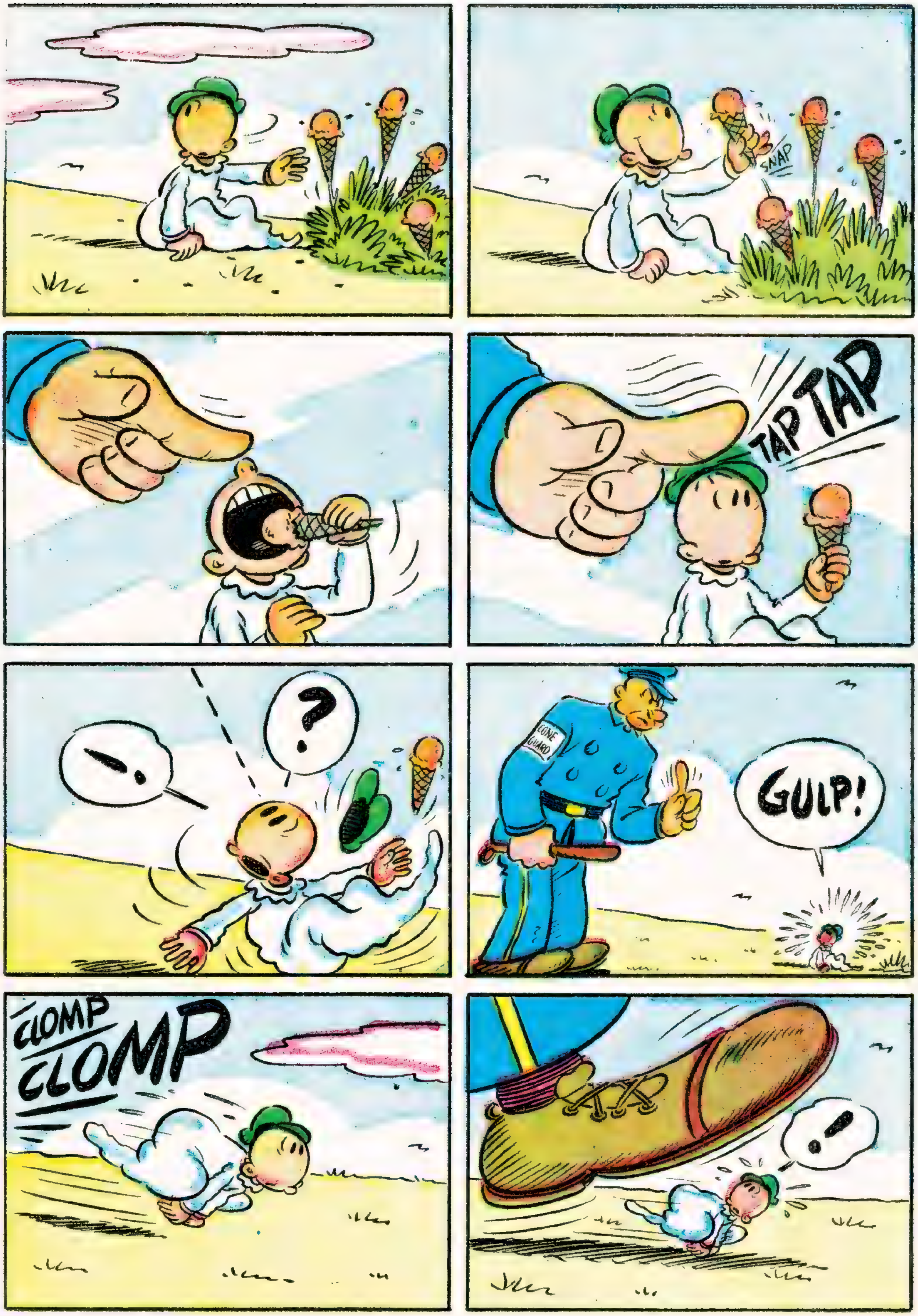

POPEYE
IN
"LITTLE KIDS SHOULD HAVE ICE CREAM!" OR "SWEE'PEA GETS IT!"
WOW!
THIS IS THE HOTTEST DAY I'VE EVER FELT!
I WONDER IF POPEYE WOULD BUY ME SOME ICED CREAM?
OF COURSE I HAD ICED CREAM THIS MORNING!
I WILL HAVE TO TALK FAST TO GET ANY MORE!
HOT DORG!! I HAS AN IDEA!
I WILL RUN AROUND UNTIL I GET GOOD AND HOT!!
MAYBE HE'LL FEEL SORRY FOR ME AND BUY SOME ICED CREAM!
PUFF

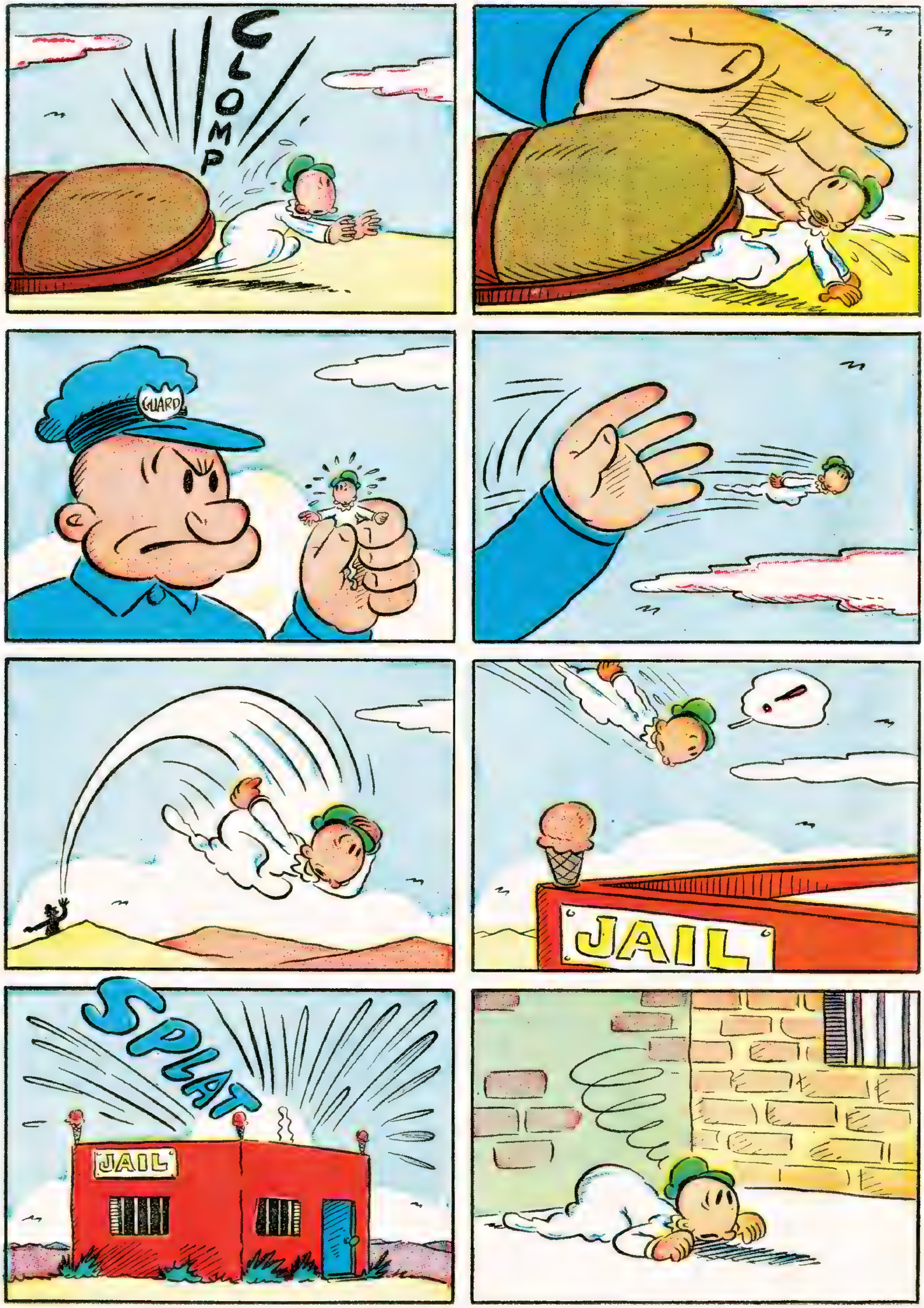
WHAT THE HECK IS SWEE'PEA RUNNIN' AROUND FOR? IT'S TOO HOT FOR RUNNIN'!
HE'S JUST GOING AROUND IN A CIRCLE!
WHEeeew!!! THAT'S ENOUGH!
PUFF
PUFF
HE'S COMIN' IN THE HOUSE — HM? -- HE'S UP TO SOMETHING — I'LL JUST WAIT AND SEE WHAT IT IS!
WOW! IT'S HOT, POPEYE!!
DOESN'T I LOOK HOT?
HM? YES--YOU LOOK VERY HOT!!
?
GOOD!!
THEN CAN I HAVE SOME ICED CREAM?
AH! HA!
SO THAT'S IT!!

I SAW YOU RUNNIN' AROUND-- MAKIN' YERSELF LOOK HOT SO I'D FEEL SORRY FOR YOU AND BUY YOU SOME ICE CREAM!
WELL, YOU WASTED YOUR TIME-- IT'S TOO CLOSE TO DINNER-TIME FOR SWEETS!
?
!
BAW!!
BAW!! YOU DON'T LET ME DO NOTHIN'! BAW! YOU HATE ME!! BAW!!
HM! I'LL HAVE TO DO SOME-THING ABOUT THAT!
BAW!! BAW!! BAW!!
AND STAY THERE UNTIL DINNER IS READY!
SNIFF SNIFF



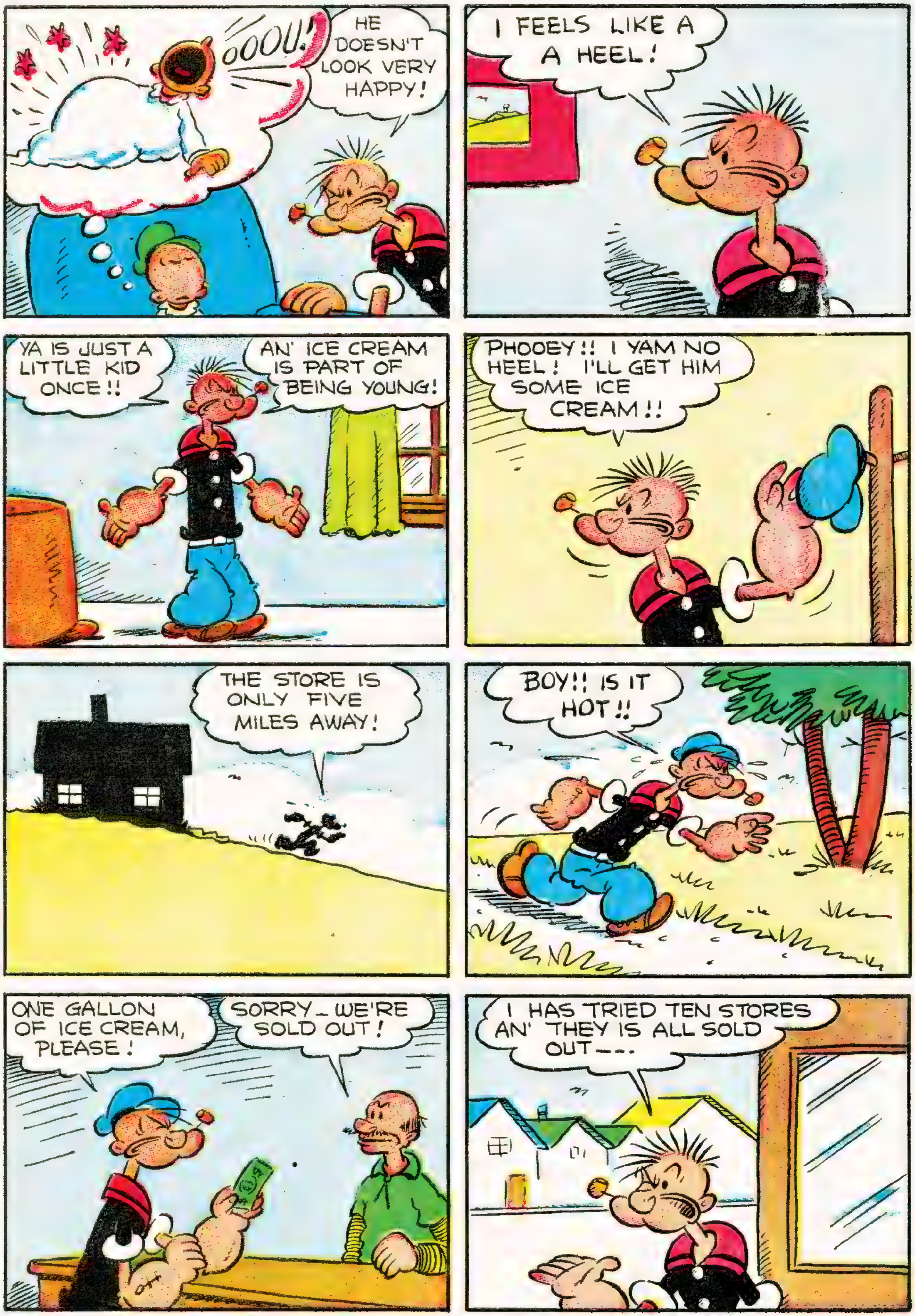
BLOW ME DOWN!?! HE CRIED HIMSELF TO SLEEP!
LATER
ICE-CREAM LAND
HM?
?
?
PEACH
VANILLA
CONE FARM
KEEP OUT!


SNAP
TAP TAP
!
?
CONE GUARD
GULP!
CLOMP
CLOMP
!


CLOMP
GUARD
!
JAIL
SPLAT
JAIL

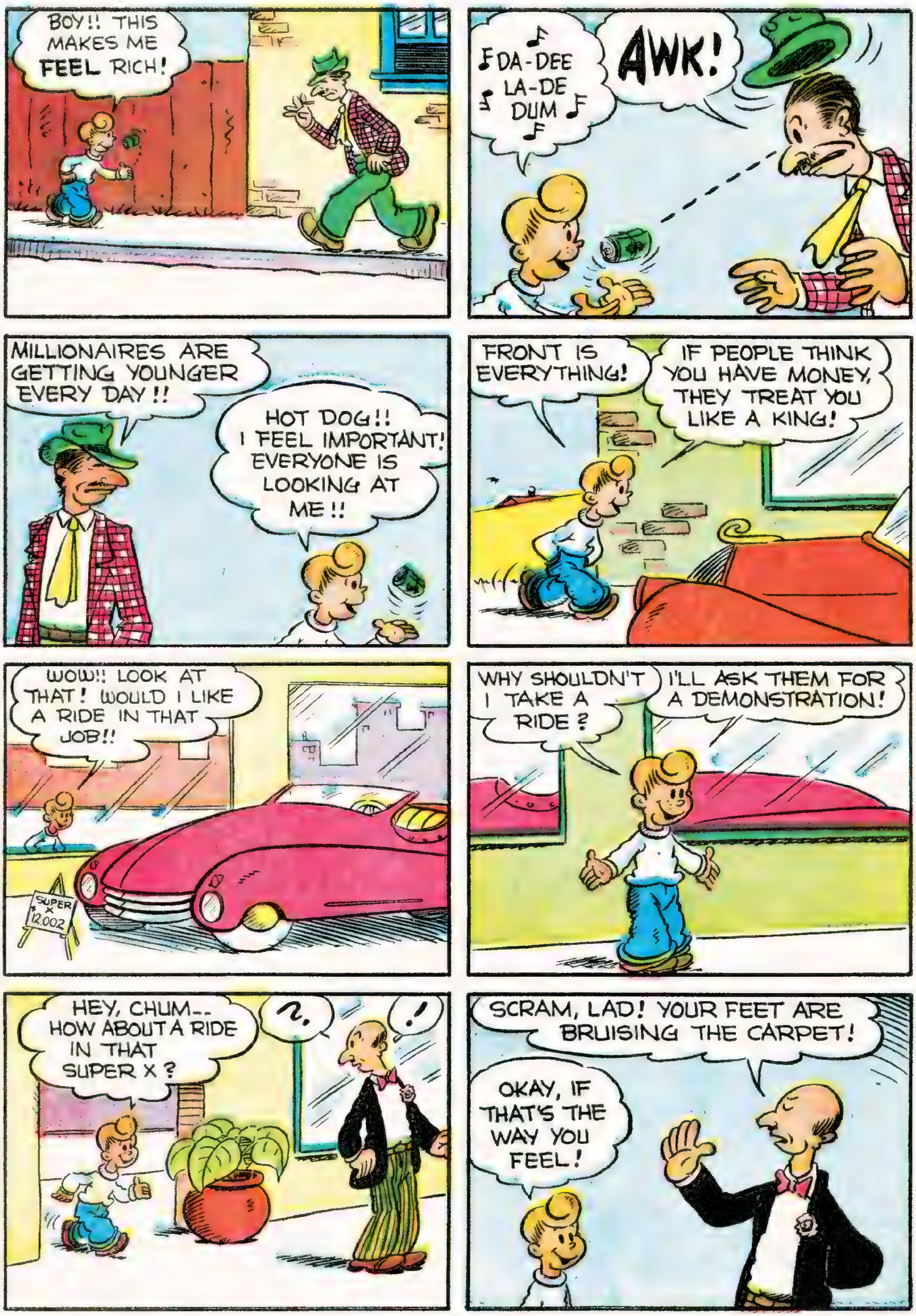
?
HM?
YUM!
ICE-CREAM BRICKS!
WHEEEEEEEE!! HA! HA! I'LL EAT MY WAY OUT OF JAIL!!
YUM!
YUM!
YUM!
SLURP

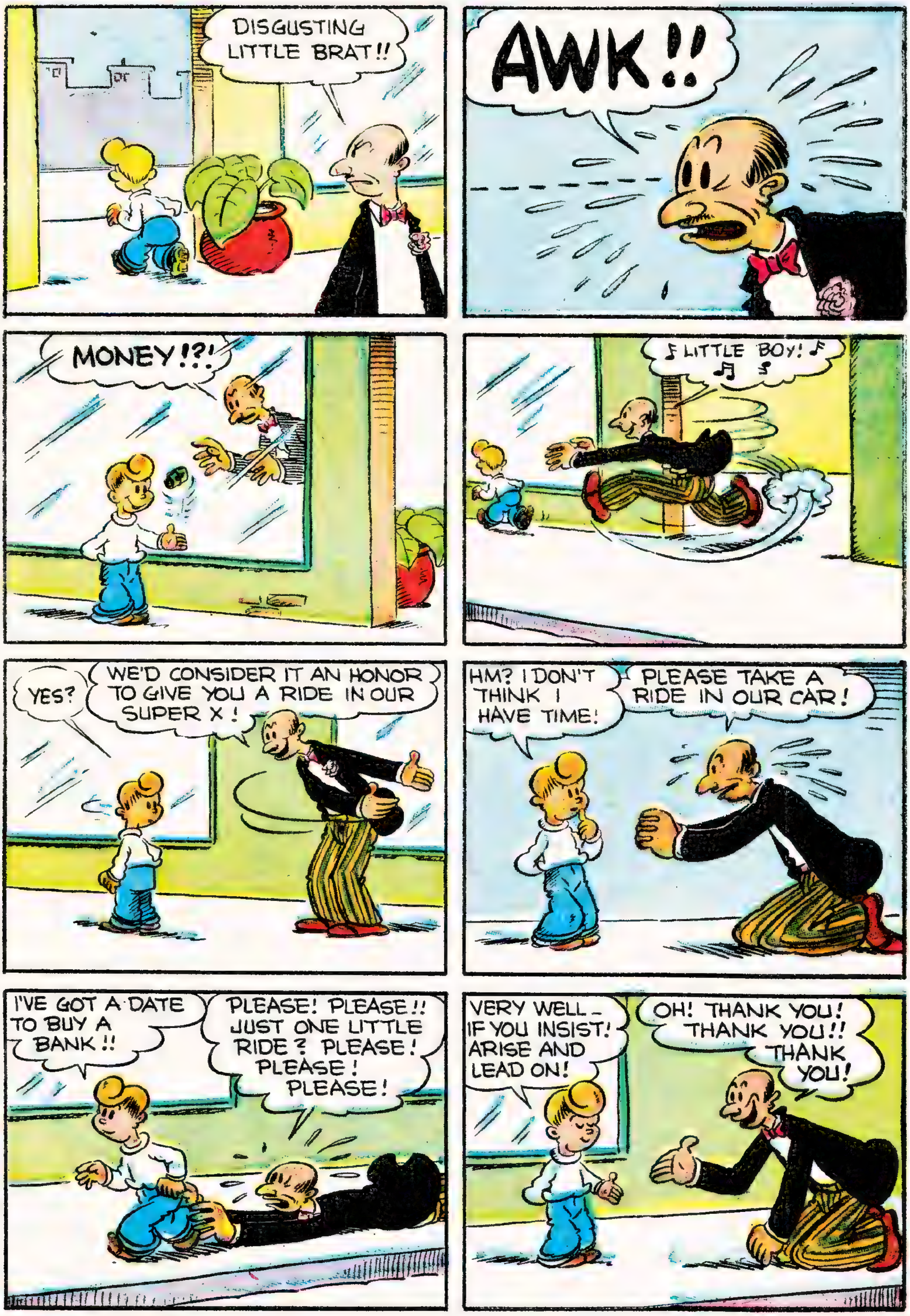
UGH!
I CAN'T EAT ANY MORE!
I'VE GOT TO EAT THROUGH THAT WALL!
UGH!
SLURP
OOOOH!
I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING!
STILL ASLEEP!

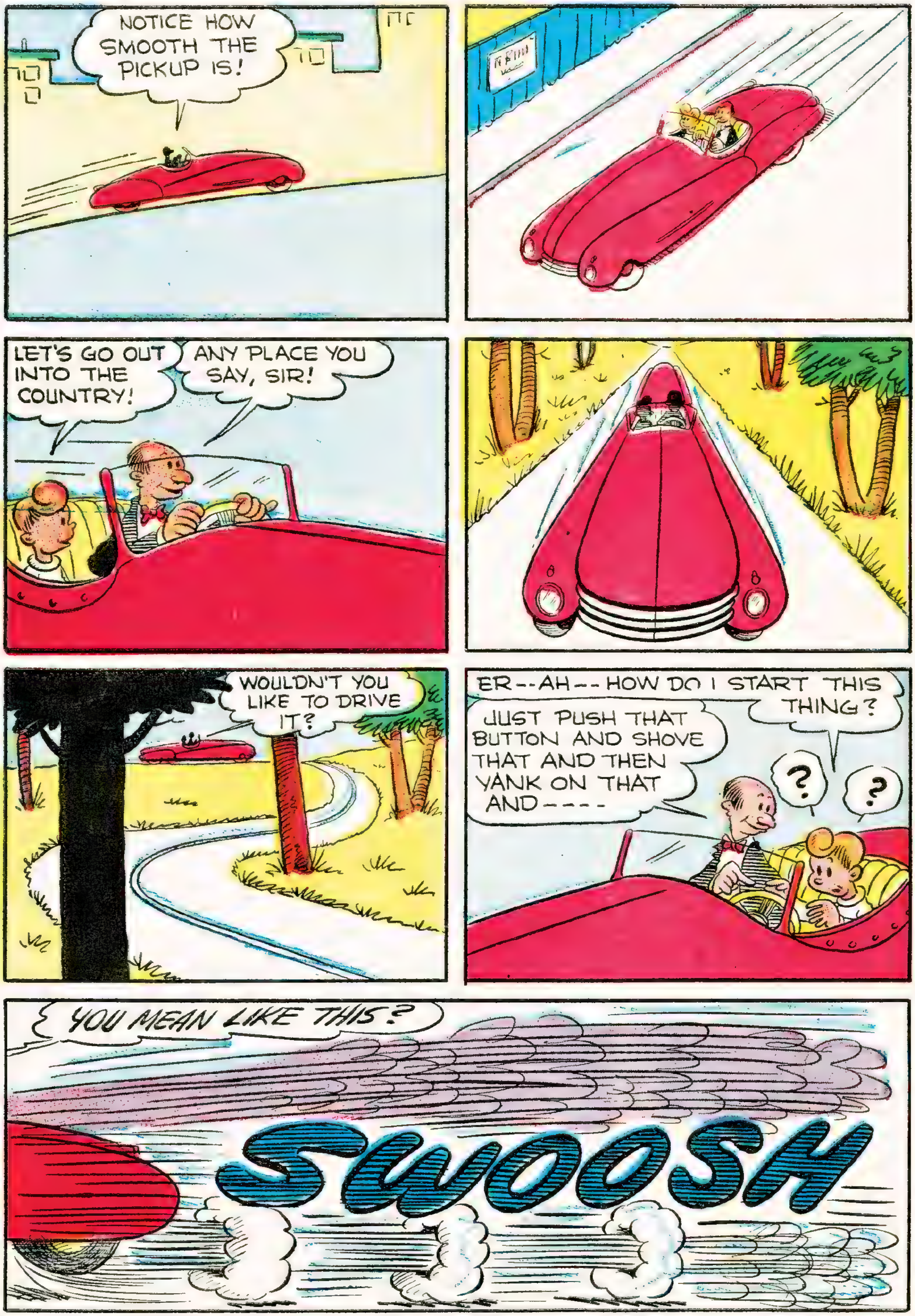

OOOU!
HE DOESN'T LOOK VERY HAPPY!
I FEELS LIKE A A HEEL!
YA IS JUST A LITTLE KID ONCE!!
AN' ICE CREAM IS PART OF BEING YOUNG!
PHOOEY!! I YAM NO HEEL! I'LL GET HIM SOME ICE CREAM!!
THE STORE IS ONLY FIVE MILES AWAY!
BOY!! IS IT HOT!!
ONE GALLON OF ICE CREAM, PLEASE!
SORRY_ WE'RE SOLD OUT!
I HAS TRIED TEN STORES AN' THEY IS ALL SOLD OUT---

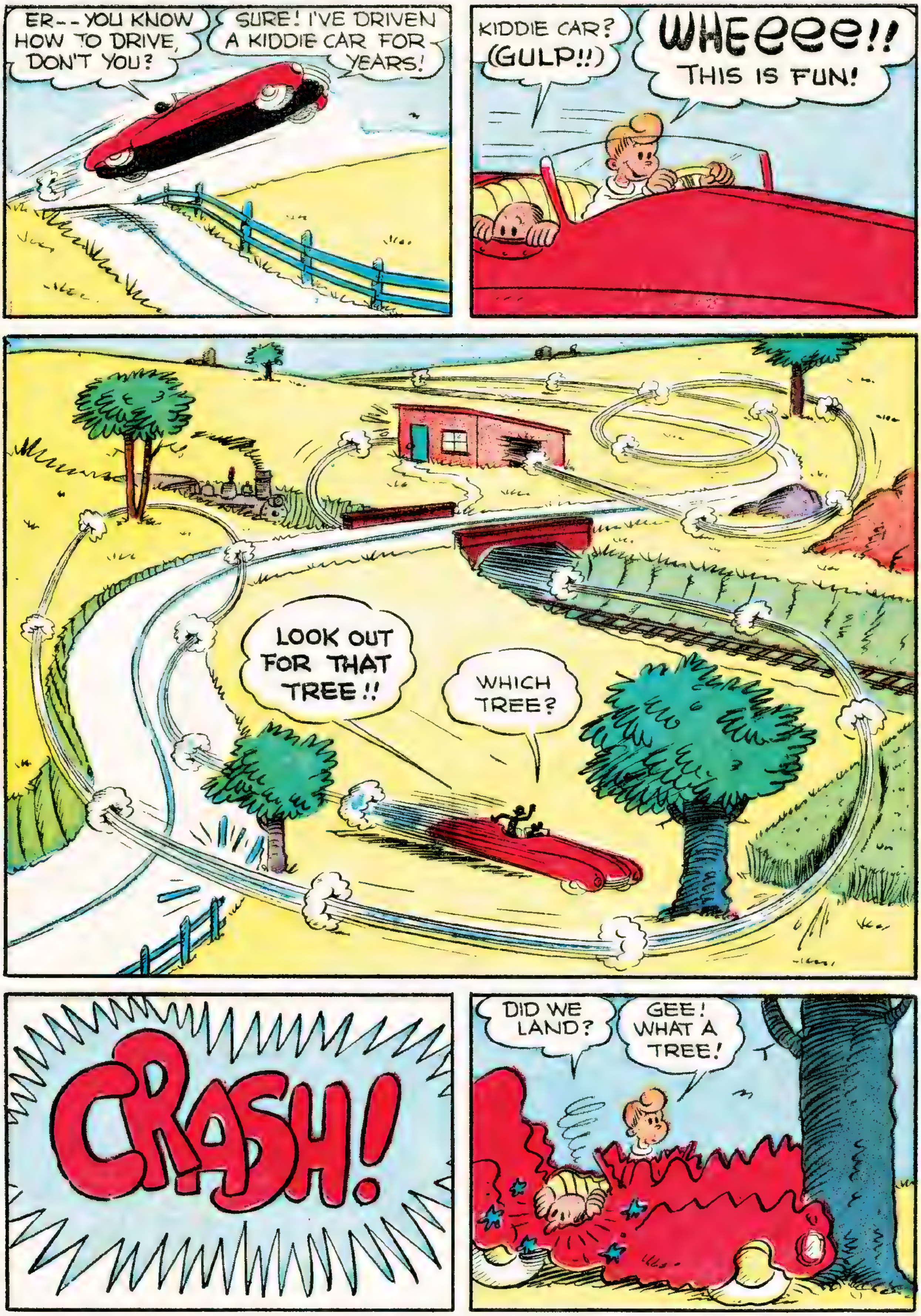
I WILL BUY A FREEZER AND MAKE HIM SOME ICE CREAM!
HARDWARE
I WOULDN'T DO THIS FOR ANYONE BUT SWEE'PEA!
HM?
WHEEEew!
WAKE UP, SWEE'PEA!
AWK!
SURPRISE!
?
?
SWISH

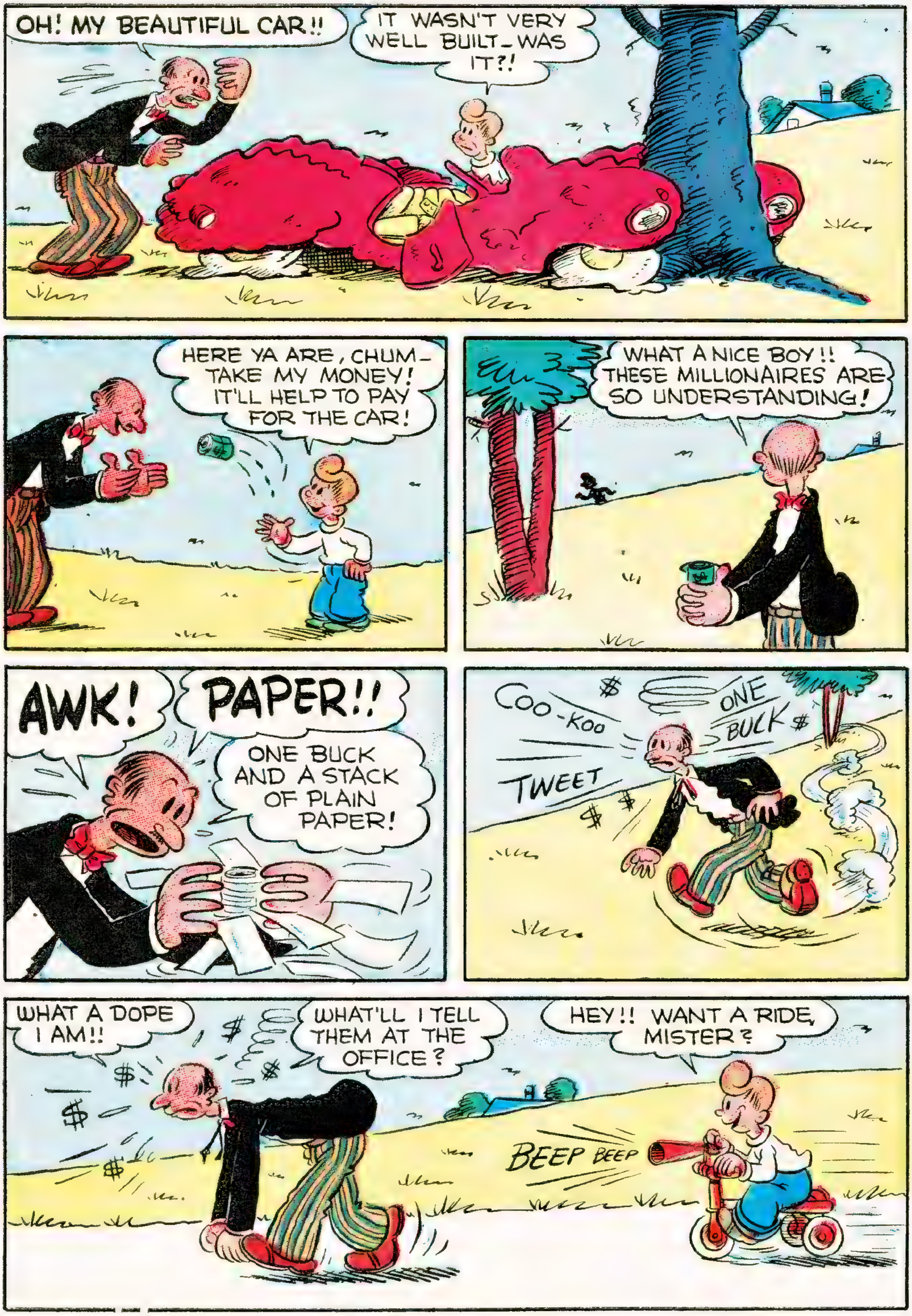
Sherman
IN "ROLLING ALONG!"
BAH! WHAT GOOD IS ONE DOLLAR?
ONE BUCK
IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS A FELLOW COULD DO ALL KINDS OF THINGS WITH A DOLLAR!
BUT NOT TODAY!
ONE BUCK
INFLATION HAS RUINED THE FUN OF BUSTING A PIGGY BANK!
THE WAY THINGS COST TODAY, I'D NEED A THOUSAND OF THESE TO HAVE ANY FUN!
HEY! THAT'S AN IDEA!!
I COULD MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A THOUSAND!
ALL I NEED IS A STACK OF PAPER CUT THE SIZE OF MY DOLLAR!
ROLL THE PAPER UP AND PUT MY DOLLAR AROUND IT AND IT LOOKS LIKE A BIG ROLL OF MONEY!!


BOY!! THIS MAKES ME FEEL RICH!
DA-DEE LA-DE DUM
AWK!
MILLIONAIRES ARE GETTING YOUNGER EVERY DAY!!
HOT DOG!! I FEEL IMPORTANT! EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT ME!!
FRONT IS EVERYTHING!
IF PEOPLE THINK YOU HAVE MONEY, THEY TREAT YOU LIKE A KING!
WOW!! LOOK AT THAT! WOULD I LIKE A RIDE IN THAT JOB!!
SUPER X 12,002
WHY SHOULDN'T I TAKE A RIDE?
I'LL ASK THEM FOR A DEMONSTRATION!
HEY, CHUM-- HOW ABOUT A RIDE IN THAT SUPER X?
?
!
SCRAM, LAD! YOUR FEET ARE BRUISING THE CARPET!
OKAY, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL!


DISGUSTING LITTLE BRAT!!
AWK!!
MONEY!?!
LITTLE BOY!
YES?
WE'D CONSIDER IT AN HONOR TO GIVE YOU A RIDE IN OUR SUPER X!
HM? I DON'T THINK I HAVE TIME!
PLEASE TAKE A RIDE IN OUR CAR!
I'VE GOT A DATE TO BUY A BANK!!
PLEASE! PLEASE!! JUST ONE LITTLE RIDE? PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!
VERY WELL_ IF YOU INSIST! ARISE AND LEAD ON!
OH! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!! THANK YOU!


NOTICE HOW SMOOTH THE PICKUP IS!
LET'S GO OUT INTO THE COUNTRY!
ANY PLACE YOU SAY, SIR!
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO DRIVE IT?
ER--AH--HOW DO I START THIS THING?
JUST PUSH THAT BUTTON AND SHOVE THAT AND THEN YANK ON THAT AND----
?
?
YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?
SWOOSH


ER--YOU KNOW HOW TO DRIVE, DON'T YOU?
SURE! I'VE DRIVEN A KIDDIE CAR FOR YEARS!
KIDDIE CAR? (GULP!!)
WHEEeee!! THIS IS FUN!
LOOK OUT FOR THAT TREE!!
WHICH TREE?
CRASH!
DID WE LAND?
GEE! WHAT A TREE!



OH! MY BEAUTIFUL CAR!!
IT WASN'T VERY WELL BUILT_WAS IT?!
HERE YA ARE, CHUM_ TAKE MY MONEY! IT'LL HELP TO PAY FOR THE CAR!
WHAT A NICE BOY!! THESE MILLIONAIRES ARE SO UNDERSTANDING!
AWK!
PAPER!!
ONE BUCK AND A STACK OF PLAIN PAPER!
COO-KOO
ONE BUCK
TWEET
WHAT A DOPE I AM!!
WHAT'LL I TELL THEM AT THE OFFICE?
HEY!! WANT A RIDE, MISTER?
BEEP BEEP

"House for Rent"

(Continued from inside front cover)

The sign said . . . HOUSE FOR RENT.

Finding a house to rent is just as hard on the bottom of the ocean as anywhere else, and they knew that the moment Sam crawled out the next morning he would be mobbed and that is just what they wanted to happen.

It was early in the morning when Big House Sam woke up and started out to look for some breakfast. He hadn't crawled six snail feet when a bulging-eyed wart fish stopped him and asked:

"How much rent?"

"When can we move in?"

"Will you paint for us?"

"That's fine! We'll move in right away."

Sam was so surprised that he didn't even think to open his mouth to say anything and the wart fish, with the flip of a fin, swam off to get the rest of his family.

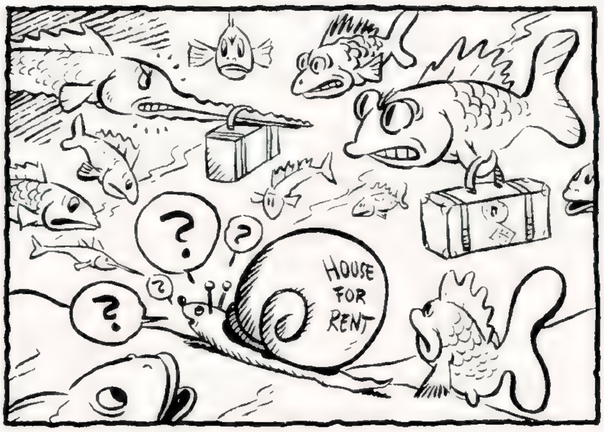
"I'll take it! I'LL TAKE IT!" a voice yelled behind Sam. "I don't care how much it is. I'll move in right away!"

Sam turned around to see who it was and found it was a whole family of green fish swimming around him looking at his shell.

"Is everyone crazy?" Sam thought to himself and started to crawl away.

"HEY!" yelled the green fish, "come back here. I like the house where it is!"

"I'm moving into that house!" snarled another voice. It was the wart fish back with his belongings. "Get out of here and find a house



of your own to rent!" he shouted.

As the wart fish and the green fish argued, more and more water animals swam or crawled up. Each and every one of them wanted to rent the house. In a very few seconds, they were all fighting about it and poor Sam was right in the middle of it all.

"What is happening?" he cried, and then as a sawfish scraped against his shell, "My poor shell will be all marred. HELP! HELP!"

The call for help was what Bud Blackshell and the team captain were waiting for and as soon as they heard it, they dashed into the middle of the mob and pulled Sam out. The other animals were so busy fighting that they didn't even miss the rescued snail.

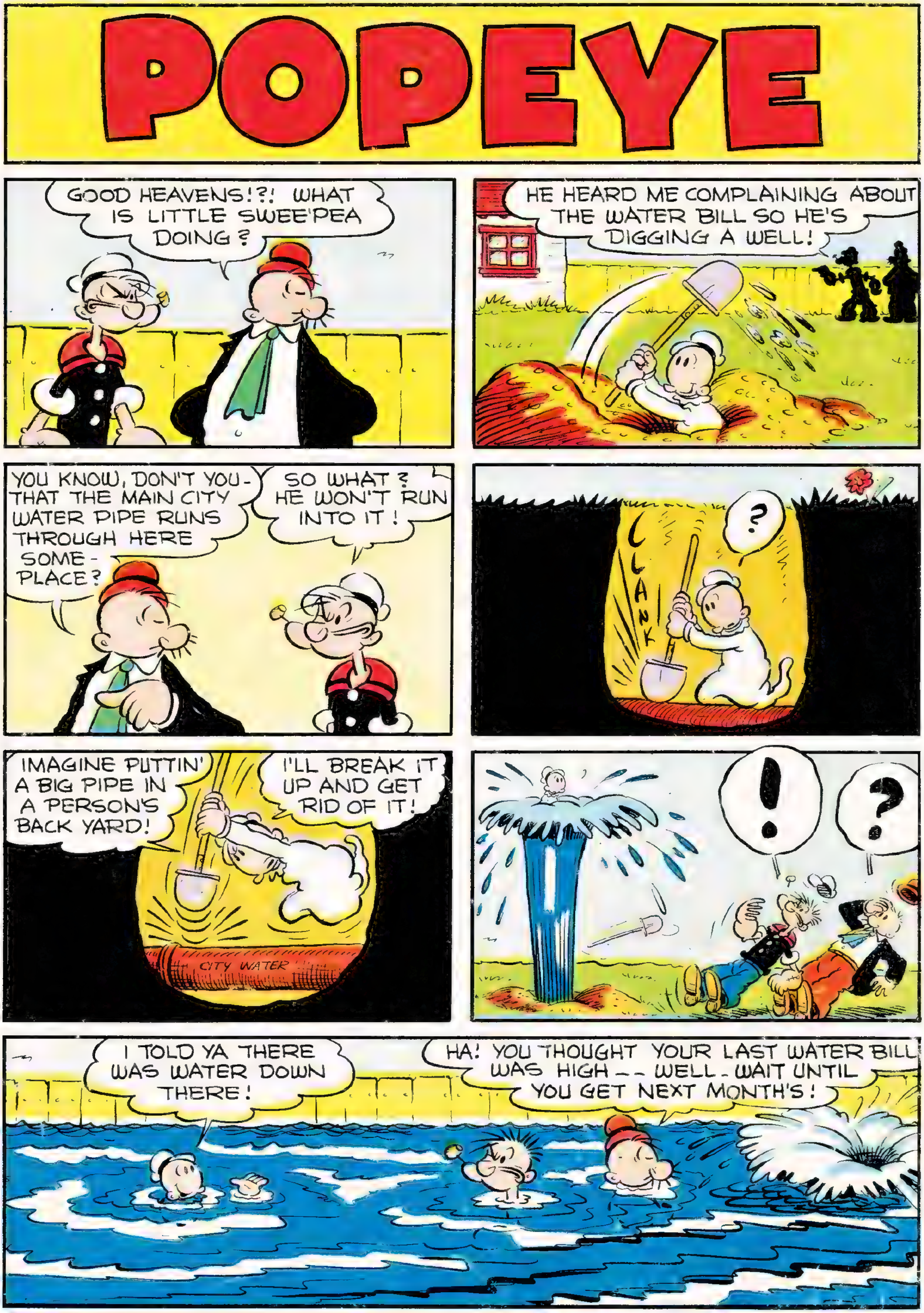
"What you need is a safe place to hide," yelled the shortstop. "The ball field is the place for you."

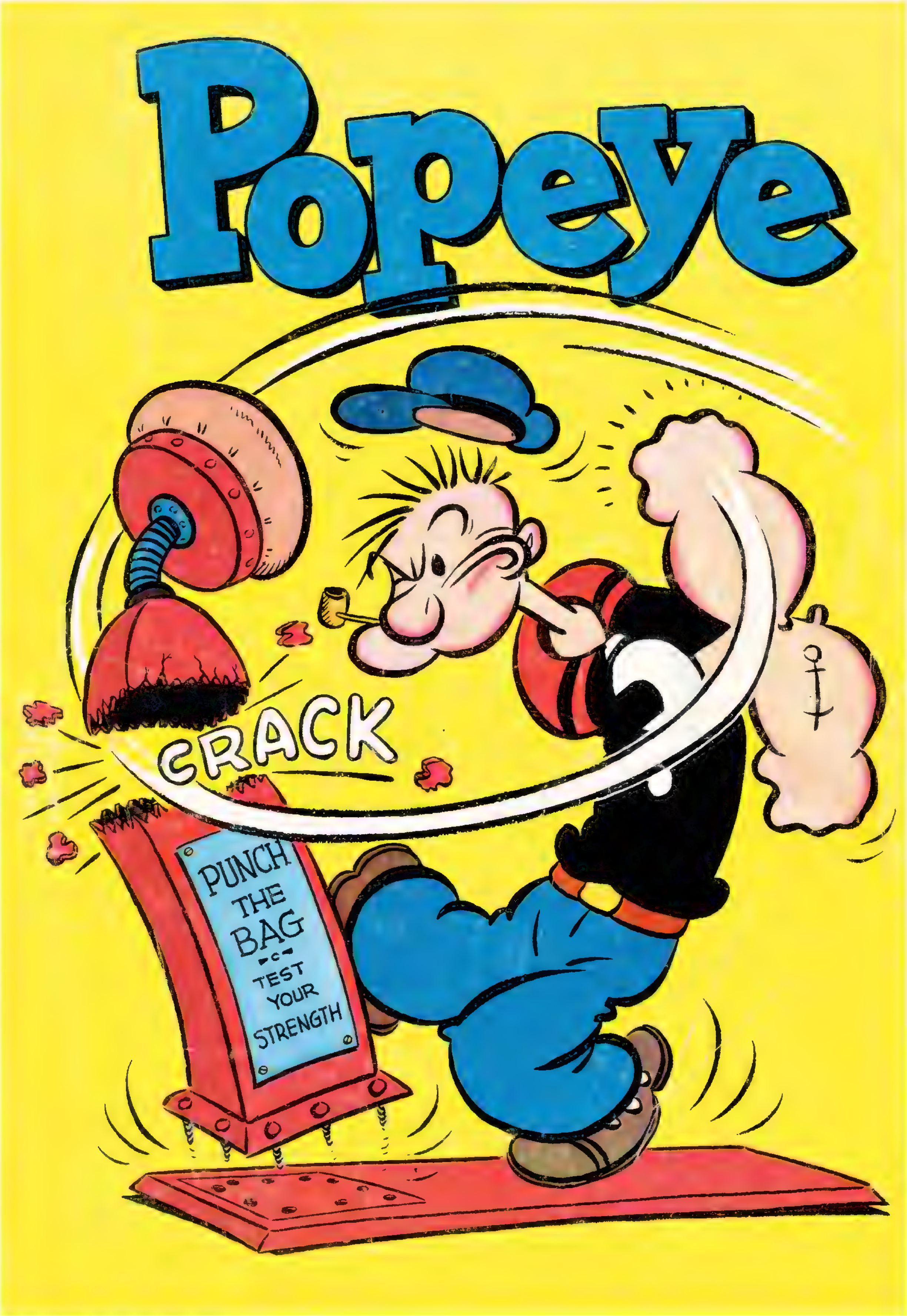
"Yes!" agreed Cracked Shell Charlie, "out on the field no one will bother you."

"Oh!" moaned Sam, "I'll go anywhere to get away from this."

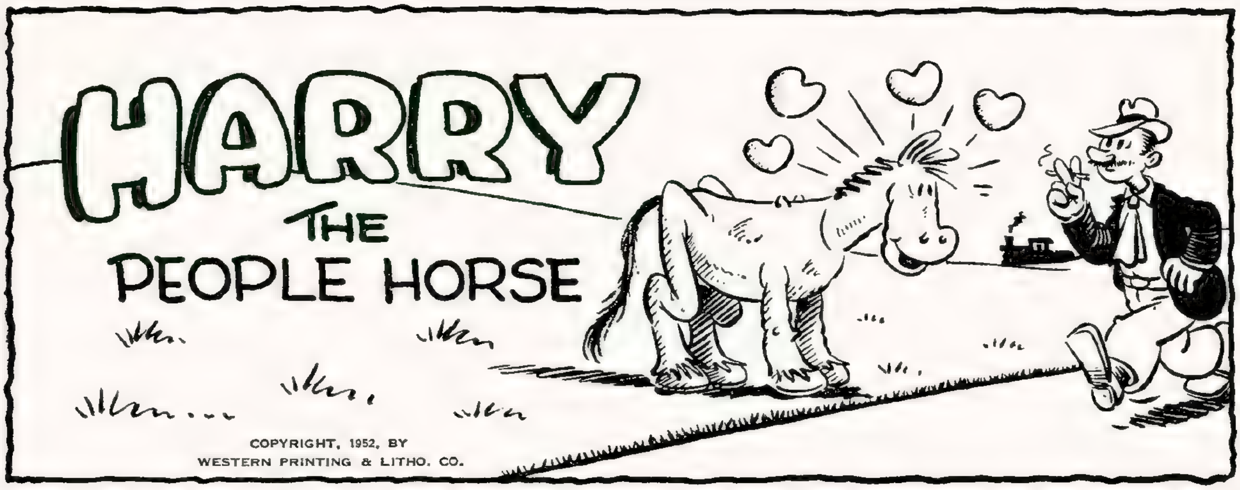
Big House Sam was so glad to be safe out on the ball field that when the game started, rather than face the mob again, he stayed in the game and pitched his team to an 8-0 victory.

Of course, no one ever told him about the sign on his back. Cracked Shell Charlie had cleaned it off without his knowing it, and after the game was over, he thanked the two snails for saving his life and his shell, and then he went right back to polishing and waxing his beautiful shell again.


POPEYE
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT IS LITTLE SWEE'PEA DOING?
HE HEARD ME COMPLAINING ABOUT THE WATER BILL SO HE'S DIGGING A WELL!
YOU KNOW, DON'T YOU - THAT THE MAIN CITY WATER PIPE RUNS THROUGH HERE SOME-PLACE?
SO WHAT? HE WON'T RUN INTO IT!
?
CLANK
IMAGINE PUTTIN' A BIG PIPE IN A PERSON'S BACK YARD!
I'LL BREAK IT UP AND GET RID OF IT!
CITY WATER
!
?
I TOLD YA THERE WAS WATER DOWN THERE!
HA! YOU THOUGHT YOUR LAST WATER BILL WAS HIGH -- WELL - WAIT UNTIL YOU GET NEXT MONTH'S!



Popeye #21, July-September 1952



Harry was a horse. He lived in a field down by the railroad tracks. Because Harry didn't own a looking glass and he had never seen another horse, he got the strange idea that he was a people just like the people that walked up and down the sidewalk that ran along one side of his field. The only thing that bothered Harry's peace of mind was that he could never get any of the people walking past to talk to him. He knew the people talked because he had seen them pass by in couples and they were always talking to each other. When Harry ran up to them to try to start a conversation, all he would get was a pat on the nose or a rap by the policeman's stick if the policeman happened to see him when he was trying to talk to a people.

One horrible day, Harry watched a bunch of small boys come into his field and start to play ball. Harry stood around and watched them for a while, trying to figure out what they were doing. After a while, he got the idea of the game and he trotted over to one of the boys and asked him if he might join in the fun. The boy waved his arms trying to get rid of Harry but Harry took the waving arms to mean that the boy wanted him to play left field.

He trotted out to left field and turned to face home plate, squatting down like he had seen the other fielders do. That is when his day became horrible for when the boys saw a horse sitting in left field they picked up stones and sticks and chased poor Harry up to the other end of the field, where he stood with his head in the corner of the fence and sulked for two hours.

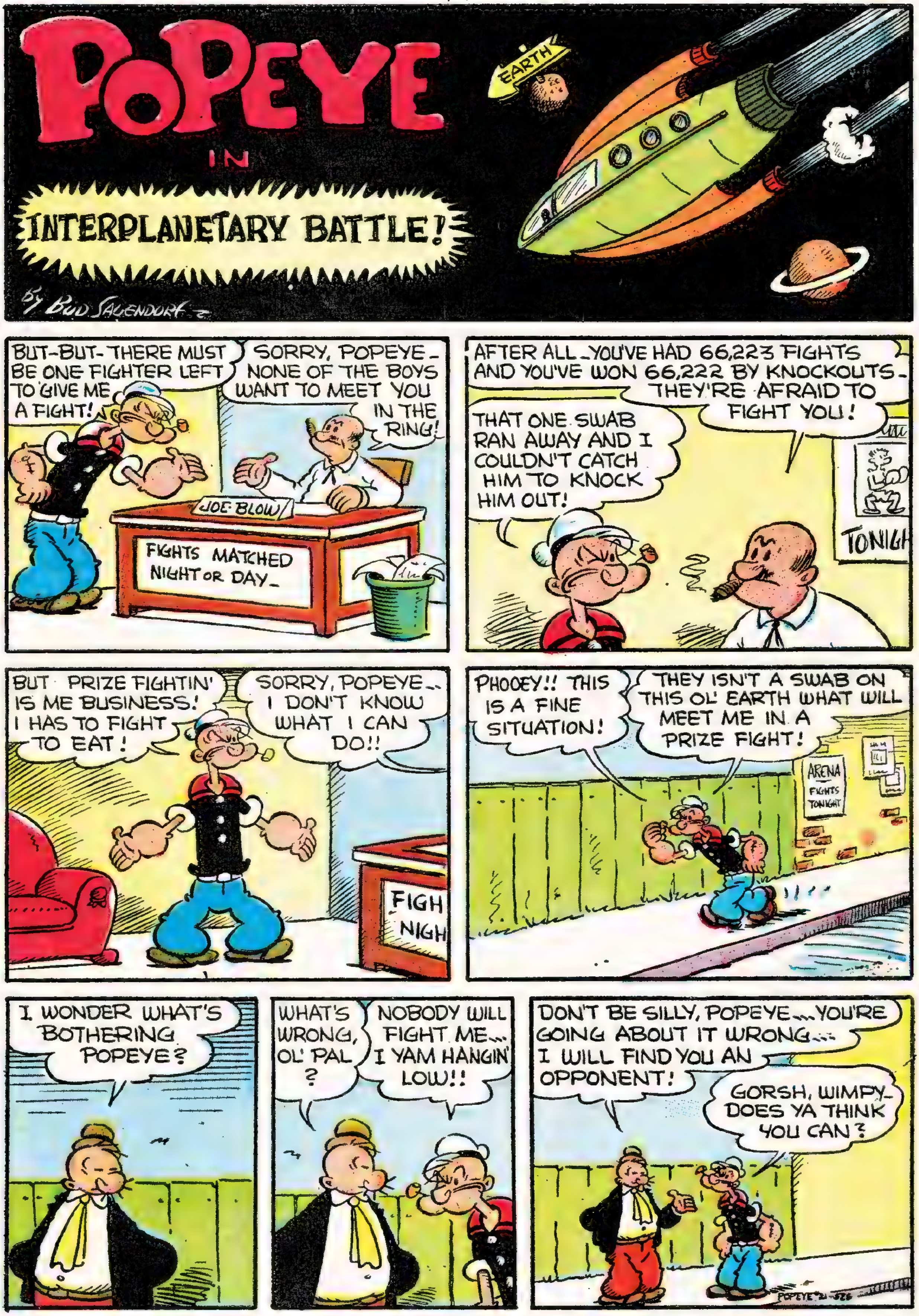
Several days after Harry had tried to play baseball he was standing near the sidewalk when a little old lady passed by. Just as she neared the edge of the field where the fence was, she tossed a paper-covered bundle into the field and went on. Harry tried to call to her, to tell her that she had dropped something, but as usual with people, she paid no attention to his calls. Seeing that she had gone on, Harry went over to the bundle and after many unsuccessful tries at opening the wrappings, he finally ripped the paper off and a stack of old clothes fell out.

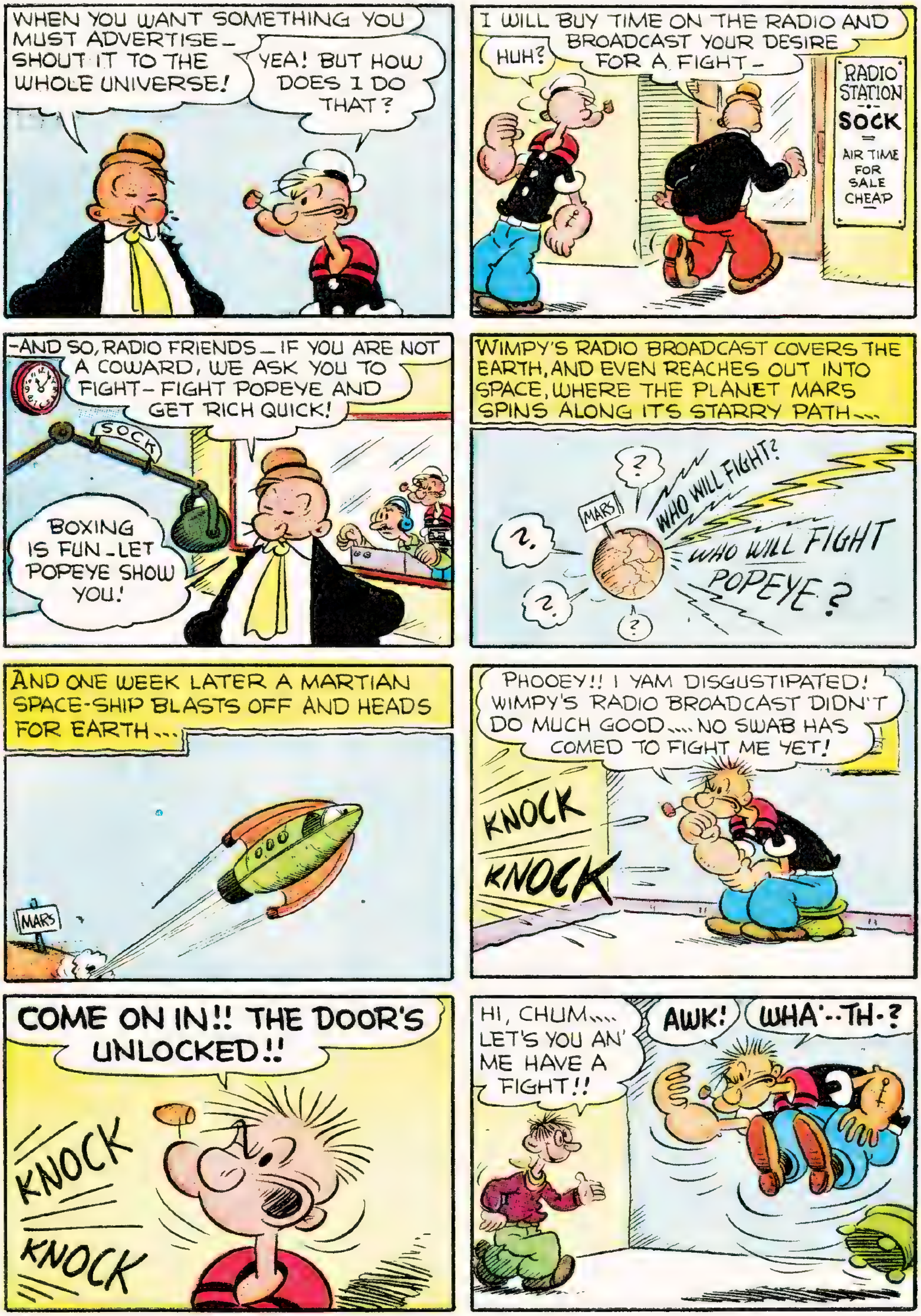
"GOOD HEAVENS!" he exclaimed, "it's full of people skins."

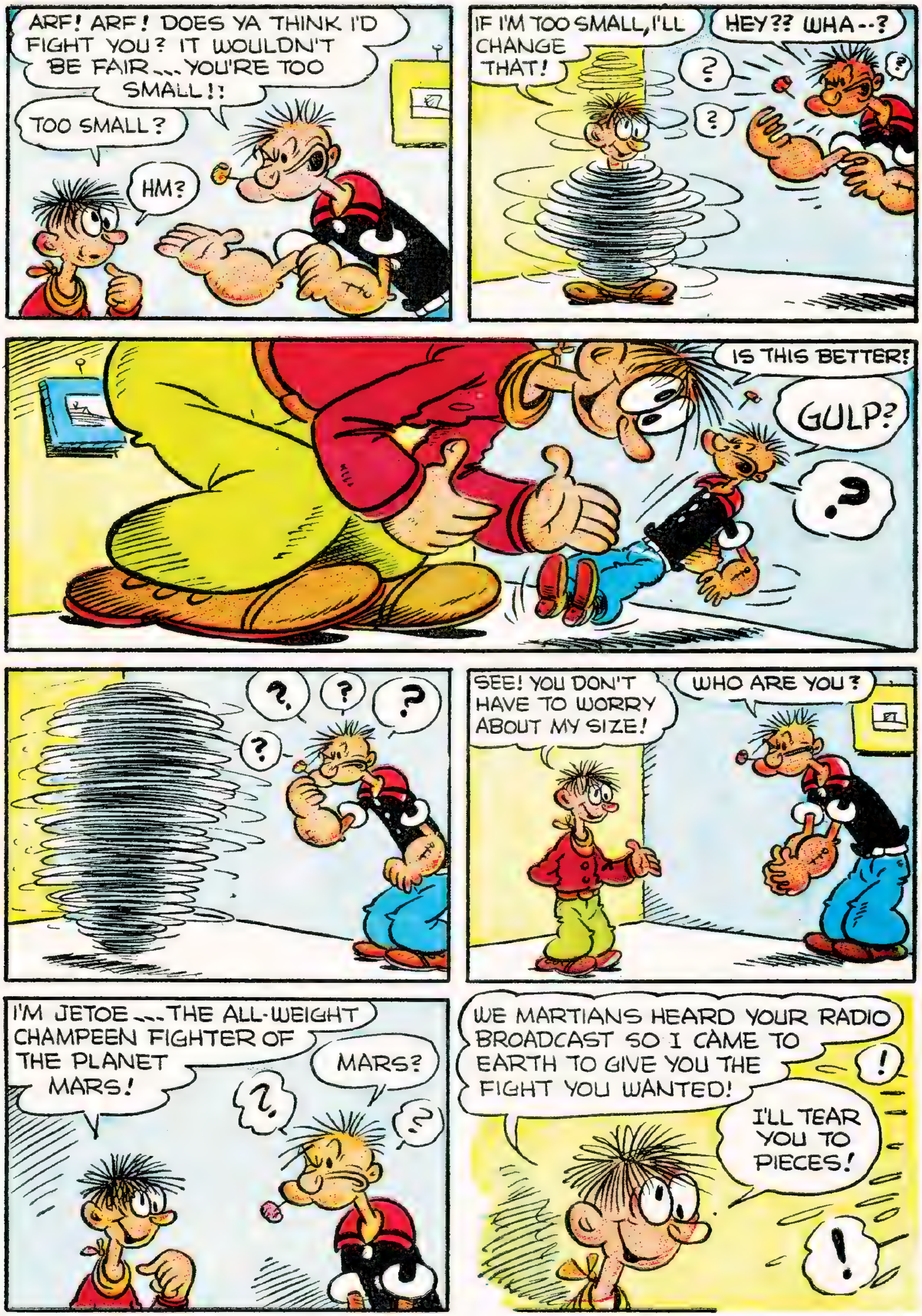
Harry had always thought that the clothes people wore were their skins and after he had nuzzled the clothes around on the ground for awhile it didn't take him long to figure out that they were a covering that people wore over their skin.

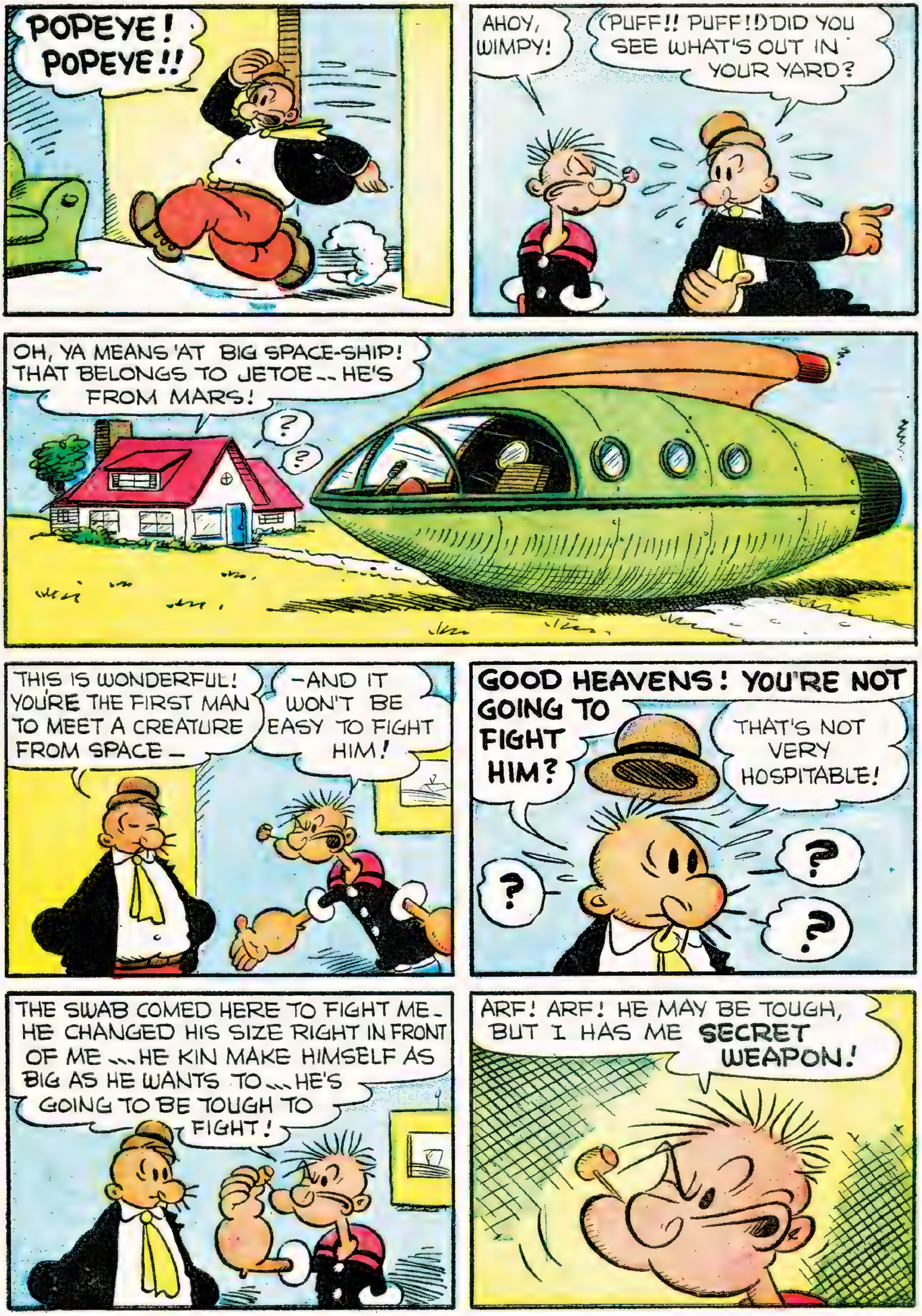
"OH! What a dope I've been," and to prove it he kicked himself with his left hoof. "No wonder I haven't been able to get people

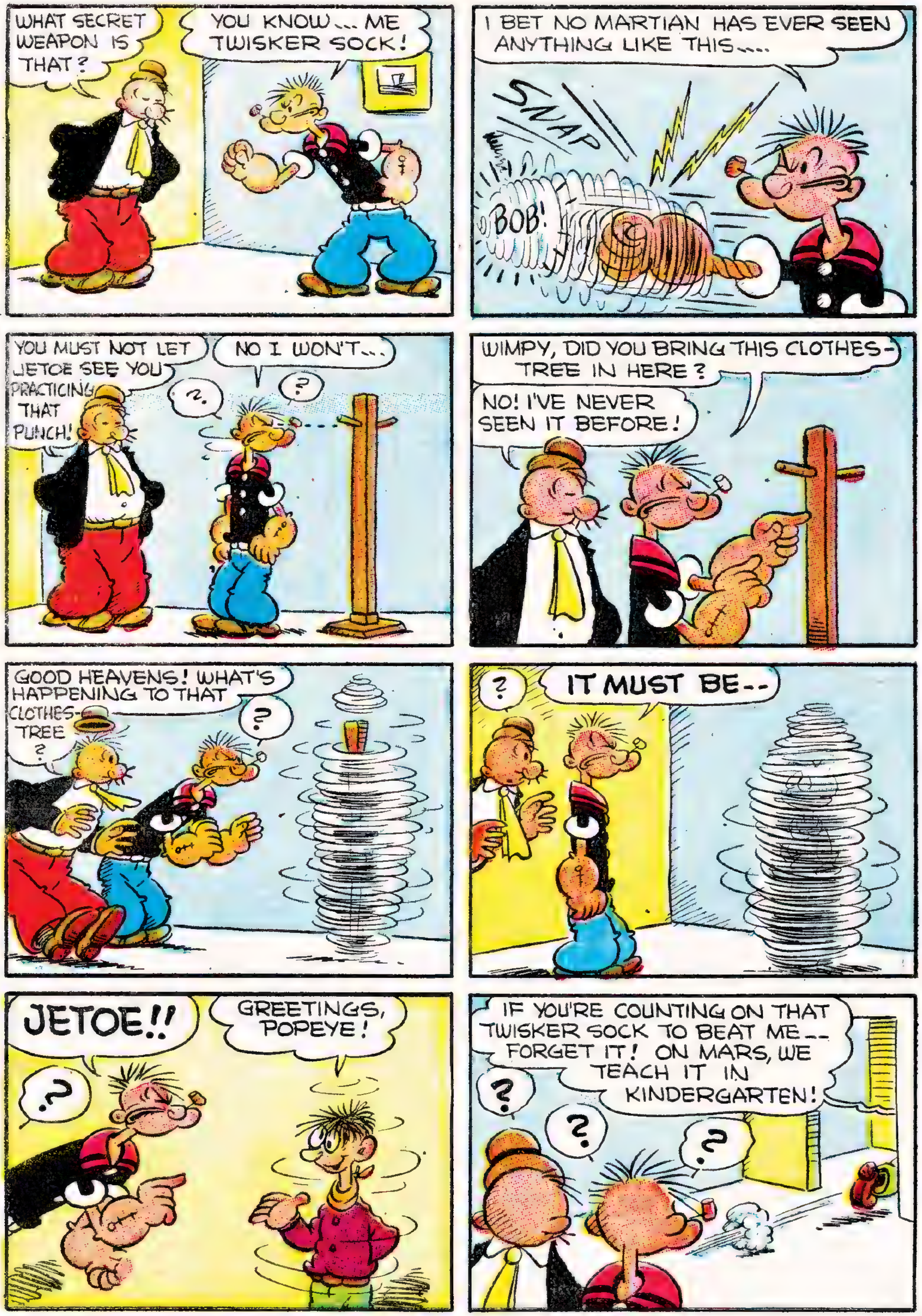
(Continued on inside back cover)

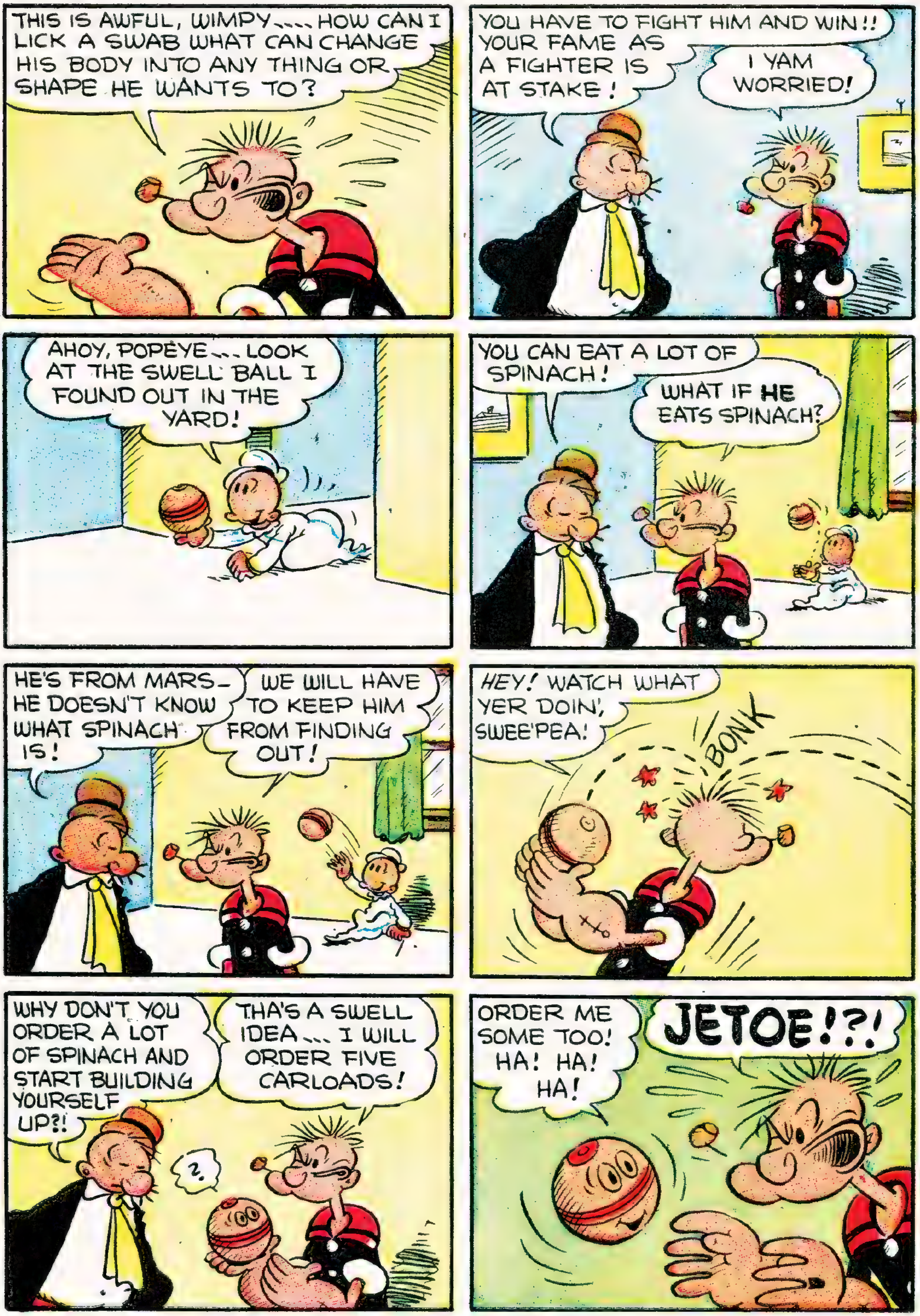

POPEYE
IN
INTERPLANETARY BATTLE!
by Bud Sagendorf
EARTH
BUT-BUT-THERE MUST BE ONE FIGHTER LEFT TO GIVE ME A FIGHT!
SORRY, POPEYE-NONE OF THE BOYS WANT TO MEET YOU IN THE RING!
JOE BLOW
FIGHTS MATCHED NIGHT OR DAY-
AFTER ALL-YOU'VE HAD 66,223 FIGHTS AND YOU'VE WON 66,222 BY KNOCKOUTS-THEY'RE AFRAID TO FIGHT YOU!
THAT ONE SWAB RAN AWAY AND I COULDN'T CATCH HIM TO KNOCK HIM OUT!
TONIGH
BUT PRIZE FIGHTIN' IS ME BUSINESS! I HAS TO FIGHT TO EAT!
SORRY, POPEYE-I DON'T KNOW WHAT I CAN DO!!
FIGH NIGH
PHOOEY!! THIS IS A FINE SITUATION!
THEY ISN'T A SWAB ON THIS OL' EARTH WHAT WILL MEET ME IN A PRIZE FIGHT!
ARENA FIGHTS TONIGHT
I WONDER WHAT'S BOTHERING POPEYE?
WHAT'S WRONG, OL' PAL?
NOBODY WILL FIGHT ME-I YAM HANGIN' LOW!!
DON'T BE SILLY, POPEYE-YOU'RE GOING ABOUT IT WRONG-I WILL FIND YOU AN OPPONENT!
GORSH, WIMPY-DOES YA THINK YOU CAN?


WHEN YOU WANT SOMETHING YOU MUST ADVERTISE— SHOUT IT TO THE WHOLE UNIVERSE!
YEA! BUT HOW DOES I DO THAT?
I WILL BUY TIME ON THE RADIO AND BROADCAST YOUR DESIRE FOR A FIGHT—
HUH?
RADIO STATION SOCK AIR TIME FOR SALE CHEAP
-AND SO, RADIO FRIENDS— IF YOU ARE NOT A COWARD, WE ASK YOU TO FIGHT— FIGHT POPEYE AND GET RICH QUICK!
SOCK
BOXING IS FUN—LET POPEYE SHOW YOU!
WIMPY'S RADIO BROADCAST COVERS THE EARTH, AND EVEN REACHES OUT INTO SPACE, WHERE THE PLANET MARS SPINS ALONG ITS STARRY PATH...
MARS
WHO WILL FIGHT?
WHO WILL FIGHT POPEYE?
AND ONE WEEK LATER A MARTIAN SPACE-SHIP BLASTS OFF AND HEADS FOR EARTH...
MARS
PHOOEY!! I YAM DISGUSTIPATED! WIMPY'S RADIO BROADCAST DIDN'T DO MUCH GOOD.... NO SWAB HAS COMED TO FIGHT ME YET!
KNOCK
KNOCK
COME ON IN!! THE DOOR'S UNLOCKED!!
KNOCK
KNOCK
HI, CHUM.... LET'S YOU AN' ME HAVE A FIGHT!!
AWK!
WHA'-TH-?


ARF! ARF! DOES YA THINK I'D FIGHT YOU? IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR... YOU'RE TOO SMALL!!
TOO SMALL?
HM?
IF I'M TOO SMALL, I'LL CHANGE THAT!
HEY?? WHA--?
?
?
?
IS THIS BETTER?
GULP?
?
?
?
?
?
SEE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MY SIZE!
WHO ARE YOU?
I'M JETOE... THE ALL-WEIGHT CHAMPEEN FIGHTER OF THE PLANET MARS!
MARS?
?
?
WE MARTIANS HEARD YOUR RADIO BROADCAST SO I CAME TO EARTH TO GIVE YOU THE FIGHT YOU WANTED!
!
I'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!
!

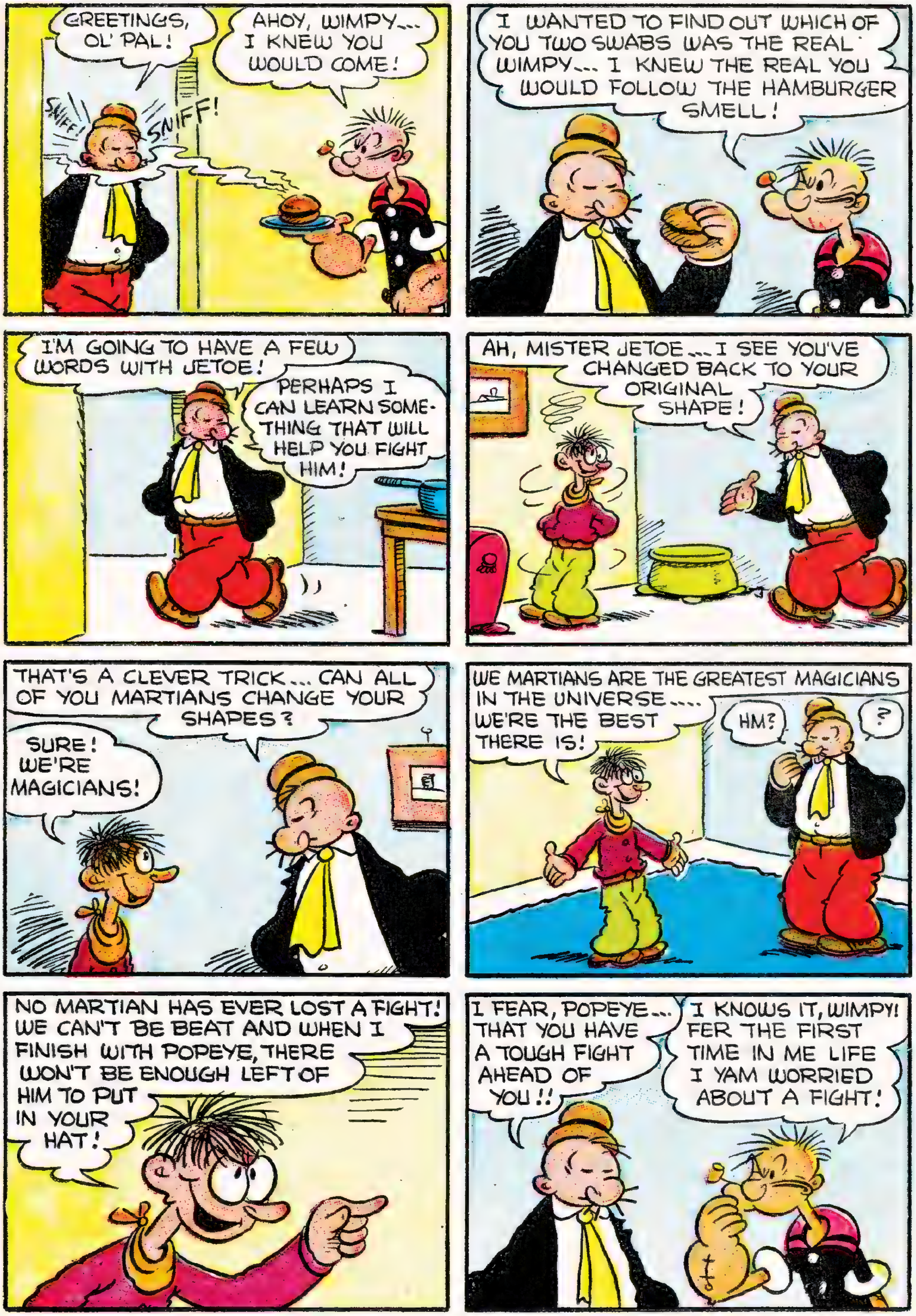

POPEYE! POPEYE!!
AHOY, WIMPY!
(PUFF!! PUFF!) DID YOU SEE WHAT'S OUT IN YOUR YARD?
OH, YA MEANS 'AT BIG SPACE-SHIP! THAT BELONGS TO JETOE -- HE'S FROM MARS!
?
?
THIS IS WONDERFUL! YOU'RE THE FIRST MAN TO MEET A CREATURE FROM SPACE —
-AND IT WON'T BE EASY TO FIGHT HIM!
GOOD HEAVENS: YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIGHT HIM?
THAT'S NOT VERY HOSPITABLE!
?
?
?
THE SWAB COMED HERE TO FIGHT ME - HE CHANGED HIS SIZE RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME .... HE KIN MAKE HIMSELF AS BIG AS HE WANTS TO ... HE'S GOING TO BE TOUGH TO FIGHT!
ARF! ARF! HE MAY BE TOUGH, BUT I HAS ME SECRET WEAPON!


WHAT SECRET WEAPON IS THAT?
YOU KNOW... ME TWISKER SOCK!
I BET NO MARTIAN HAS EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS....
SNAP
BOB!
YOU MUST NOT LET JETOE SEE YOU PRACTICING THAT PUNCH!
NO I WON'T...
?
?
WIMPY, DID YOU BRING THIS CLOTHES-TREE IN HERE?
NO! I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE!
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THAT CLOTHES-TREE?
?
?
IT MUST BE--
JETOE!!
GREETINGS, POPEYE!
?
IF YOU'RE COUNTING ON THAT TWISKER SOCK TO BEAT ME-- FORGET IT! ON MARS, WE TEACH IT IN KINDERGARTEN!
?
?
?


THIS IS AWFUL, WIMPY.... HOW CAN I LICK A SWAB WHAT CAN CHANGE HIS BODY INTO ANY THING OR SHAPE HE WANTS TO?
YOU HAVE TO FIGHT HIM AND WIN!! YOUR FAME AS A FIGHTER IS AT STAKE!
I YAM WORRIED!
AHOY, POPEYE... LOOK AT THE SWELL BALL I FOUND OUT IN THE YARD!
YOU CAN EAT A LOT OF SPINACH!
WHAT IF **HE** EATS SPINACH?
HE'S FROM MARS - HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT SPINACH IS!
WE WILL HAVE TO KEEP HIM FROM FINDING OUT!
HEY! WATCH WHAT YER DOIN', SWEE'PEA!
BONK
WHY DON'T YOU ORDER A LOT OF SPINACH AND START BUILDING YOURSELF UP?!
?
THA'S A SWELL IDEA... I WILL ORDER FIVE CARLOADS!
ORDER ME SOME TOO! HA! HA! HA!
JETOE!?!

'BYE NOW!! I'VE GOT TO BOUNCE BACK TO MY SPACE-SHIP!
BUMP
BUMP
I YAM LICKED, WIMPY! I CAN'T FIGHT A SWAB WHAT CAN CHANGE HIS SHAPE AT WILL!!
WORRY!
WORRY!
DON'T FRET, OL' PAL.. MISTER JETOE HAS BEEN SPYING ON US SO I SHALL SPY ON HIM!
I SHALL FIND HIS WEAK SPOT!!
WIMPY JUST HAS TO FIND JETOE'S WEAK SPOT IF I AM GOING TO LICK HIM!
AH! HERE HE COMES BACK!!
SORRY, POPEYE .. JETOE HAS NO WEAK SPOT!
!
?
!
HE IS INVINCIBLE!! YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP RIGHT NOW!
!
GULP!
I COULDN'T FIND JETOE, POPEYE ... HE WASN'T IN HIS SPACE-SHIP!

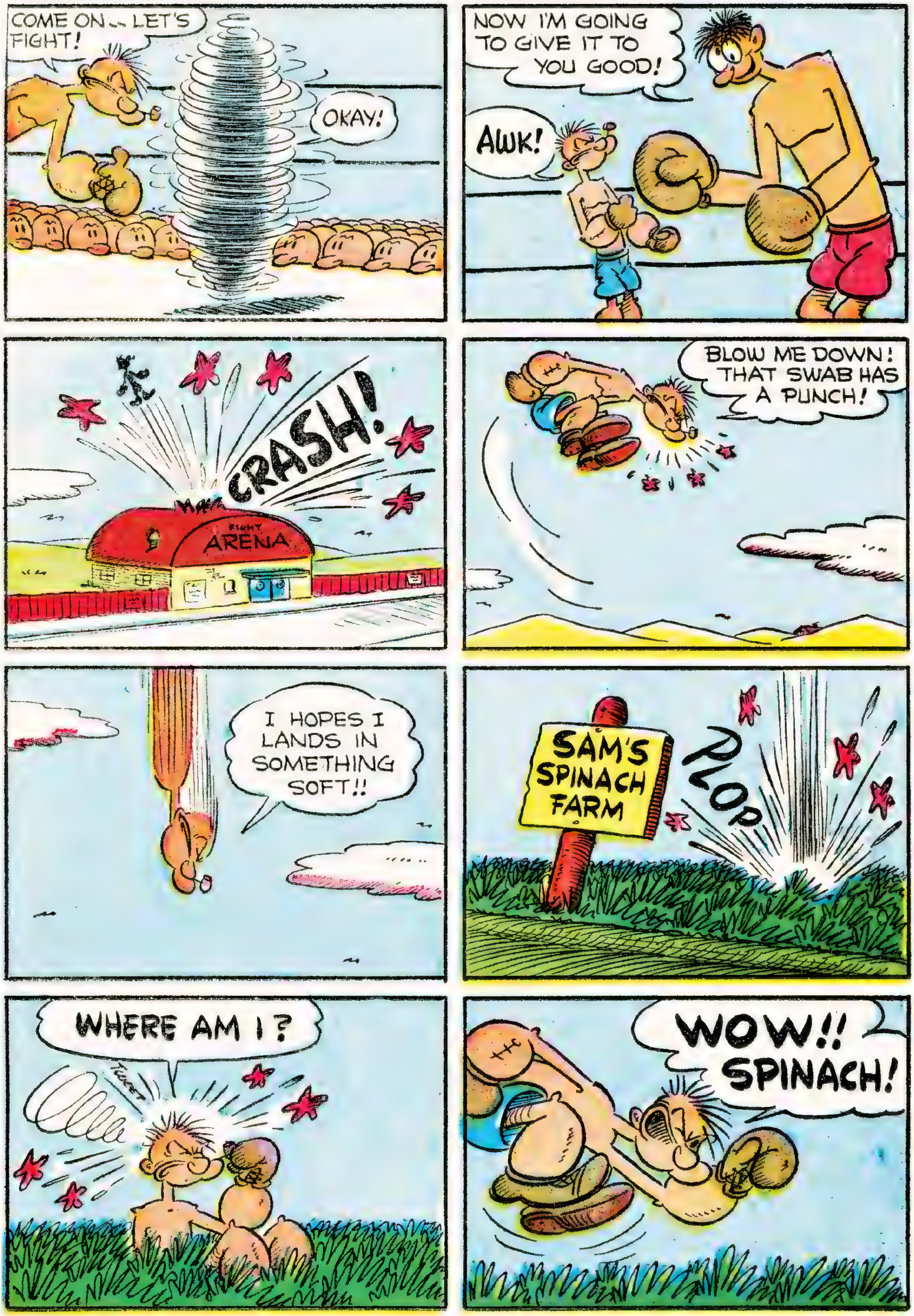
WHO ARE YOU?
I'M J.W. WIMPY!
I'M J.W. WIMPY!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! THIS IS ARFUL! JETOE HAS CHANGED HIS FORM TO LOOK LIKE WIMPY— I CAN'T TELL WHICH ONE IS THE REAL WIMPY!
GR-R-R-
THEY IS ONLY ONE WAY TO TELL WHICH ONE IS WIMPY!
I WILL MAKE THE HAMBURGER TEST!
LA-DA DE DUM
GR-R-R!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
HM!
AH!
PARDON ME A MOMENT!
SNIFF!

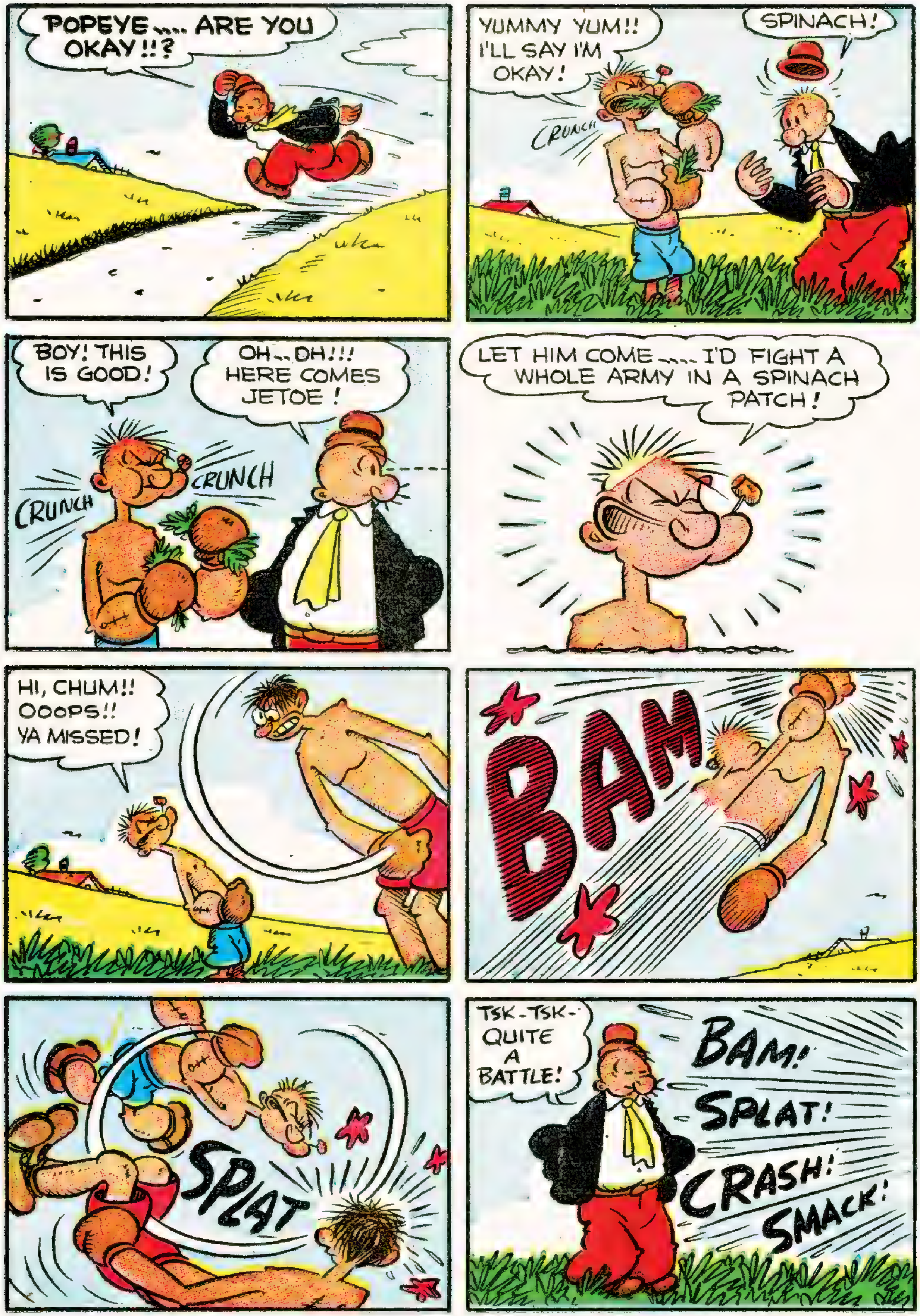

GREETINGS, OL' PAL!
AHOY, WIMPY... I KNEW YOU WOULD COME!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
I WANTED TO FIND OUT WHICH OF YOU TWO SWABS WAS THE REAL WIMPY... I KNEW THE REAL YOU WOULD FOLLOW THE HAMBURGER SMELL!
I'M GOING TO HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH JETOE!
PERHAPS I CAN LEARN SOMETHING THAT WILL HELP YOU FIGHT HIM!
AH, MISTER JETOE... I SEE YOU'VE CHANGED BACK TO YOUR ORIGINAL SHAPE!
THAT'S A CLEVER TRICK... CAN ALL OF YOU MARTIANS CHANGE YOUR SHAPES?
SURE! WE'RE MAGICIANS!
WE MARTIANS ARE THE GREATEST MAGICIANS IN THE UNIVERSE.... WE'RE THE BEST THERE IS!
HM?
?
NO MARTIAN HAS EVER LOST A FIGHT! WE CAN'T BE BEAT AND WHEN I FINISH WITH POPEYE, THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH LEFT OF HIM TO PUT IN YOUR HAT!
I FEAR, POPEYE... THAT YOU HAVE A TOUGH FIGHT AHEAD OF YOU!!
I KNOWS IT, WIMPY! FER THE FIRST TIME IN ME LIFE I YAM WORRIED ABOUT A FIGHT!

THE DAY OF THE BIG FIGHT ARRIVES
TICKETS
TWO!
BIG INTER-PLANETARY BATTLE POPEYE OF EARTH VS. JETOE OF MARS
HURRY UP!!
QUIET!!!
IN THIS CORNER, WE HAVE POPEYE THE SAILOR!!! FIGHTING FOR EARTH!!
-AND IN THIS CORNER, JETOE THE GREAT--- FIGHTING FOR MARS!!
BOING
GO GET HIM, POPEYE!
YEA, COME AN' GET IT, MISTER!

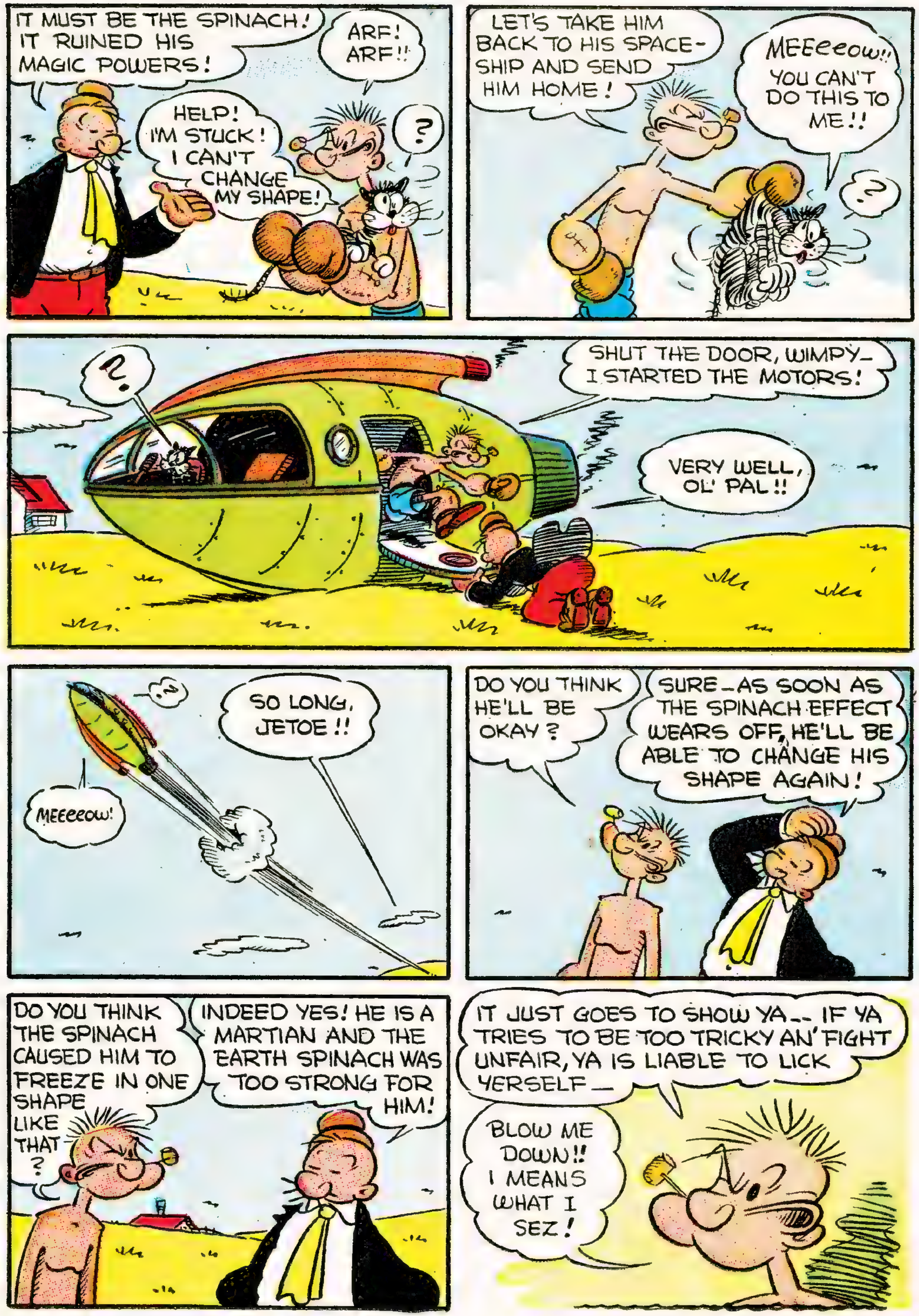
I YAM GOIN' TO LAY YA AMONG THE SWEETPEAS!
HUH?
?
?
WATCH MY FIST, POPEYE!
?
?
AWK!! A HAMMER!?!
?
!
TEE-HEE!
BONK
USING WEAPONS OTHER THAN GLOVES IS NOT PERMITTED!
IT'S JUST A BOXING GLOVE!
WHAT DID HE HIT ME WITH?
NOTHING BUT HIS GLOVE!
'AT'S FUNNY... IT FELT JUST LIKE A HAMMER!

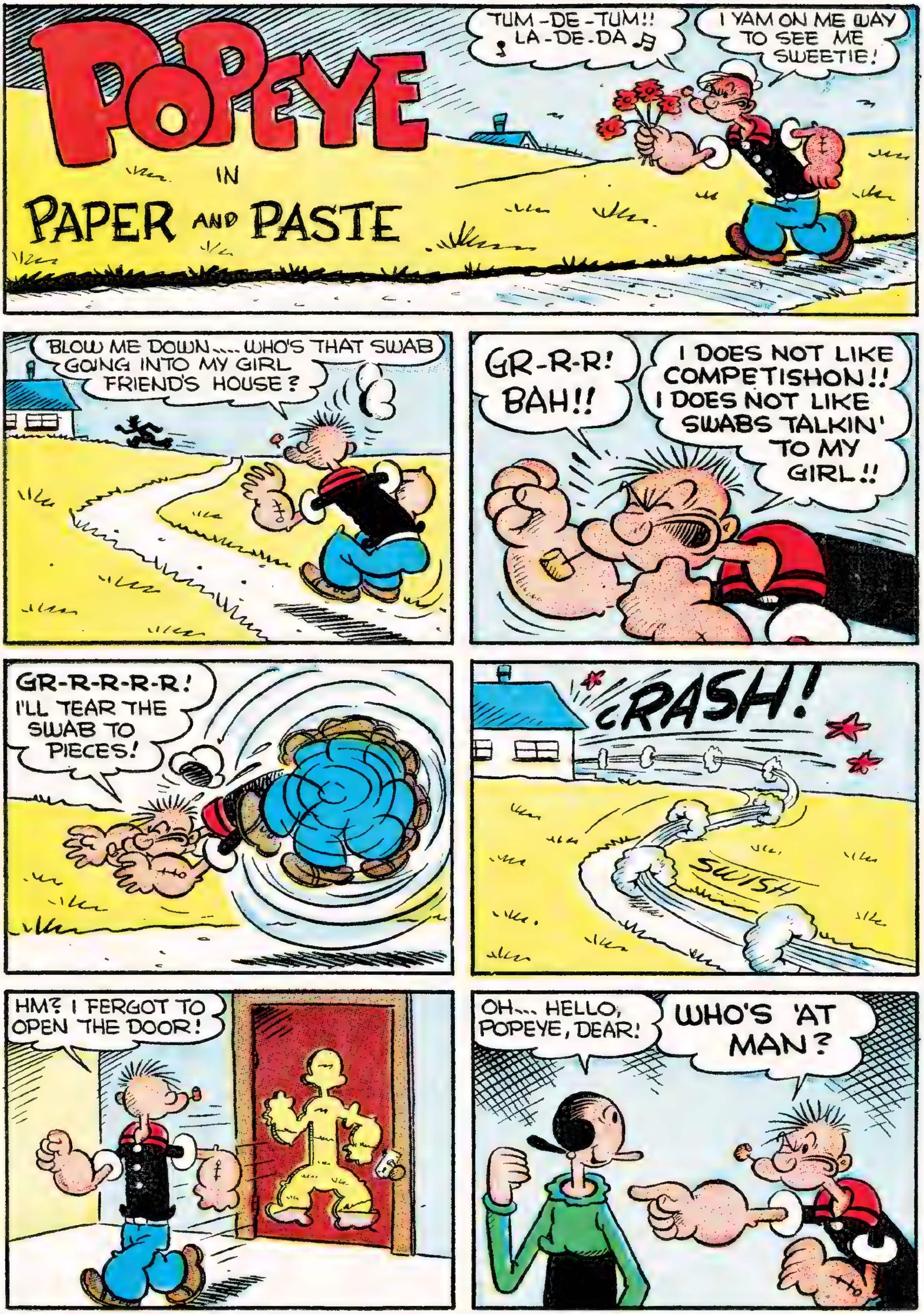
COME - COME ---- LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT!
YEA!! LET'S FIGHT!
OKAY.... I'M READY!
AHOY...NOW WHAT?
SWISH
HA! HA! MISSED!
WHERE DID HE GO ?
HE MUSTA GOT SCARED AND RUN AWAY!
WHO'S SCARED?
I JUST MADE MYSELF SMALL TO DUCK THAT PUNCH!

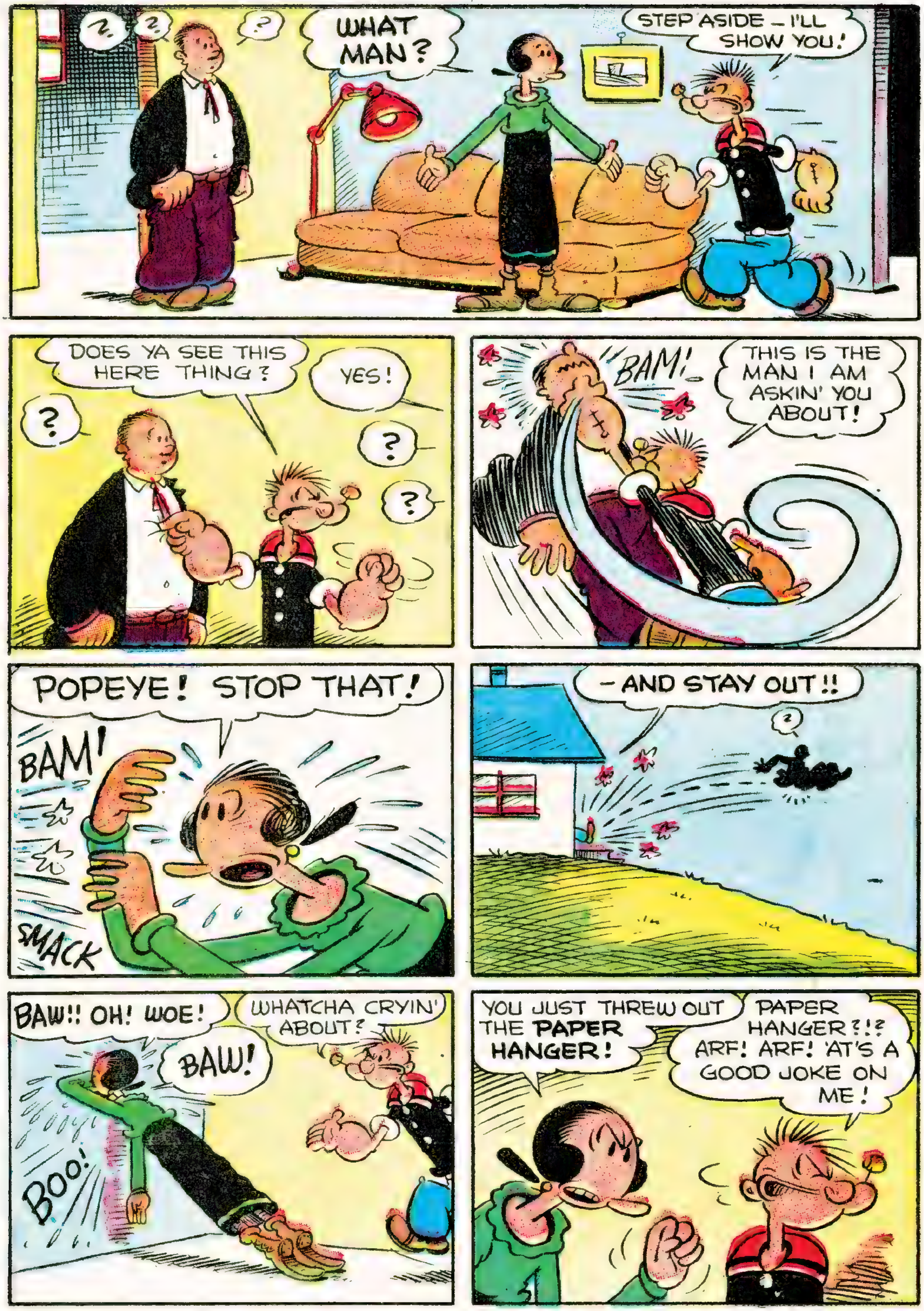

COME ON -- LET'S FIGHT!
OKAY!
NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE IT TO YOU GOOD!
AWK!
CRASH!
FIGHT ARENA
BLOW ME DOWN! THAT SWAB HAS A PUNCH!
I HOPES I LANDS IN SOMETHING SOFT!!
SAM'S SPINACH FARM
PLOP
WHERE AM I?
WOW!! SPINACH!

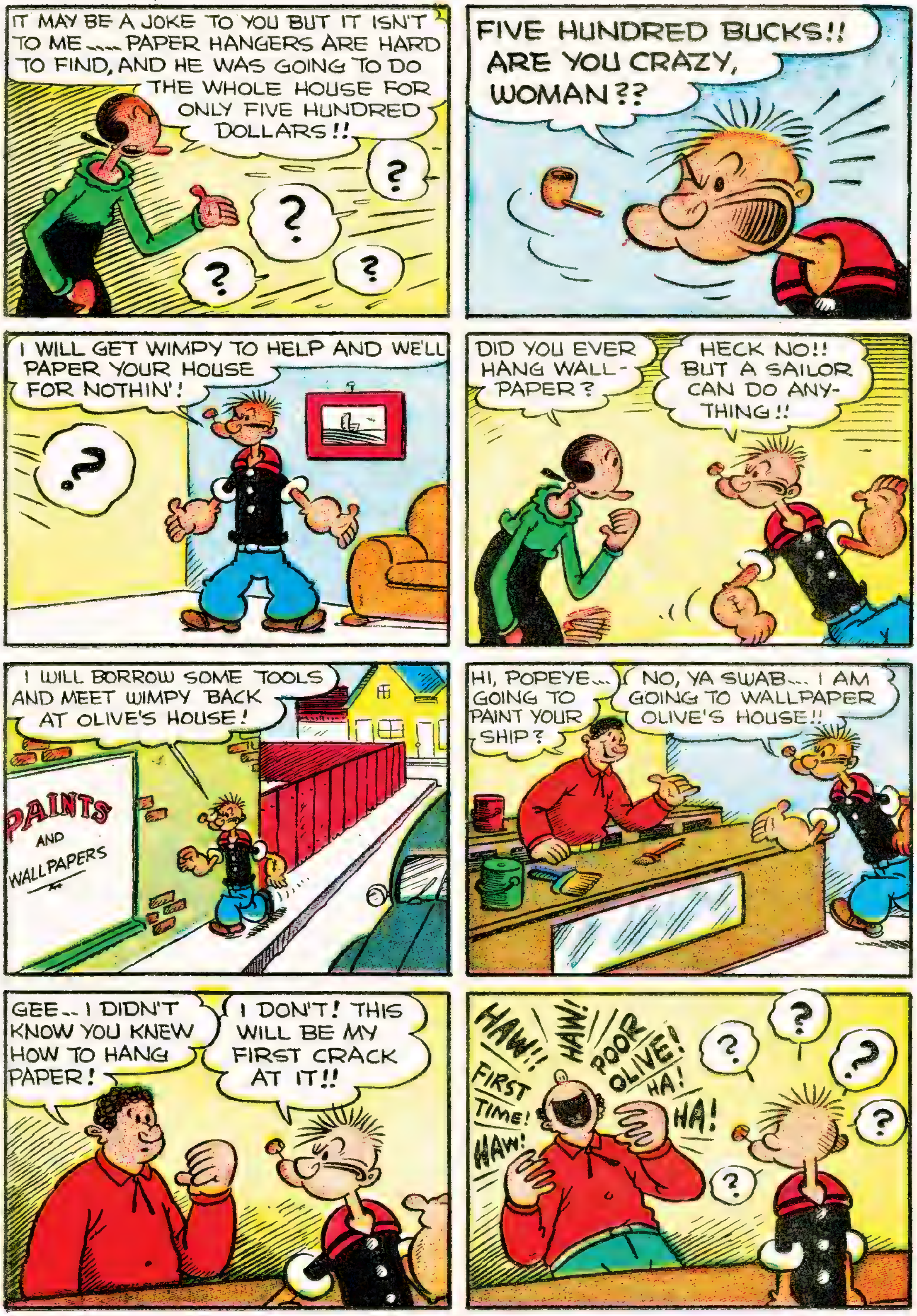

POPEYE..... ARE YOU OKAY!!?
YUMMY YUM!! I'LL SAY I'M OKAY!
SPINACH!
CRUNCH
BOY! THIS IS GOOD!
OH--OH!!! HERE COMES JETOE!
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
LET HIM COME..... I'D FIGHT A WHOLE ARMY IN A SPINACH PATCH!
HI, CHUM!! OOOPS!! YA MISSED!
BAM
SPLAT
TSK-TSK- QUITE A BATTLE!
BAM!
SPLAT!
CRASH!
SMACK!

HE'S HAD ENOUGH!
DOES YA GIVE UP?
YES! YES!! HAVE MERCY ON ME!!
IT WAS A NOBLE FIGHT, OL' PAL!
ARF! ARF! AN' IT WAS FUN, TOO!!
GOOD HEAVENS!! WHAT IS JETOE DOING?
OH MY GORSH!
HE'S EATING SPINACH!!!
GR-R-
CRUNCH
CRUNCH!
IF EATING SPINACH MAKES YOU STRONG, THINK WHAT IT'LL DO TO ME AND MY MAGIC POWERS!
GULP!
SO I CAN TEAR YOU TO PIECES, I'M GOING TO CHANGE MYSELF INTO A HORRIBLE MARTIAN LION!!
?
HA!
HA!
LOOK, WIMPY... HE'S A PUSSYCAT!
HELP! WHAT'S WRONG?? THIS ISN'T WHAT I WANTED TO BE!
?
?

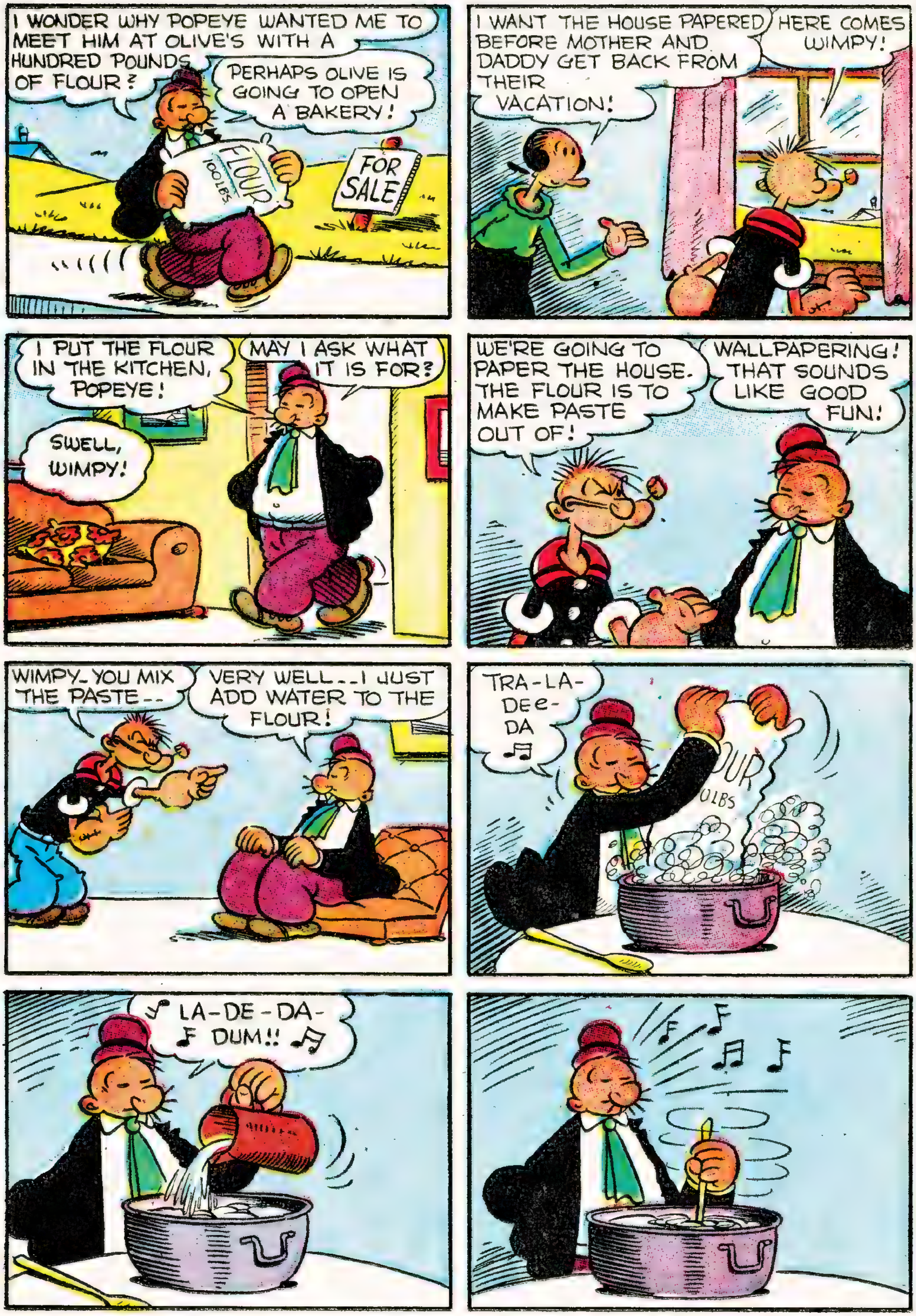

IT MUST BE THE SPINACH! IT RUINED HIS MAGIC POWERS!
ARF! ARF!!
HELP! I'M STUCK! I CAN'T CHANGE MY SHAPE!
?
LET'S TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS SPACE-SHIP AND SEND HIM HOME!
MEEeeow!! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!!
?
?
SHUT THE DOOR, WIMPY— I STARTED THE MOTORS!
VERY WELL, OL' PAL!!
?
SO LONG, JETOE!!
MEEeeOW!
DO YOU THINK HE'LL BE OKAY?
SURE—AS SOON AS THE SPINACH EFFECT WEARS OFF, HE'LL BE ABLE TO CHANGE HIS SHAPE AGAIN!
DO YOU THINK THE SPINACH CAUSED HIM TO FREEZE IN ONE SHAPE LIKE THAT?
INDEED YES! HE IS A MARTIAN AND THE EARTH SPINACH WAS TOO STRONG FOR HIM!
IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YA-- IF YA TRIES TO BE TOO TRICKY AN' FIGHT UNFAIR, YA IS LIABLE TO LICK YERSELF—
BLOW ME DOWN!! I MEANS WHAT I SEZ!


POPEYE
IN
PAPER AND PASTE
TUM-DE-TUM!! LA-DE-DA
I YAM ON ME WAY TO SEE ME SWEETIE!
BLOW ME DOWN.... WHO'S THAT SWAB GOING INTO MY GIRL FRIEND'S HOUSE?
GR-R-R! BAH!!
I DOES NOT LIKE COMPETISHON!! I DOES NOT LIKE SWABS TALKIN' TO MY GIRL!!
GR-R-R-R-R! I'LL TEAR THE SWAB TO PIECES!
CRASH!
SWISH
HM? I FERGOT TO OPEN THE DOOR!
OH... HELLO, POPEYE, DEAR!
WHO'S 'AT MAN?


?
?
?
WHAT MAN?
STEP ASIDE – I'LL SHOW YOU!
DOES YA SEE THIS HERE THING?
YES!
?
?
?
BAM!
THIS IS THE MAN I AM ASKIN' YOU ABOUT!
POPEYE! STOP THAT!
BAM!
SMACK
– AND STAY OUT!!
BAW!! OH! WOE!
BAW!
BOO!
WHATCHA CRYIN' ABOUT?
YOU JUST THREW OUT THE PAPER HANGER!
PAPER HANGER?!? ARF! ARF! 'AT'S A GOOD JOKE ON ME!

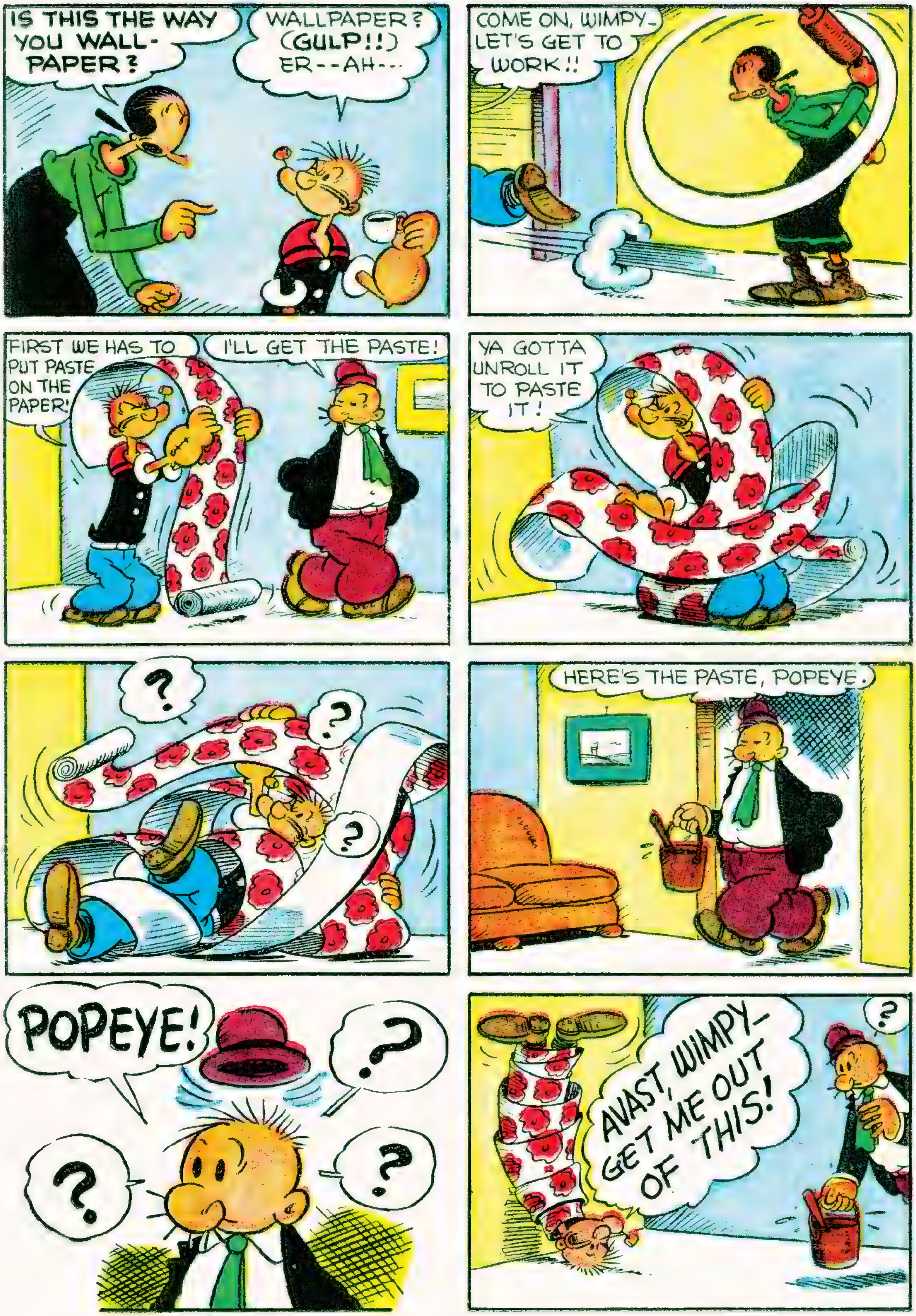


IT MAY BE A JOKE TO YOU BUT IT ISN'T TO ME.... PAPER HANGERS ARE HARD TO FIND, AND HE WAS GOING TO DO THE WHOLE HOUSE FOR ONLY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!!
?
?
?
?
FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS!! ARE YOU CRAZY, WOMAN??
I WILL GET WIMPY TO HELP AND WE'LL PAPER YOUR HOUSE FOR NOTHIN'!
?
DID YOU EVER HANG WALL-PAPER?
HECK NO!! BUT A SAILOR CAN DO ANY-THING!!
I WILL BORROW SOME TOOLS AND MEET WIMPY BACK AT OLIVE'S HOUSE!
PAINTS AND WALLPAPERS
HI, POPEYE... GOING TO PAINT YOUR SHIP?
NO, YA SWAB... I AM GOING TO WALLPAPER OLIVE'S HOUSE!!
GEE... I DIDN'T KNOW YOU KNEW HOW TO HANG PAPER!
I DON'T! THIS WILL BE MY FIRST CRACK AT IT!!
HAW!! HAW! POOR OLIVE! FIRST TIME! HA! HA! HAW!
?
?
?
?
?

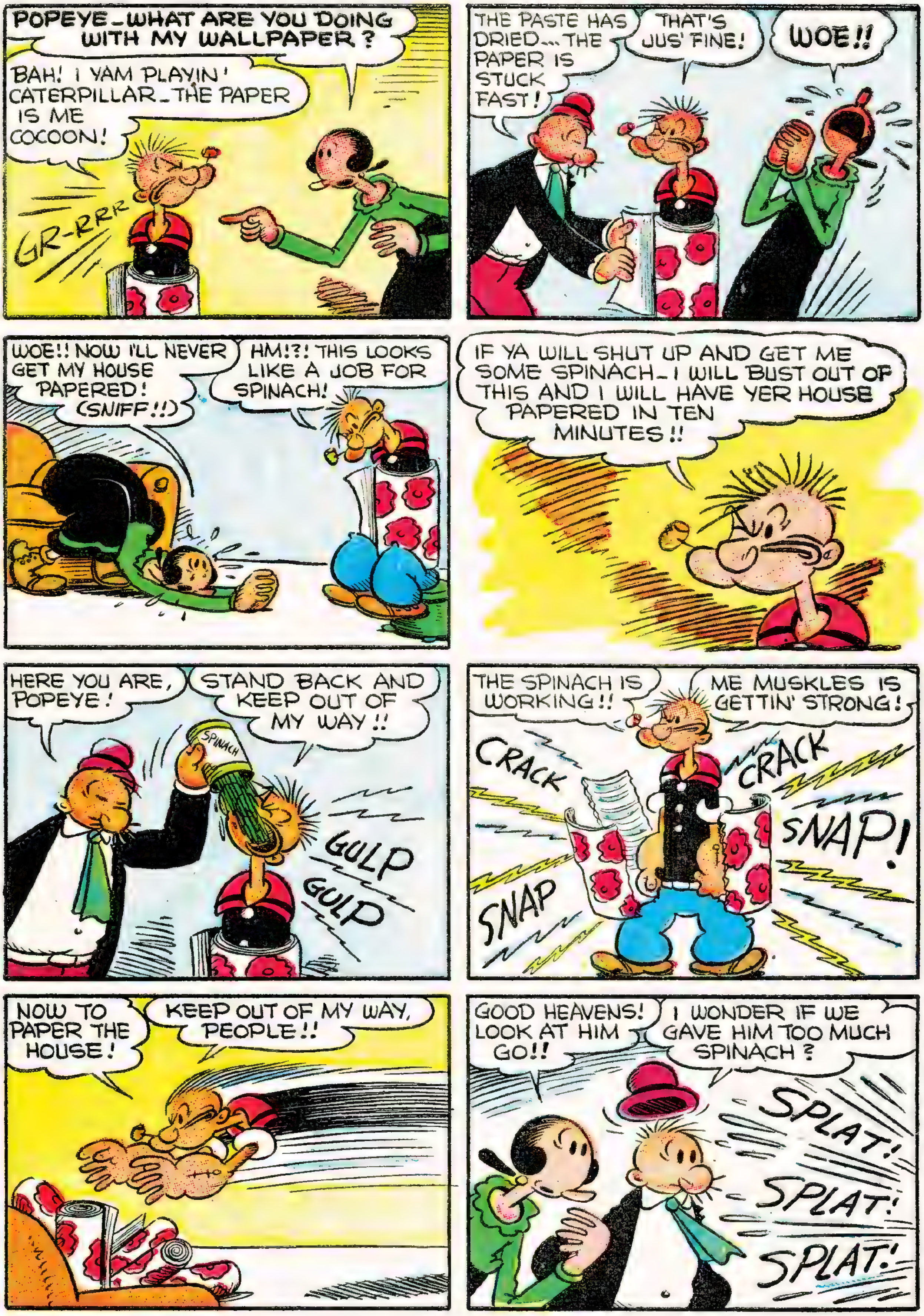

I WONDER WHY POPEYE WANTED ME TO MEET HIM AT OLIVE'S WITH A HUNDRED POUNDS OF FLOUR?
PERHAPS OLIVE IS GOING TO OPEN A BAKERY!
FLOUR 100 LBS
FOR SALE
I WANT THE HOUSE PAPERED BEFORE MOTHER AND DADDY GET BACK FROM THEIR VACATION!
HERE COMES WIMPY!
I PUT THE FLOUR IN THE KITCHEN, POPEYE!
MAY I ASK WHAT IT IS FOR?
SWELL, WIMPY!
WE'RE GOING TO PAPER THE HOUSE. THE FLOUR IS TO MAKE PASTE OUT OF!
WALLPAPERING! THAT SOUNDS LIKE GOOD FUN!
WIMPY- YOU MIX THE PASTE--
VERY WELL--I JUST ADD WATER TO THE FLOUR!
TRA-LA-DEE-DA
LA-DE-DA-DUM!!

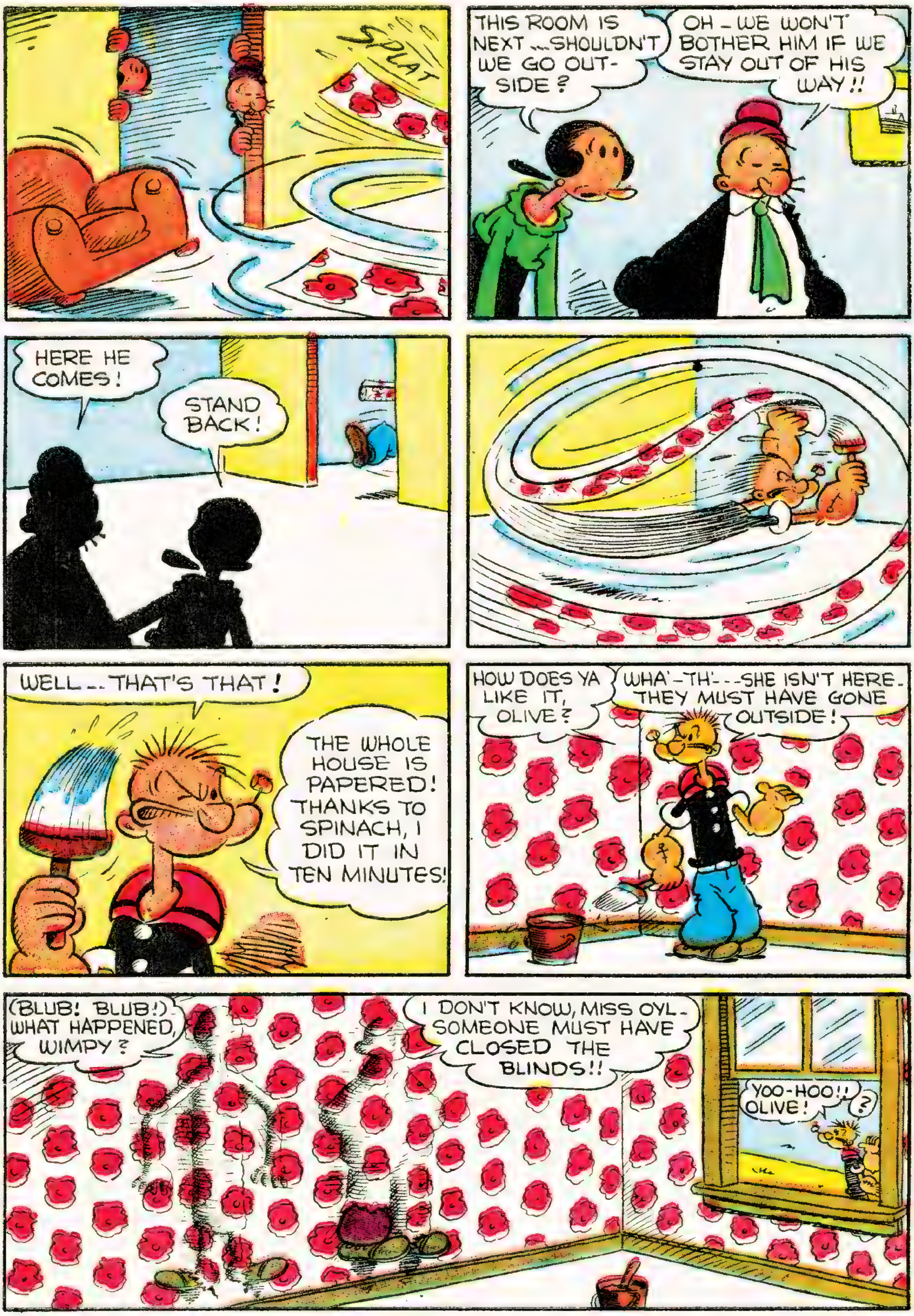
HM??
GOOD HEAVENS! THIS LOOKS JUST LIKE THE CAKE DOUGH GRANDMA WIMPY USED TO MAKE!
HM?
?
?
AVAST, WIMPY ... I YAM READY FOR THE PASTE!
HURRY UP WITH THE PASTE!
WHAT PASTE?
THE PASTE I SENT YOU IN HERE TO MAKE!!
OH!?! THAT PASTE!
WHERE IS IT? WHATCHA DO WITH IT?
?
THE PASTE IS IN THE OVEN, OL' PAL!
WOULD YOU CARE FOR A PIECE OF PASTE CAKE!!
PLOP

BLAST YA, WIMPY!! THAT FLOUR WAS FOR PASTE!!
HAVE A PIECE OF CAKE!
ARF! ARF! IT'S A LITTLE CHEWY BUT IT AIN'T HALF BAD!
THANK YOU!
WHAT WE NEEDS IS SOME COFFEE WITH IT!
I'VE BEEN SHOPPING FOR THREE HOURS— I BET THE BOYS HAVE PAPERED MOST OF THE HOUSE BY NOW!!
HM? THEY HAVEN'T DONE ANY OF THESE ROOMS!
IT'S AWFULLY QUIET!
WHA--TH--? THEY'RE IN THE KITCHEN!
THEY MUST BE WORKING IN THERE!
?
?
?
ARF!
ARF! ARF!
ARF! ARF!
AWK!!
ARF! ARF! AN' THEN THE SHARK CAUGHT PAPPY'S LEG. ARF!
A VERY AMUSING STORY, OL' PAL!
ARF!
ARF!

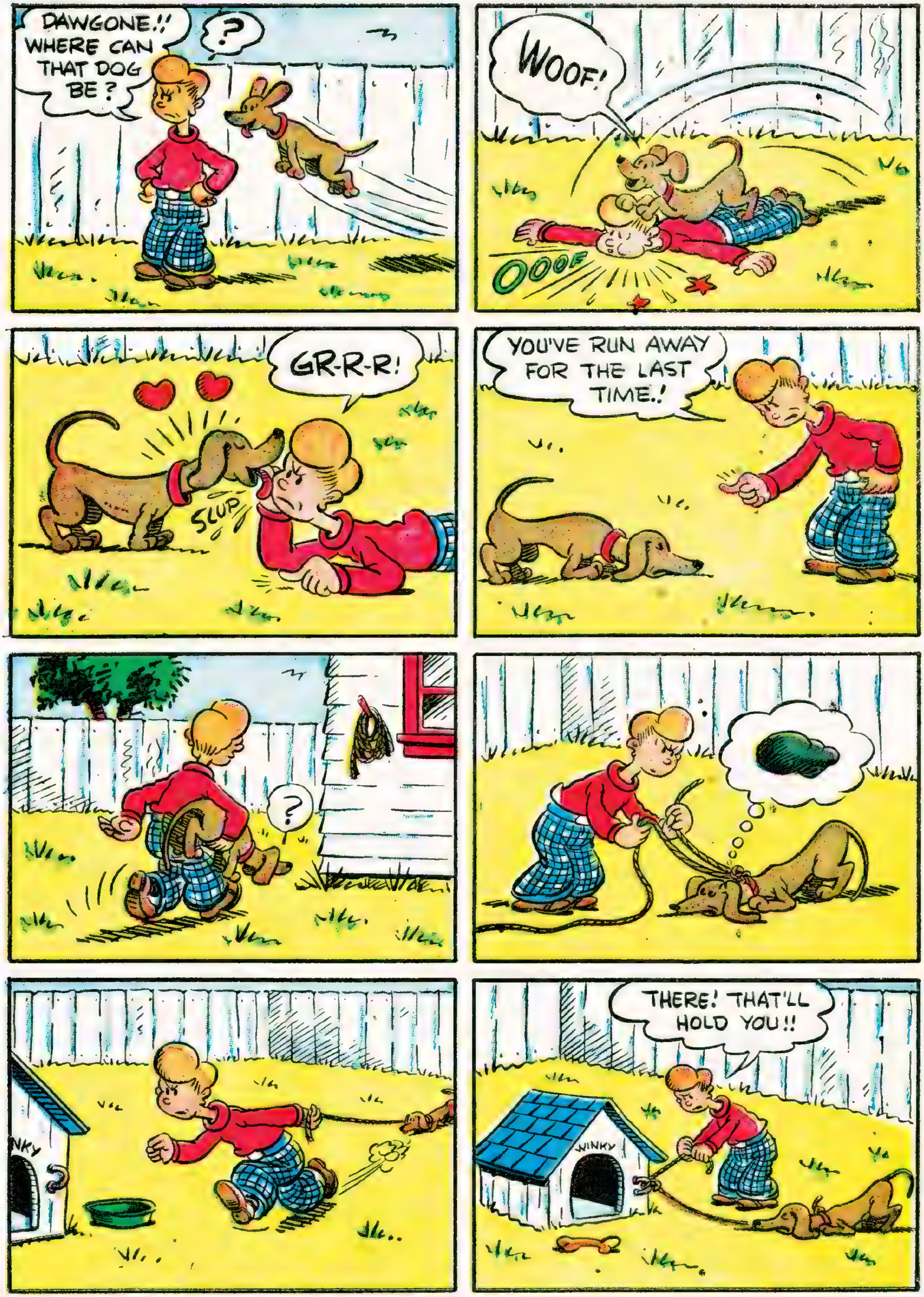

IS THIS THE WAY YOU WALL-PAPER?
WALLPAPER? (GULP!!) ER--AH---
COME ON, WIMPY_ LET'S GET TO WORK!!
FIRST WE HAS TO PUT PASTE ON THE PAPER!
I'LL GET THE PASTE!
YA GOTTA UNROLL IT TO PASTE IT!
?
?
?
HERE'S THE PASTE, POPEYE.
POPEYE!
?
?
?
?
AVAST, WIMPY_ GET ME OUT OF THIS!

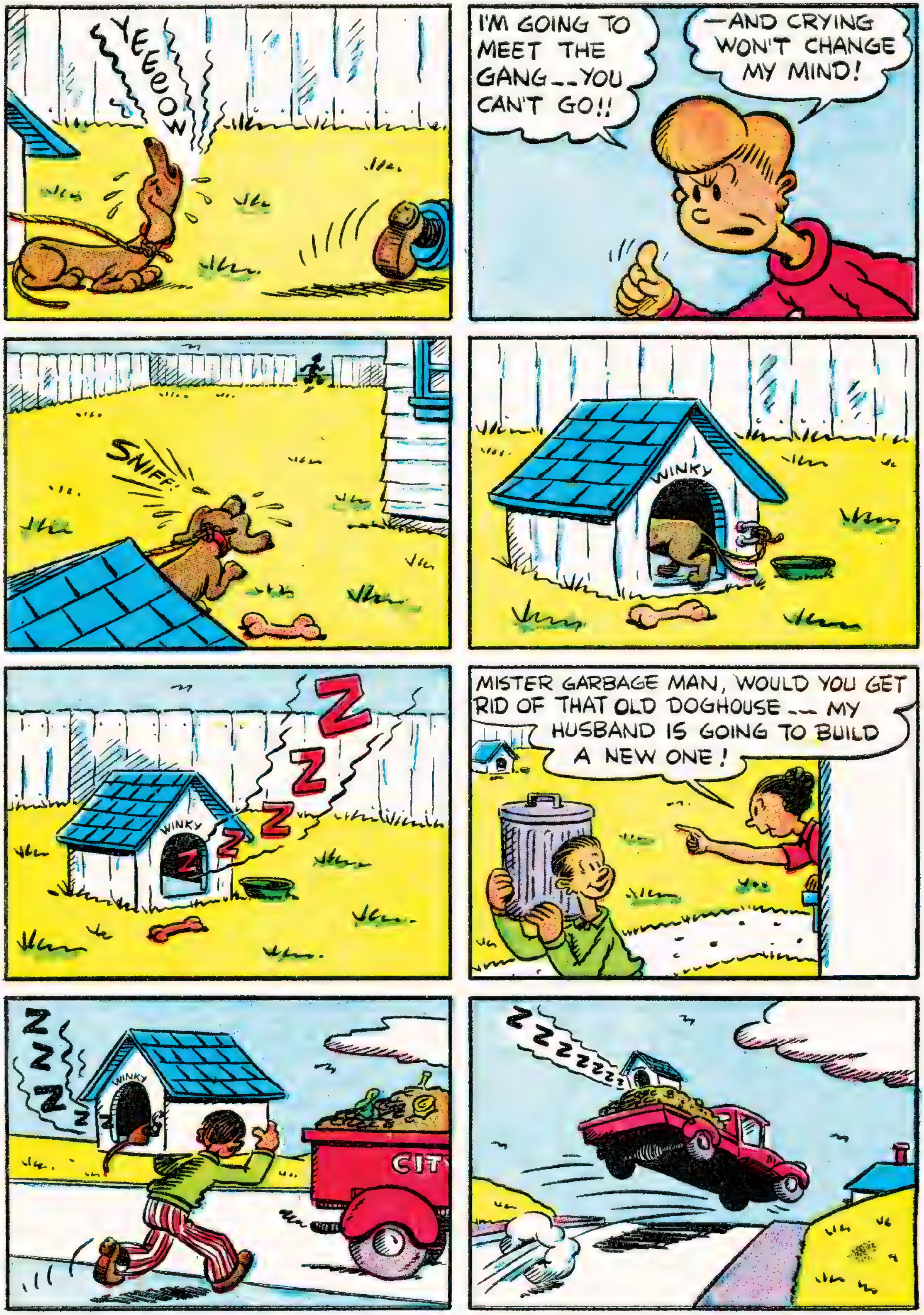
THERE YOU ARE!!
THAT PAPER IS TOUGH TO HANDLE – IT WON'T STAY UNROLLED!
IT'S ROLLING BACK UP!
YOU TWO STAND ON THE ENDS AND HOLD IT WHILE I PUT THE PASTE ON!
SPLAT SPLAT!
THERE'S THE PHONE!
?
SPLAT
BR-R-R
BZ-ZZZZ
HEY!!
BLINKITY BLANK!
PHOOEY!
BAH!
IT WAS A WRONG NUMBER!

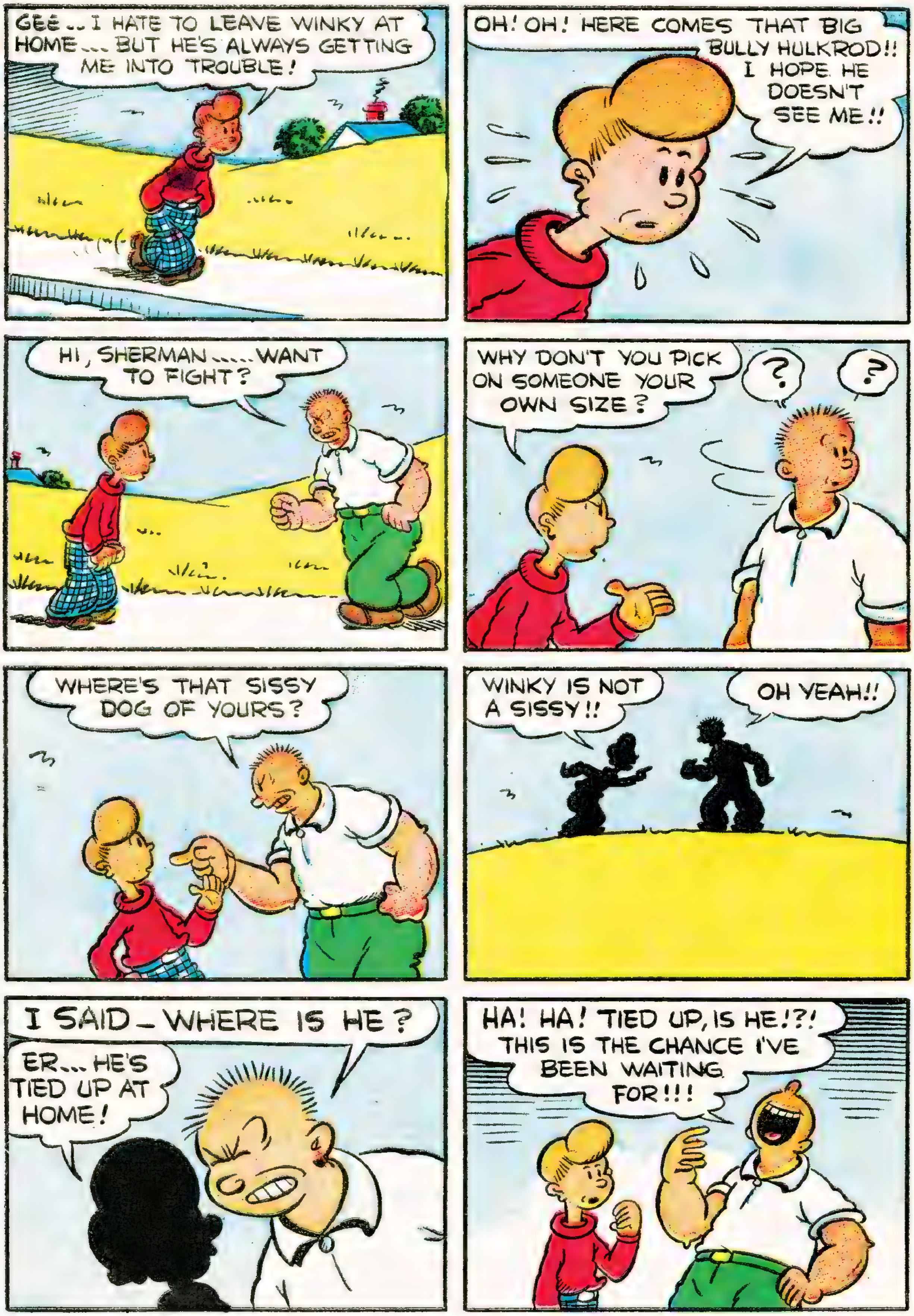

POPEYE_WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY WALLPAPER?
BAH! I YAM PLAYIN' CATERPILLAR_THE PAPER IS ME COCOON!
GR-RRR
THE PASTE HAS DRIED... THE PAPER IS STUCK FAST!
THAT'S JUS' FINE!
WOE!!
WOE!! NOW I'LL NEVER GET MY HOUSE PAPERED! (SNIFF!!)
HM!?! THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR SPINACH!
IF YA WILL SHUT UP AND GET ME SOME SPINACH_I WILL BUST OUT OF THIS AND I WILL HAVE YER HOUSE PAPERED IN TEN MINUTES!!
HERE YOU ARE, POPEYE!
STAND BACK AND KEEP OUT OF MY WAY!!
SPINACH
GULP
GULP
THE SPINACH IS WORKING!!
ME MUSKLES IS GETTIN' STRONG!
CRACK
CRACK
SNAP!
SNAP
NOW TO PAPER THE HOUSE!
KEEP OUT OF MY WAY, PEOPLE!!
GOOD HEAVENS! LOOK AT HIM GO!!
I WONDER IF WE GAVE HIM TOO MUCH SPINACH?
SPLAT!
SPLAT!
SPLAT!

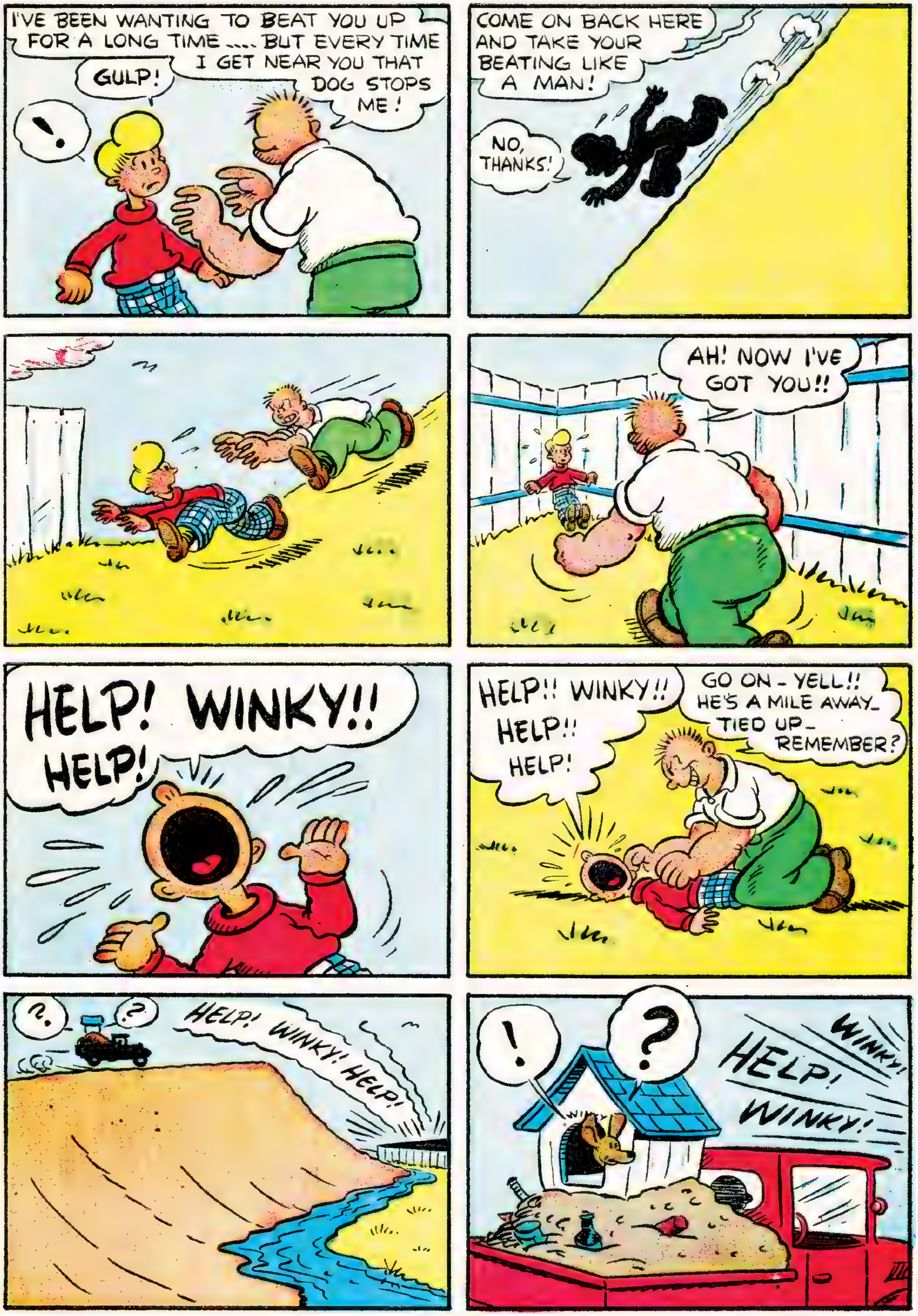

SPLAT
THIS ROOM IS NEXT ...SHOULDN'T WE GO OUT-SIDE?
OH - WE WON'T BOTHER HIM IF WE STAY OUT OF HIS WAY!!
HERE HE COMES!
STAND BACK!
WELL .. THAT'S THAT!
THE WHOLE HOUSE IS PAPERED! THANKS TO SPINACH, I DID IT IN TEN MINUTES!
HOW DOES YA LIKE IT, OLIVE?
WHA'-TH'- - -SHE ISN'T HERE. THEY MUST HAVE GONE OUTSIDE!
(BLUB! BLUB!) WHAT HAPPENED, WIMPY?
I DON'T KNOW, MISS OYL. SOMEONE MUST HAVE CLOSED THE BLINDS!!
YOO-HOO!! OLIVE!
?

SHERM
IN
"DOG HOUSE!"
HERE, WINKY!
I WONDER WHERE THAT POOCH IS?
WINKY!
WINKY!
WINKY!
WINKY!
?
WINKY!
WINKY!


DAWGONE!!
WHERE CAN
THAT DOG
BE ?
?
WOOF!
OOOF
GR-R-R!
SLUP
YOU'VE RUN AWAY
FOR THE LAST
TIME.!
?
WINKY
THERE! THAT'LL
HOLD YOU!!


YEEEOW
I'M GOING TO MEET THE GANG -- YOU CAN'T GO!!
—AND CRYING WON'T CHANGE MY MIND!
SNIFF!
WINKY
WINKY
Z
Z
Z
Z
Z
MISTER GARBAGE MAN, WOULD YOU GET RID OF THAT OLD DOGHOUSE -- MY HUSBAND IS GOING TO BUILD A NEW ONE!
ZZZ
WINKY
CIT
Z Z Z Z Z Z Z


GEE .. I HATE TO LEAVE WINKY AT HOME ... BUT HE'S ALWAYS GETTING ME INTO TROUBLE!
OH! OH! HERE COMES THAT BIG BULLY HULKROD!! I HOPE HE DOESN'T SEE ME!!
HI, SHERMAN ...... WANT TO FIGHT?
WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE?
?
?
WHERE'S THAT SISSY DOG OF YOURS?
WINKY IS NOT A SISSY!!
OH YEAH!!
I SAID – WHERE IS HE?
ER... HE'S TIED UP AT HOME!
HA! HA! TIED UP, IS HE!?! THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!!!



I'VE BEEN WANTING TO BEAT YOU UP FOR A LONG TIME .... BUT EVERY TIME I GET NEAR YOU THAT DOG STOPS ME!
GULP!
!
COME ON BACK HERE AND TAKE YOUR BEATING LIKE A MAN!
NO, THANKS!
AH! NOW I'VE GOT YOU!!
HELP! WINKY!! HELP!
HELP!! WINKY!! HELP!! HELP!
GO ON - YELL!! HE'S A MILE AWAY - TIED UP - REMEMBER?
?
?
HELP! WINKY! HELP!
!
?
WINKY!
HELP!
WINKY!

ARF ARF!
HELP!
ARF!
WINKY!
HELP!
BUMP
HELP!
HELP!
GR-R-R!
?
!
CRASH!
ARF
WINKY!
WINKY
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, BUT I PROMISE YOU I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU TIED UP AGAIN!

HARRY, THE PEOPLE HORSE

(Continued from inside front cover)

to talk to me. I've been running around in this field without any clothes on. People always wear clothes. I'm a people. I will put these clothes on and then the other people will be glad to talk to me."

As Harry began to struggle with the clothes in an attempt to dress himself, people who were passing by stopped to watch the strange show. In no time at all, there were several hundred of them and they were all laughing as hard as they could at the strange antics of the horse in the field.

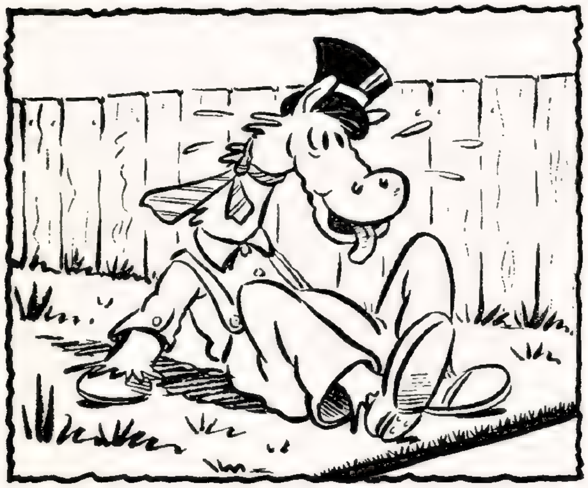
Puffing and panting, Harry finally got all of the clothes onto his unpeoplish frame and with a flip of his nose he picked up the hat and put it on his head. Harry was dressed. With what he thought was a people grin on his face, he turned to the crowd and said,

"Good afternoon. This is a pleasant day, isn't it?"

The crowd had been laughing before but when they saw the silly look on the horse's face they howled and one of the men in front yelled.

"Look at the stupid horse! He thinks he's a human being. Run and get a mirror so he can see what he looks like."

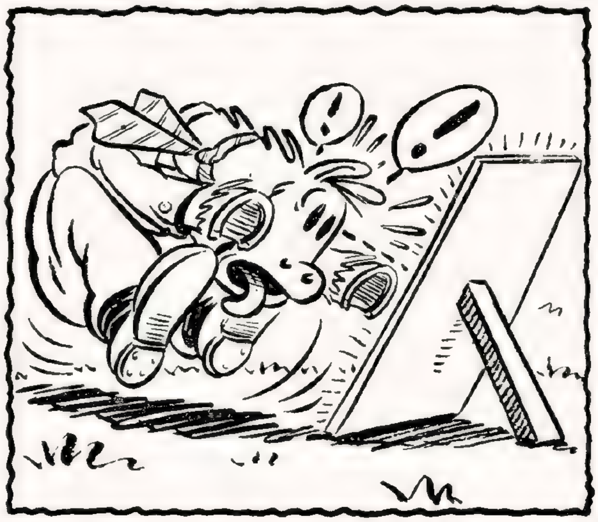
Right across from Harry's field was a little sewing shop and the man who owned it ran over and brought one of his large mirrors and propped it up in front of Harry.



Harry had heard people talk about mirrors so he had some idea how to use it. He stooped down and took a look at himself.

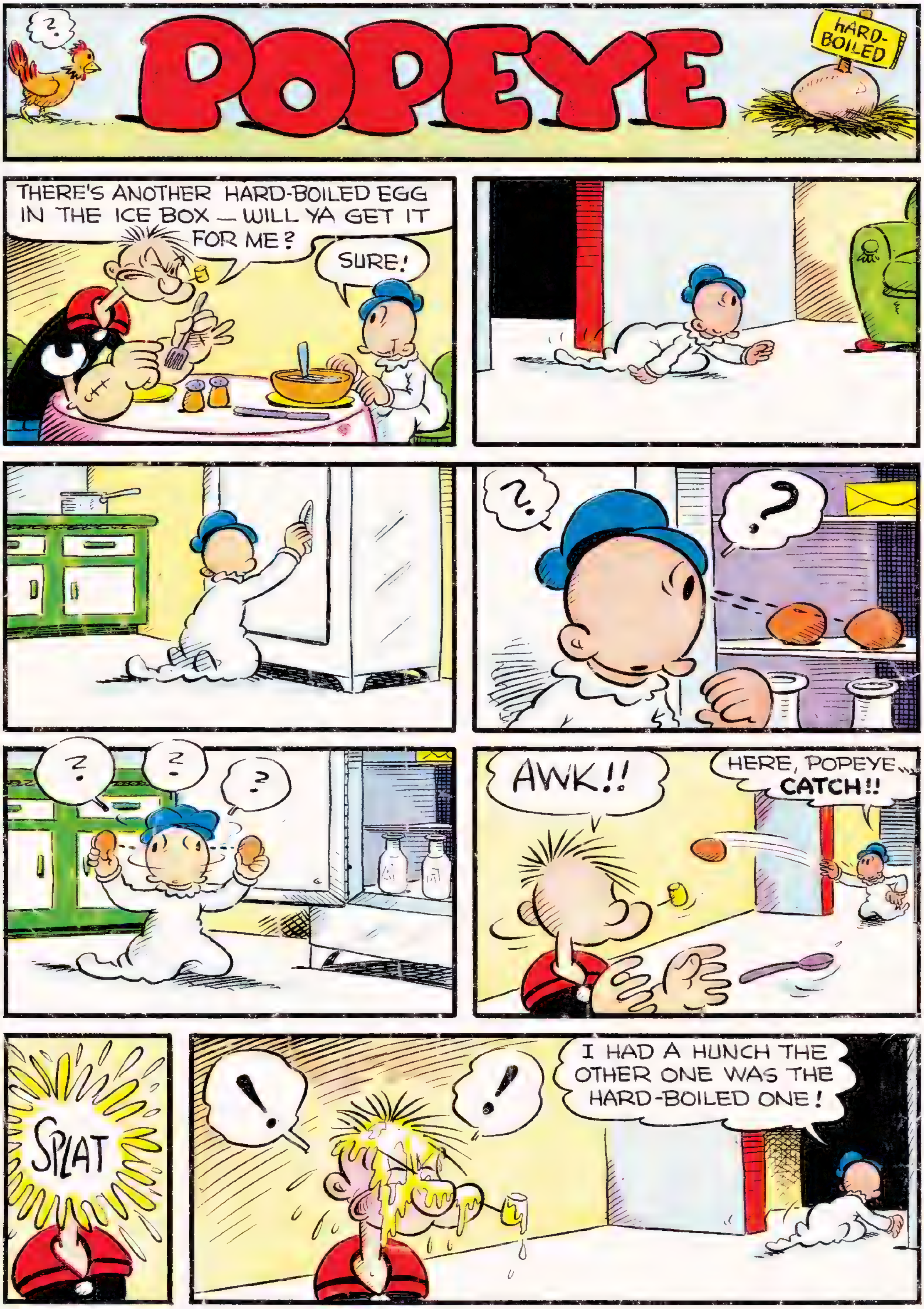
"YEEEEEEeeeeOOOWWW!" he screamed in fright at the horrible image that reflected back at him out of the mirror. And then, with a groan, he sank to the grass and began to cry. "BAW! I'M NOT A PEOPLE! OH WOE IS ME! WOE IS ME! I'M NOT A PEOPLE!"

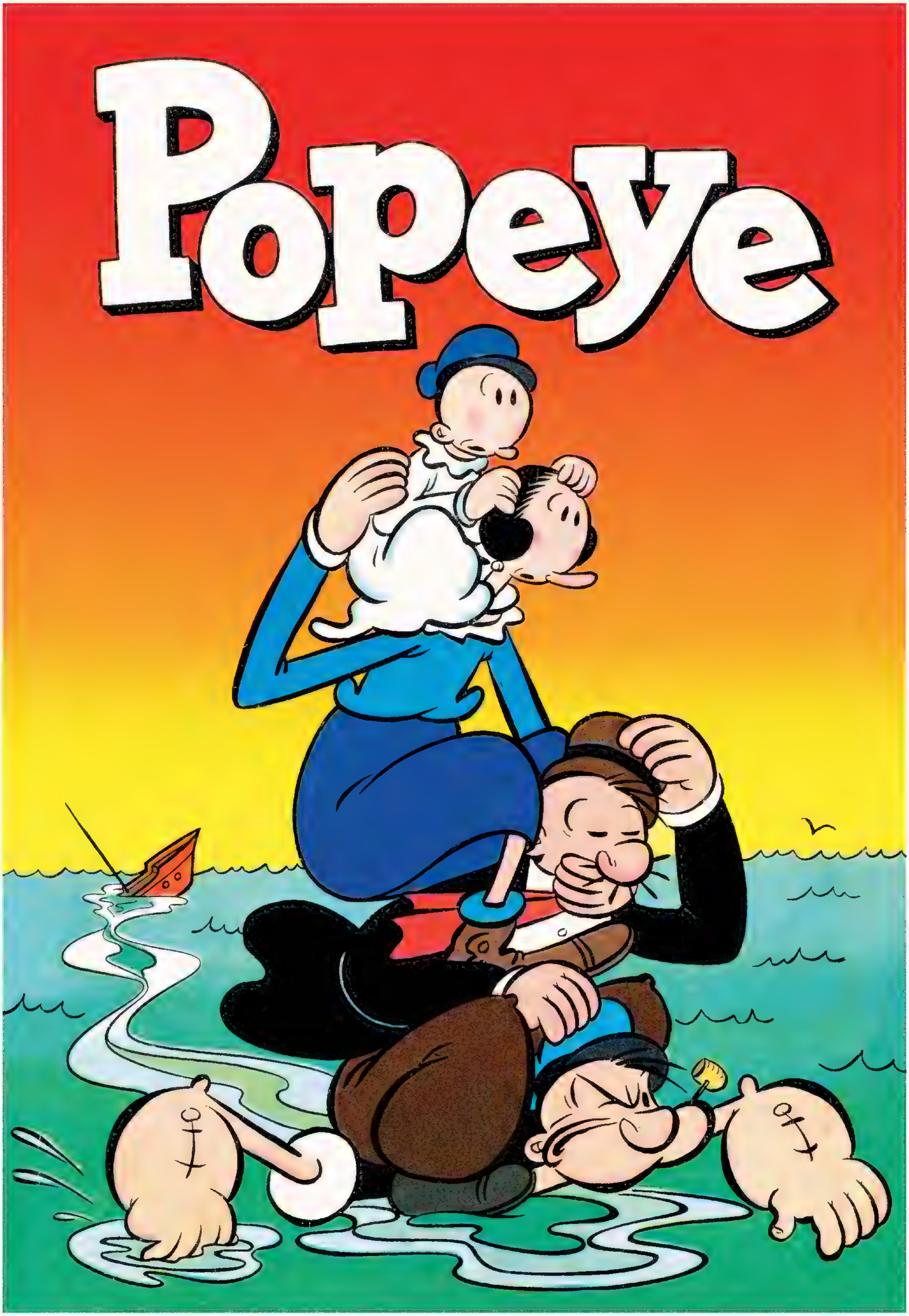
Just then a voice from the edge of the laughing crowd spoke up. "Of course you're not a people, you goof. YOU'RE A HORSE!"



Harry looked up through tear-filled eyes and there before him stood a creature like he had just seen in the mirror. Quick as a flash everything was clear to Harry. He had never seen a horse before but it only took one look at the mounted policeman's horse that had just spoken to him for him to realize the awful mistake that he had made.

In the long run, Harry was a much happier creature now that he knew that he was a horse and not a people. He stopped trying to talk to people. The mounted policeman would ride his horse over every few days so that Harry could have a little horse-to-horse talk. And Harry's fame was so great that people came from near and far to see the horse that had thought he was a people. Of course each of the people that came to look at him brought him apples and pieces of sugar. So you see Harry turned out to be a very happy people horse.


POPEYE
HARD-BOILED
?
THERE'S ANOTHER HARD-BOILED EGG IN THE ICE BOX — WILL YA GET IT FOR ME?
SURE!
?
?
?
?
?
AWK!!
HERE, POPEYE... CATCH!!
SPLAT
!
!
I HAD A HUNCH THE OTHER ONE WAS THE HARD-BOILED ONE!



Popeye #22, October-December 1952

On a high plateau, which is a mountain with its top cut off, lives a horse by the name of Horatio P. Hoofbeat. Horatio found the beautiful plateau when he was a small colt. He had wandered off from his mother and had become lost. In trying to find his way back to the herd of wild horses that his mother belonged to, he had stumbled upon an old Indian trail that led to the top of the plateau. When he reached the top and looked around he shook his bushy tail and shouted into the clouds.

"Oh! What a wonderful land! This shall be my home! I'm going to live the rest of my life here!"

He ran back down the trail and out into the flat desert where his mother was grazing and told her about the wonderful place he had found to live.

"It's as high as the sky and the grass is long and green," he explained. "Won't you please come there and live with me?"

His mother thought it sounded like a nice place but she said she didn't think she would like the altitude and since he was almost a full-sized horse he should go there to live with her blessings.

Horatio tried to talk some of the other young horses into going with him but they were all too afraid and didn't dare to go so far from their herd. So he gave his mother a big horse kiss and set out for the plateau to begin a horse's life of his own.

A few days later, Horatio was firmly established atop his mountain. At first he found it quite lonely but he soon made friends with many of the small animals who, like himself, had chosen to live with their heads in the sky. Because the plateau was smooth and flat, his greatest joy was running. He would spend at least half of each day just running around in circles.

It was in his fifth year that Horatio made his great discovery. He was nibbling on some short grass one day when his left eye spotted a glittering object about a foot from his nose.

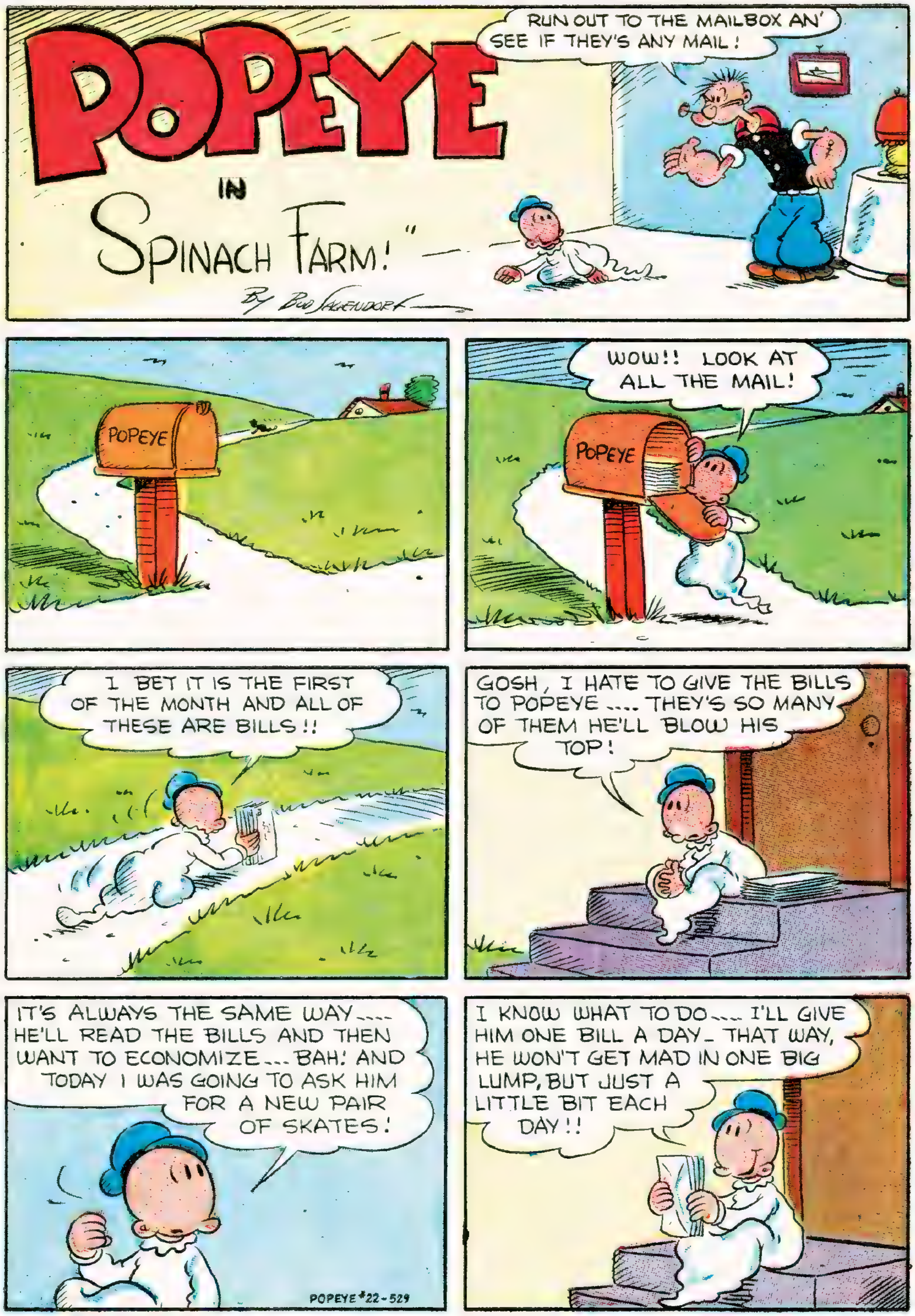
"What a beautiful stone!" he said to himself as he picked it up between his teeth. "Goodness! It's pretty. I wonder what it is."

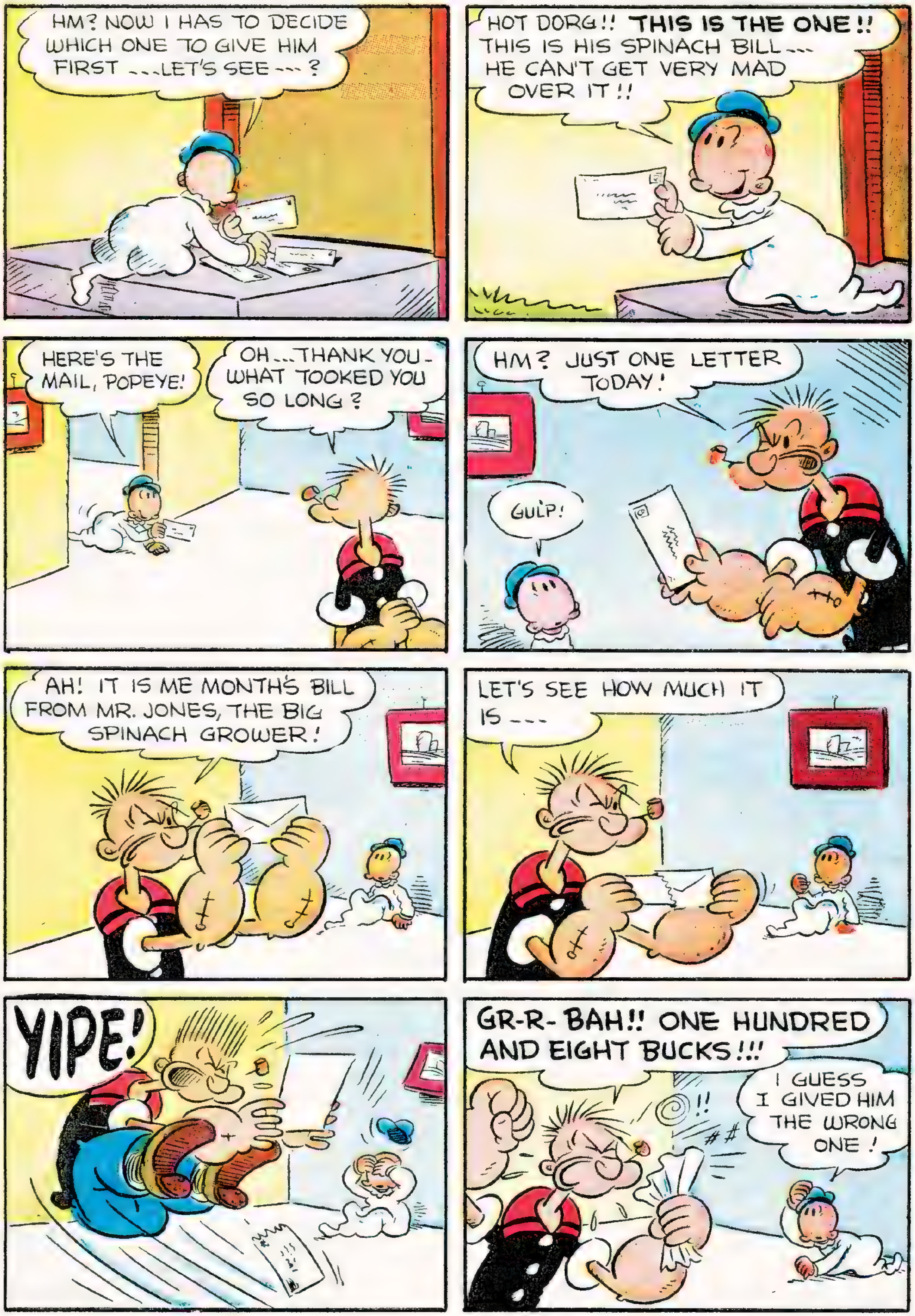
With the bright yellow stone in his mouth, he trotted off to show it to one of the other plateau creatures. He had only gone a short distance when he spotted his best friend, the gopher, sunning himself atop a stone. Trotting over to him, he dropped the object in front of the gopher's nose.

"WOW!" said the gopher. "IT'S GOLD! WOW! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT!"

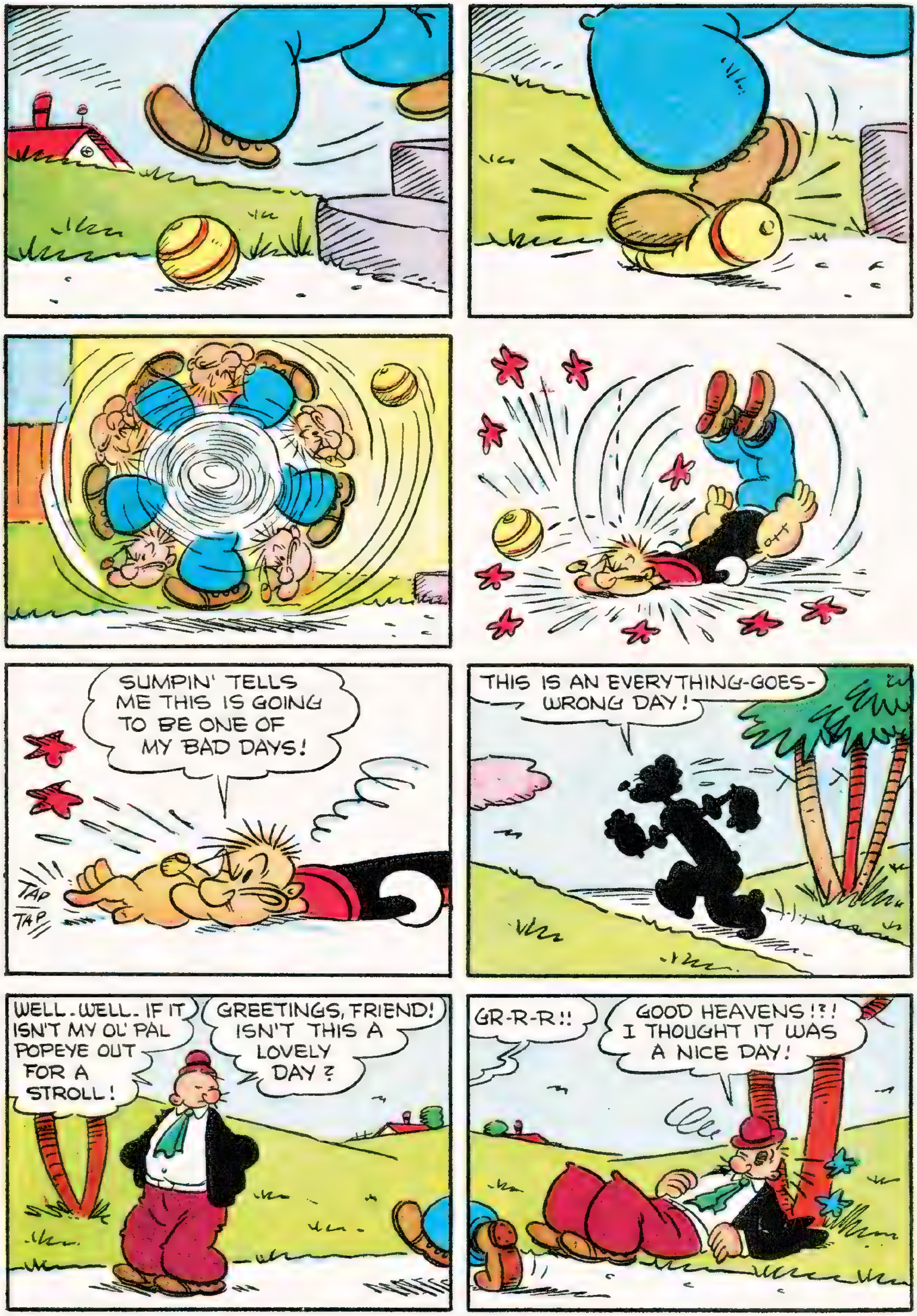
"Is it good for anything?" asked Horatio.

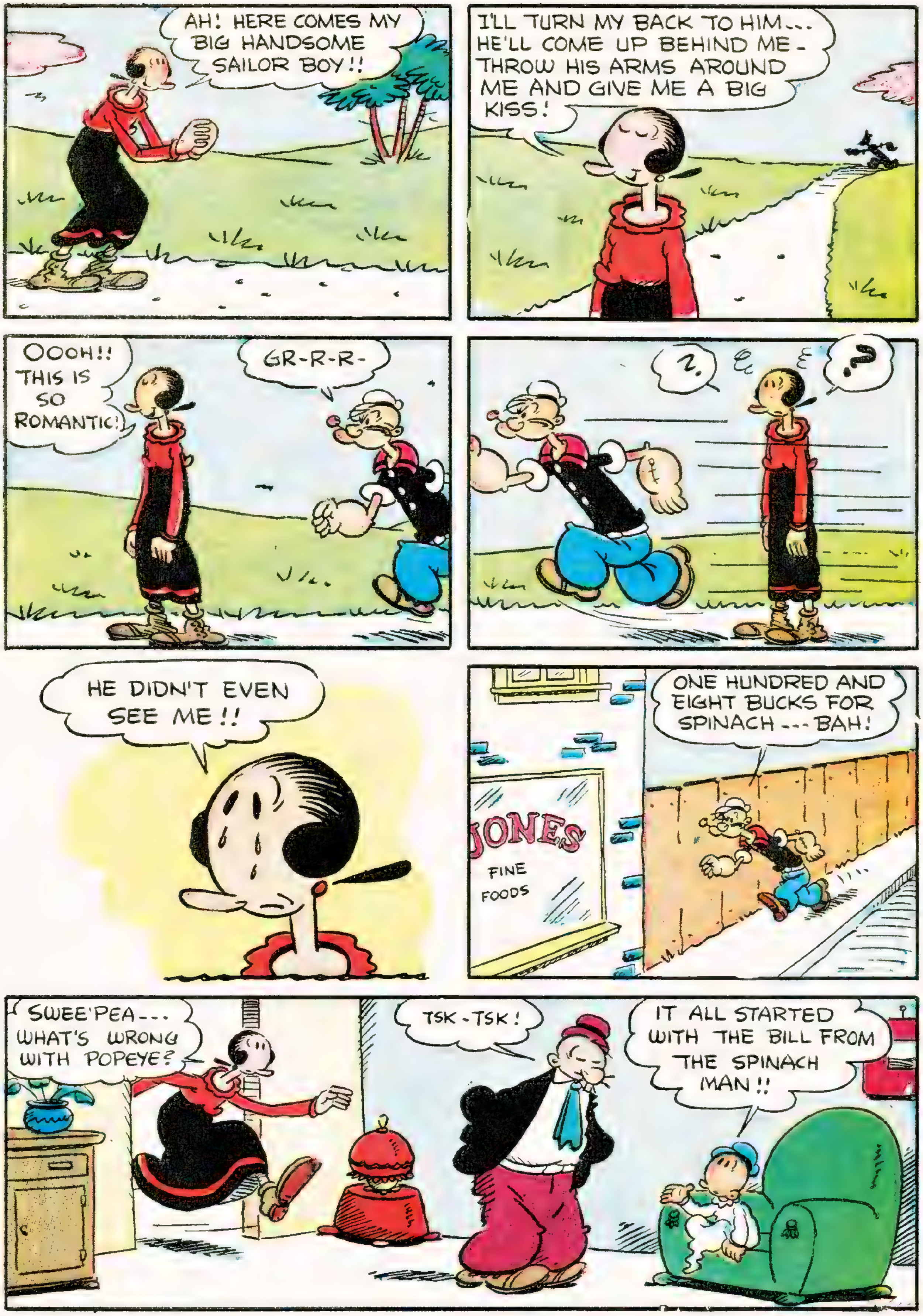
(Continued on inside back cover)

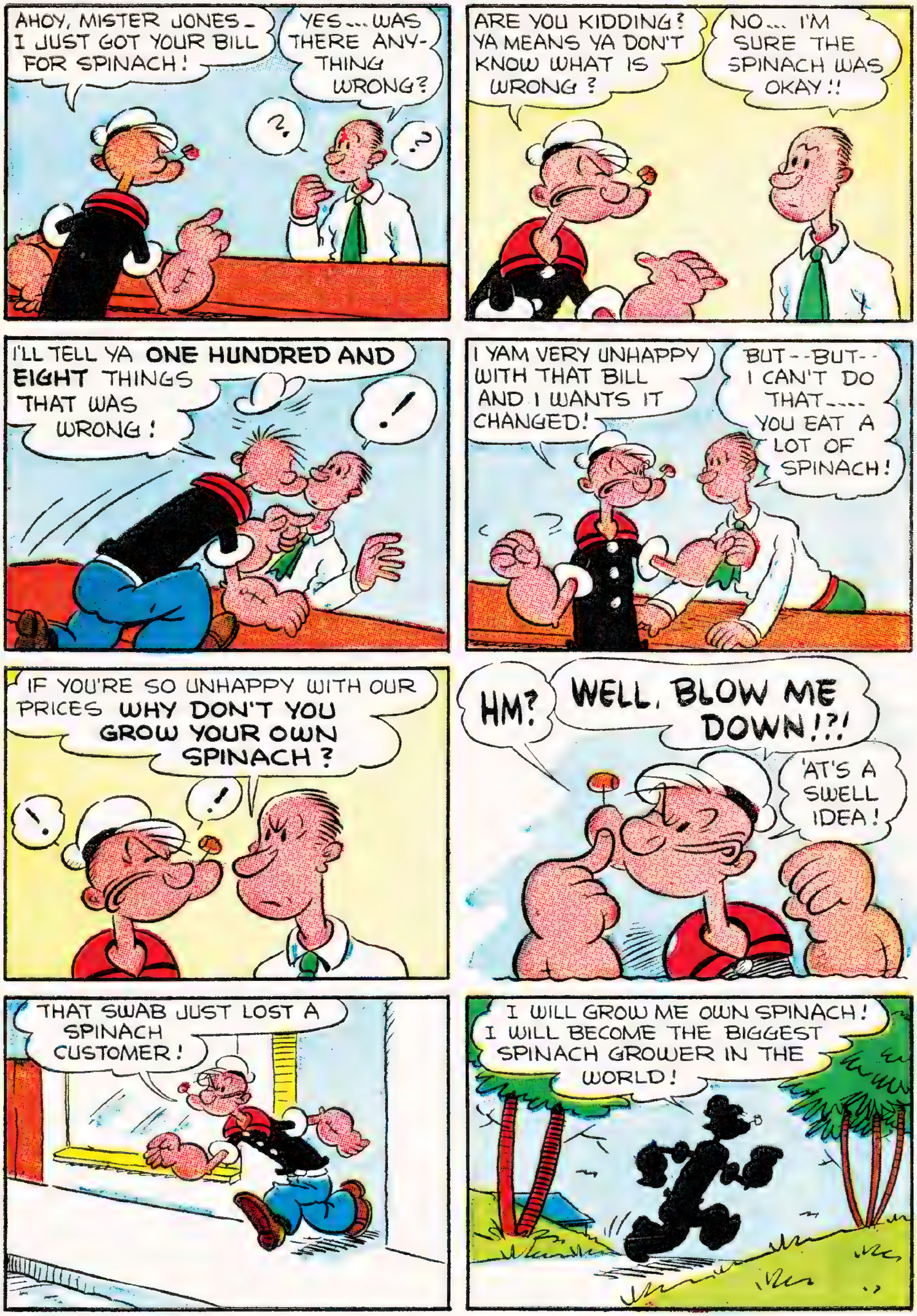

POPEYE
IN
"SPINACH FARM!"
By Bud Sagendorf
RUN OUT TO THE MAILBOX AN' SEE IF THEY'S ANY MAIL!
POPEYE
WOW!! LOOK AT ALL THE MAIL!
POPEYE
I BET IT IS THE FIRST OF THE MONTH AND ALL OF THESE ARE BILLS!!
GOSH, I HATE TO GIVE THE BILLS TO POPEYE .... THEY'S SO MANY OF THEM HE'LL BLOW HIS TOP!
IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME WAY.... HE'LL READ THE BILLS AND THEN WANT TO ECONOMIZE... BAH! AND TODAY I WAS GOING TO ASK HIM FOR A NEW PAIR OF SKATES!
POPEYE #22-529
I KNOW WHAT TO DO.... I'LL GIVE HIM ONE BILL A DAY_ THAT WAY, HE WON'T GET MAD IN ONE BIG LUMP, BUT JUST A LITTLE BIT EACH DAY!!

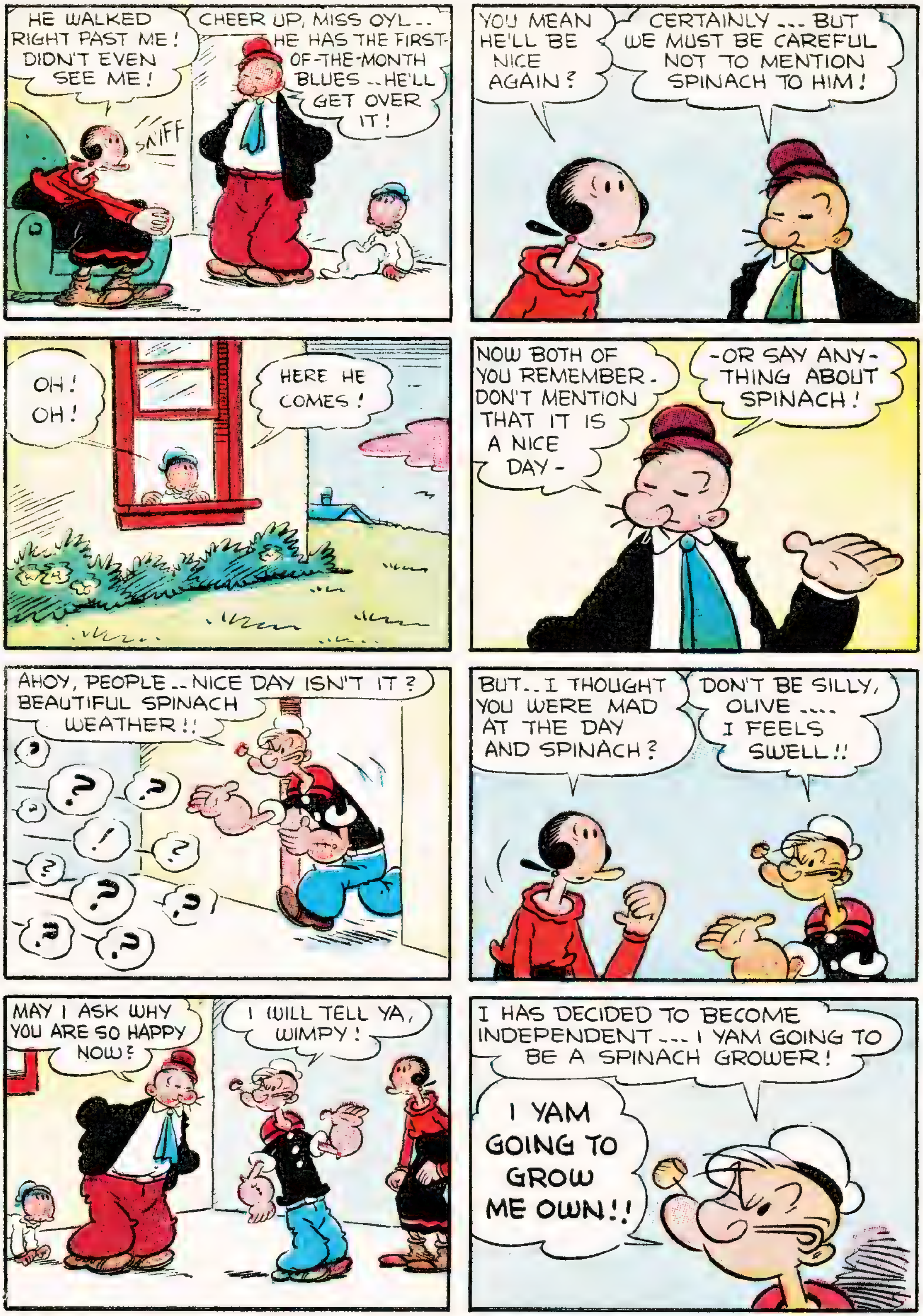

HM? NOW I HAS TO DECIDE WHICH ONE TO GIVE HIM FIRST ...LET'S SEE --- ?
HOT DORG!! THIS IS THE ONE!! THIS IS HIS SPINACH BILL --- HE CAN'T GET VERY MAD OVER IT!!
HERE'S THE MAIL, POPEYE!
OH...THANK YOU - WHAT TOOKED YOU SO LONG ?
HM? JUST ONE LETTER TODAY!
GULP!
AH! IT IS ME MONTH'S BILL FROM MR. JONES, THE BIG SPINACH GROWER!
LET'S SEE HOW MUCH IT IS ---
YIPE!
GR-R-BAH!! ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT BUCKS!!!
I GUESS I GIVED HIM THE WRONG ONE!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THE NERVE OF THAT SWAB, JONES! $108 BUCKS FER SPINACH --- IT'S AN OUTRAGE!
BUT YA DOES EAT A LOT OF THE WEED!
OF COURSE I EATS A LOT!!
THE SWAB KNOWS I NEEDS IT FER ME MUSKLES AND HE IS ROBBING ME!
I YAM MAD!
BAH!
GR-R-R
ER--POPEYE-COULD I ASK YOU A QUESTION?
YES-YES--
WHAT IS IT YA WANTS?
-ER-
COULD I HAVE A NEW PAIR OF SKATES?
NO
GR-R-R
I JUST THOUGHT I'D ASK!
I'M GOING DOWNTOWN TO TALK TO MR. JONES!!
GR-R-R!!

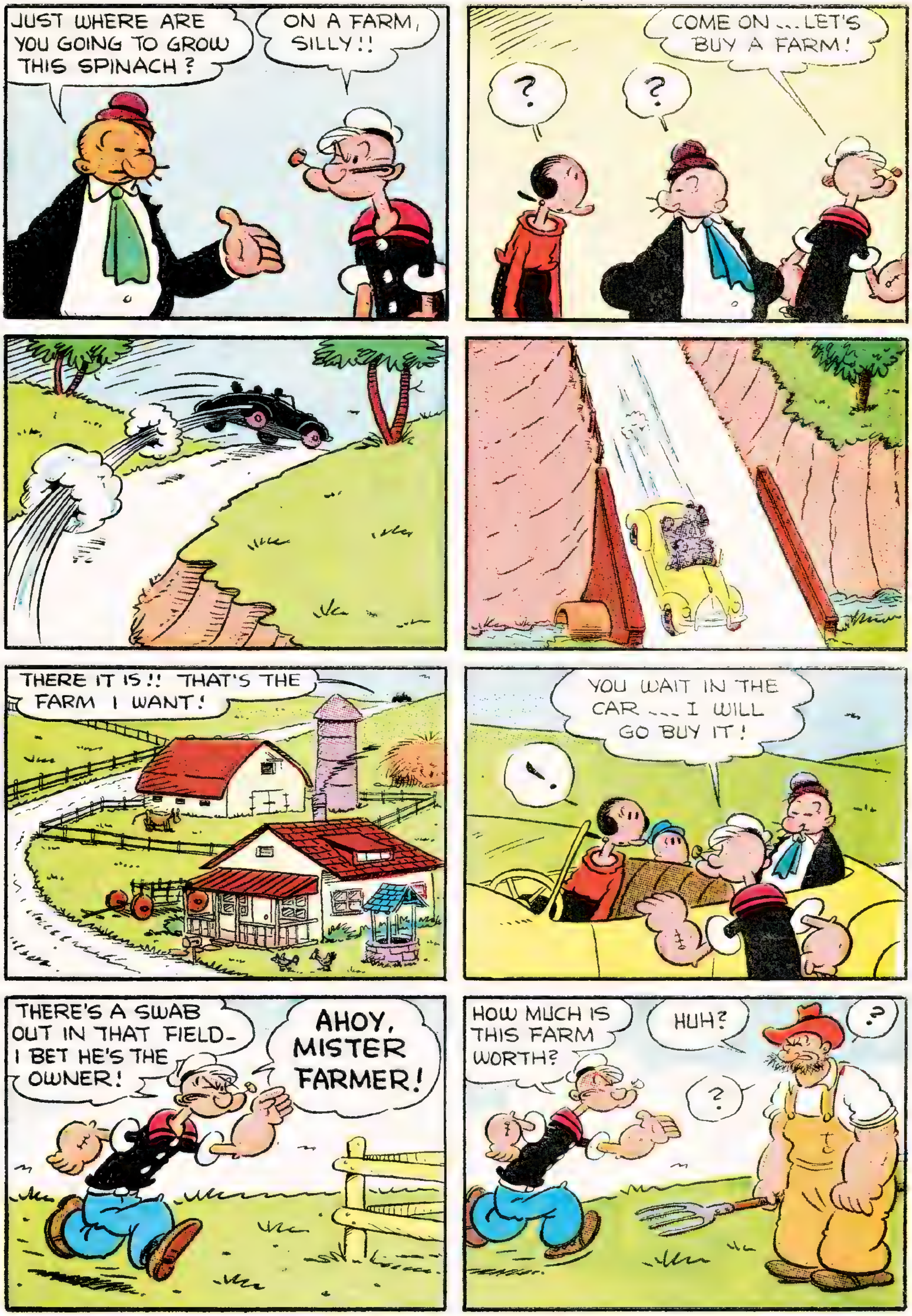

SUMPIN' TELLS ME THIS IS GOING TO BE ONE OF MY BAD DAYS!
TAP TAP
THIS IS AN EVERYTHING-GOES-WRONG DAY!
WELL. WELL. IF IT ISN'T MY OL' PAL POPEYE OUT FOR A STROLL!
GREETINGS, FRIEND! ISN'T THIS A LOVELY DAY?
GR-R-R!!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! I THOUGHT IT WAS A NICE DAY!

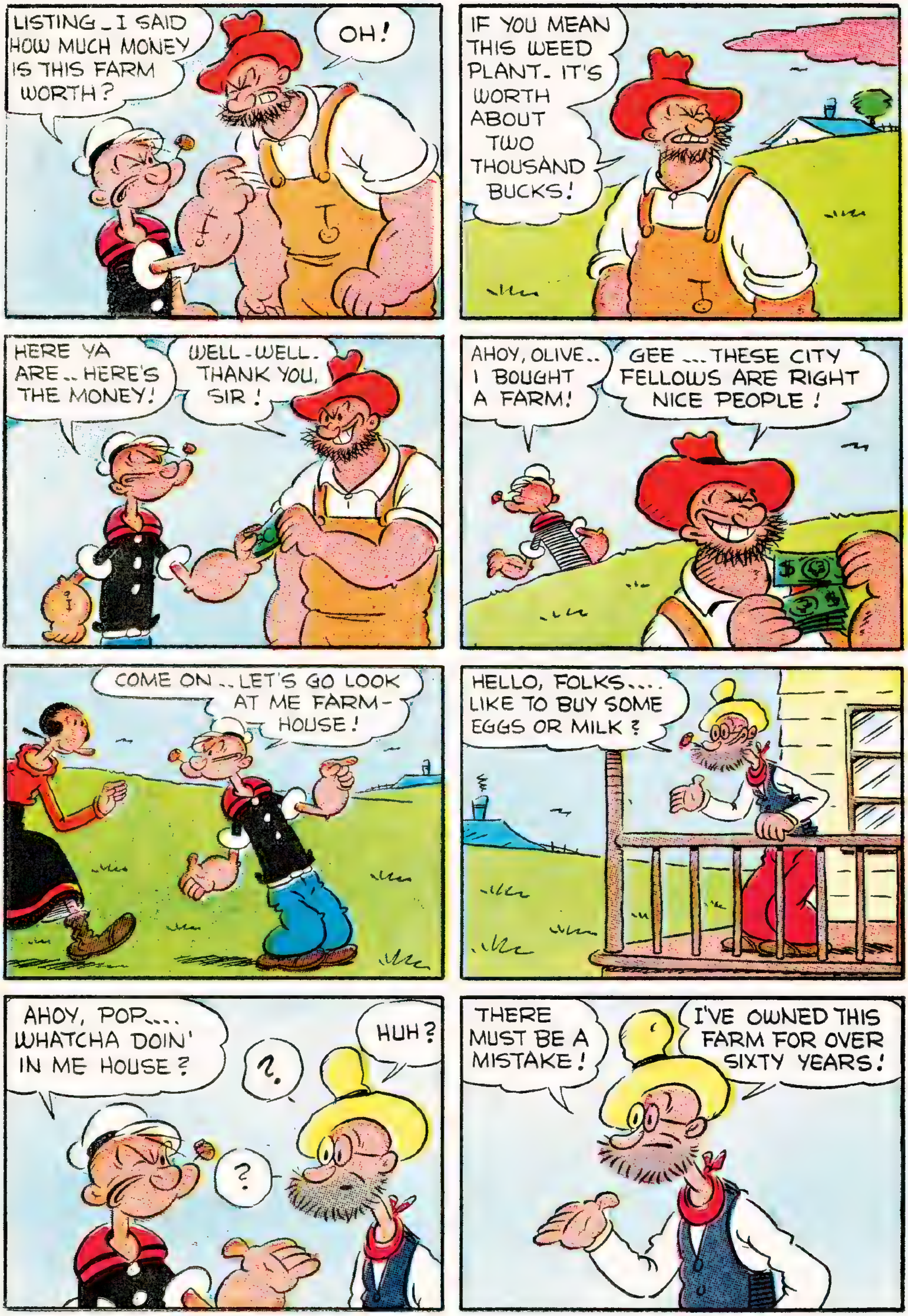

AH! HERE COMES MY BIG HANDSOME SAILOR BOY!!
I'LL TURN MY BACK TO HIM... HE'LL COME UP BEHIND ME - THROW HIS ARMS AROUND ME AND GIVE ME A BIG KISS!
OOOH!! THIS IS SO ROMANTIC!
GR-R-R-
?
?
HE DIDN'T EVEN SEE ME!!
ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT BUCKS FOR SPINACH --- BAH!
JONES
FINE FOODS
SWEE'PEA--- WHAT'S WRONG WITH POPEYE?
TSK-TSK!
IT ALL STARTED WITH THE BILL FROM THE SPINACH MAN!!

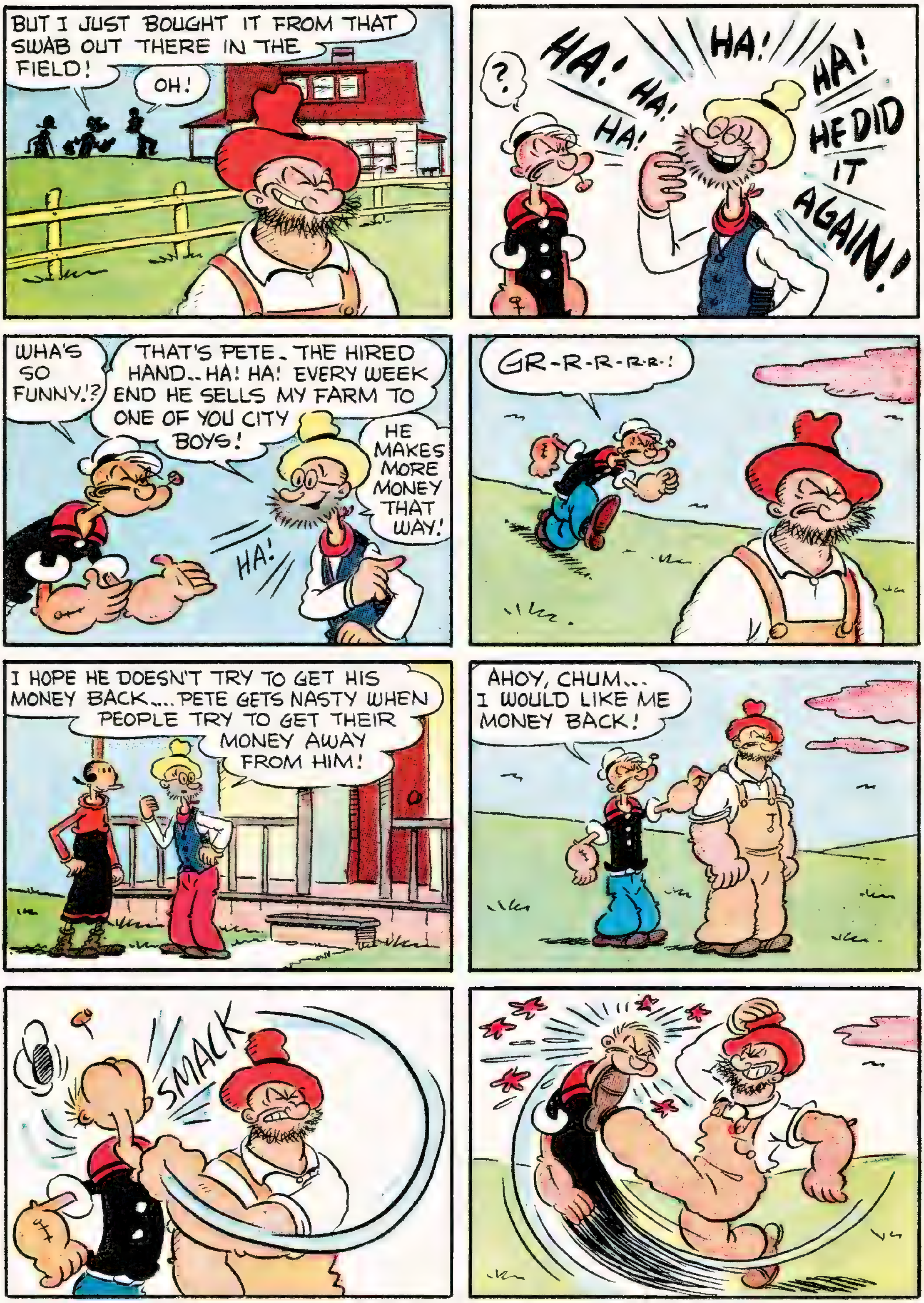

AHOY, MISTER JONES – I JUST GOT YOUR BILL FOR SPINACH!
YES... WAS THERE ANY-THING WRONG?
?
?
ARE YOU KIDDING? YA MEANS YA DON'T KNOW WHAT IS WRONG?
NO... I'M SURE THE SPINACH WAS OKAY!!
I'LL TELL YA ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT THINGS THAT WAS WRONG!
!
I YAM VERY UNHAPPY WITH THAT BILL AND I WANTS IT CHANGED!
BUT--BUT-- I CAN'T DO THAT---- YOU EAT A LOT OF SPINACH!
IF YOU'RE SO UNHAPPY WITH OUR PRICES WHY DON'T YOU GROW YOUR OWN SPINACH?
!
!
HM?
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!?!
'AT'S A SWELL IDEA!
THAT SWAB JUST LOST A SPINACH CUSTOMER!
I WILL GROW ME OWN SPINACH! I WILL BECOME THE BIGGEST SPINACH GROWER IN THE WORLD!

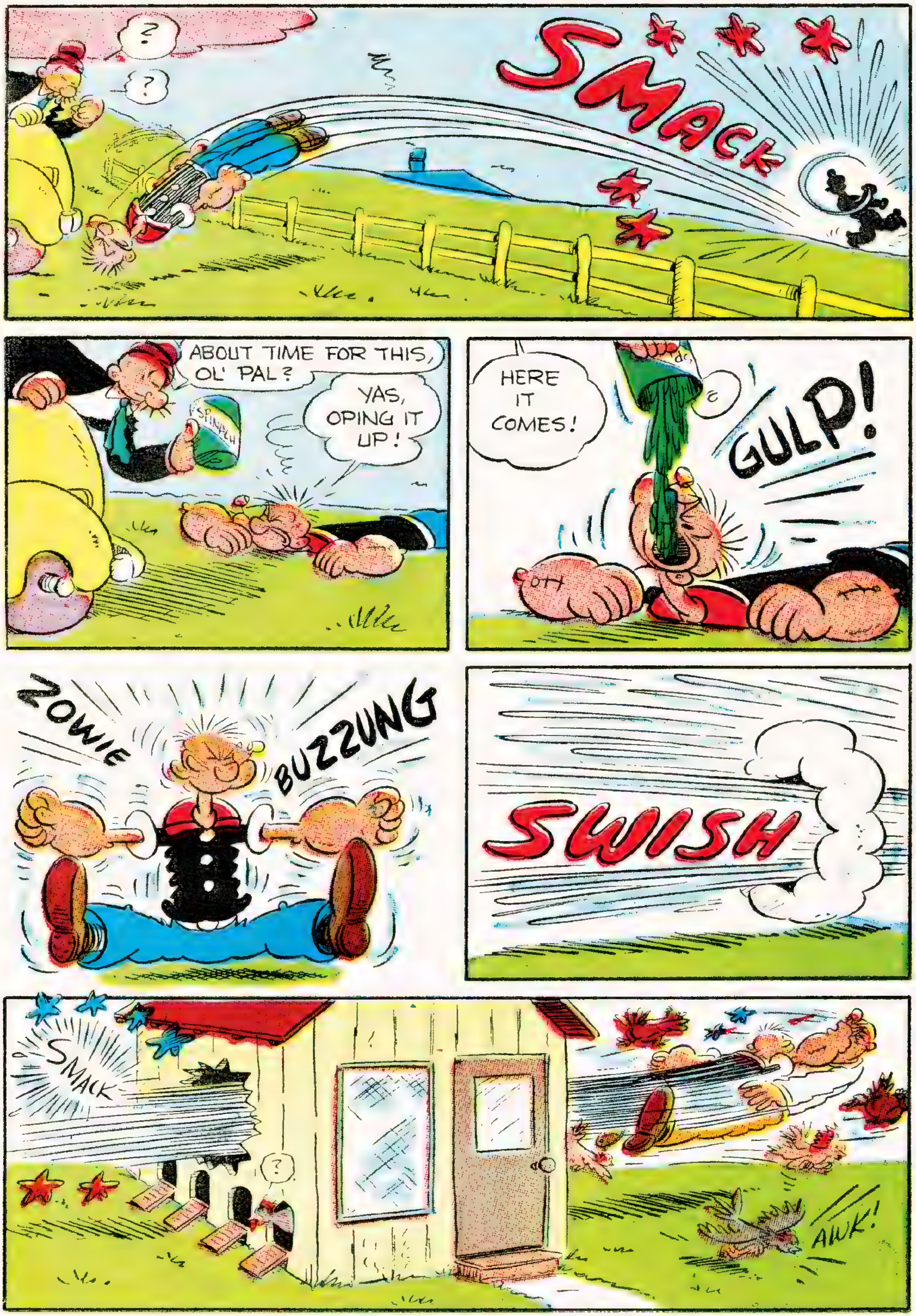


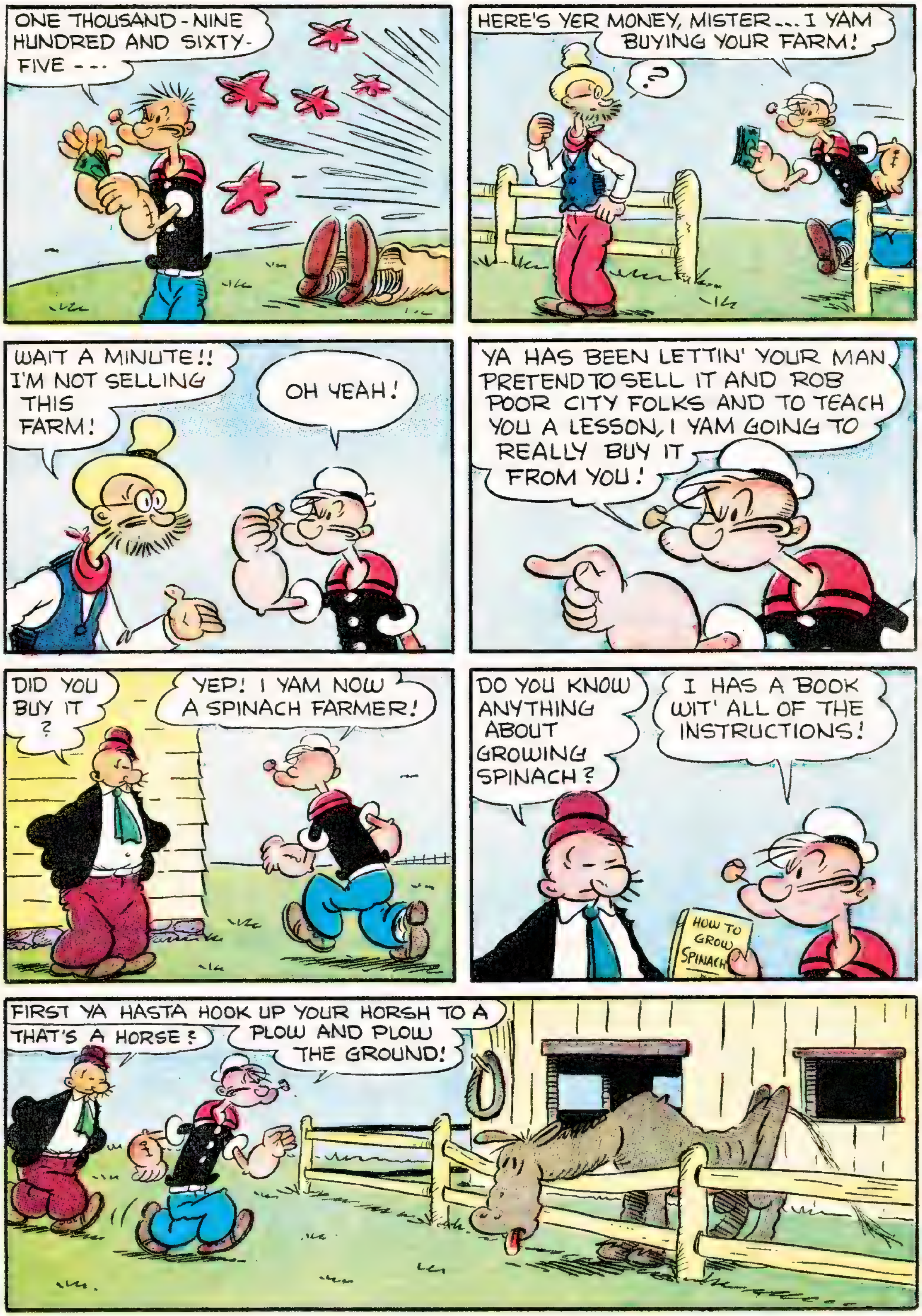
HE WALKED RIGHT PAST ME! DIDN'T EVEN SEE ME!
CHEER UP, MISS OYL -- HE HAS THE FIRST-OF-THE-MONTH BLUES -- HE'LL GET OVER IT!
SNIFF
YOU MEAN HE'LL BE NICE AGAIN?
CERTAINLY --- BUT WE MUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO MENTION SPINACH TO HIM!
OH! OH!
HERE HE COMES!
NOW BOTH OF YOU REMEMBER - DON'T MENTION THAT IT IS A NICE DAY -
-OR SAY ANY-THING ABOUT SPINACH!
AHOY, PEOPLE -- NICE DAY ISN'T IT? BEAUTIFUL SPINACH WEATHER!!
BUT -- I THOUGHT YOU WERE MAD AT THE DAY AND SPINACH?
DON'T BE SILLY, OLIVE ---- I FEELS SWELL!!
MAY I ASK WHY YOU ARE SO HAPPY NOW?
I WILL TELL YA, WIMPY!
I HAS DECIDED TO BECOME INDEPENDENT --- I YAM GOING TO BE A SPINACH GROWER!
I YAM GOING TO GROW ME OWN!!


JUST WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO GROW THIS SPINACH ?
ON A FARM, SILLY!!
?
?
COME ON ... LET'S BUY A FARM!
THERE IT IS!! THAT'S THE FARM I WANT!
YOU WAIT IN THE CAR ... I WILL GO BUY IT!
!
THERE'S A SWAB OUT IN THAT FIELD- I BET HE'S THE OWNER!
AHOY, MISTER FARMER!
HOW MUCH IS THIS FARM WORTH?
HUH?
?
?


LISTING _ I SAID HOW MUCH MONEY IS THIS FARM WORTH?
OH!
IF YOU MEAN THIS WEED PLANT_ IT'S WORTH ABOUT TWO THOUSAND BUCKS!
HERE YA ARE.. HERE'S THE MONEY!
WELL-WELL- THANK YOU, SIR!
AHOY, OLIVE.. I BOUGHT A FARM!
GEE ... THESE CITY FELLOWS ARE RIGHT NICE PEOPLE!
COME ON .. LET'S GO LOOK AT ME FARM-HOUSE!
HELLO, FOLKS.... LIKE TO BUY SOME EGGS OR MILK?
AHOY, POP.... WHATCHA DOIN' IN ME HOUSE?
?
HUH?
?
THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE!
I'VE OWNED THIS FARM FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS!


BUT I JUST BOUGHT IT FROM THAT SWAB OUT THERE IN THE FIELD!
OH!
?
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HE DID IT AGAIN!
WHA'S SO FUNNY!?
THAT'S PETE - THE HIRED HAND -- HA! HA! EVERY WEEK END HE SELLS MY FARM TO ONE OF YOU CITY BOYS!
HE MAKES MORE MONEY THAT WAY!
HA!
GR-R-R-R-R-!
I HOPE HE DOESN'T TRY TO GET HIS MONEY BACK.... PETE GETS NASTY WHEN PEOPLE TRY TO GET THEIR MONEY AWAY FROM HIM!
AHOY, CHUM... I WOULD LIKE ME MONEY BACK!
SMACK

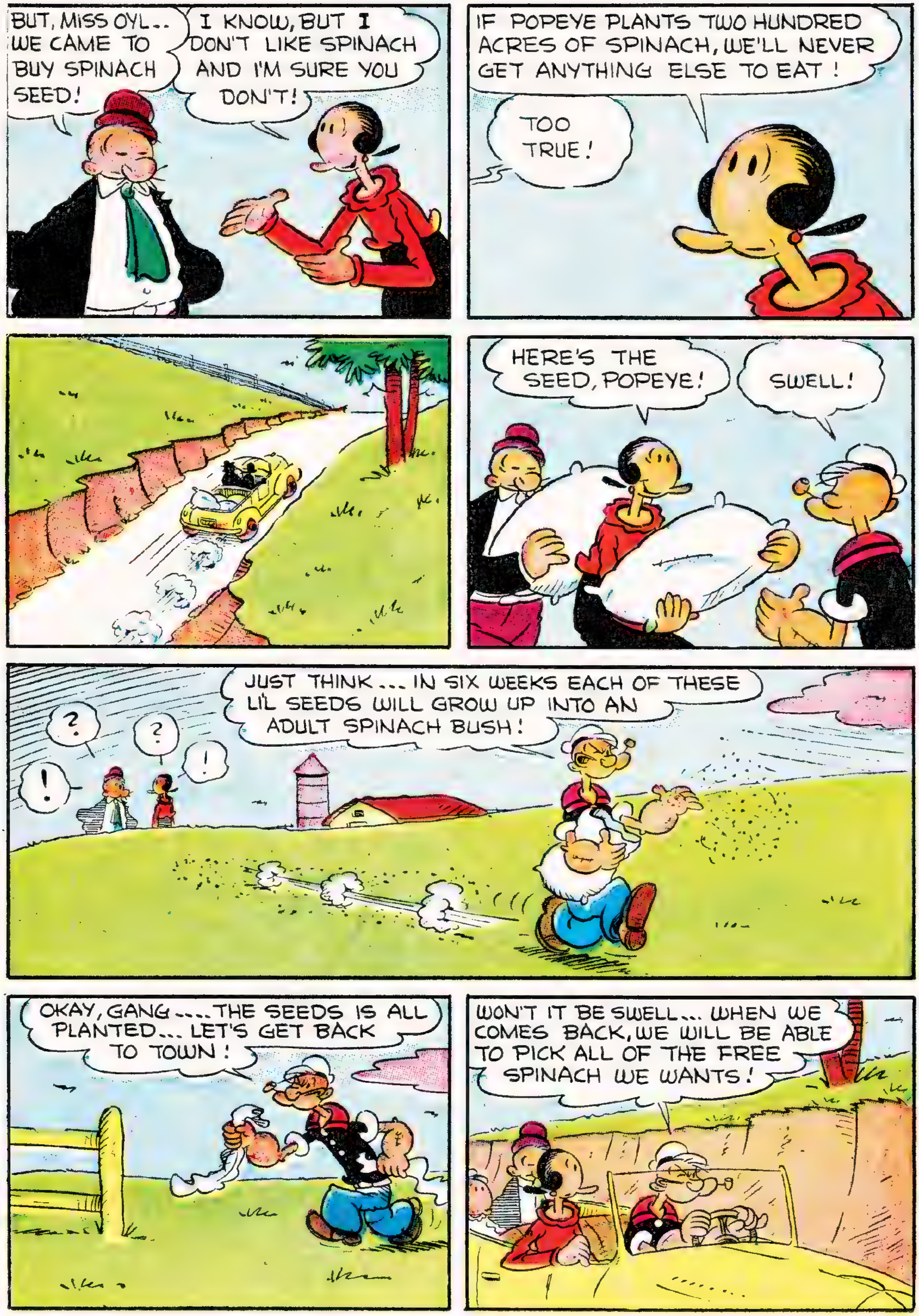

?
?
SMACK
ABOUT TIME FOR THIS, OL' PAL?
YAS, OPING IT UP!
SPINACH
HERE IT COMES!
GULP!
ZOWIE
BUZZUNG
SWISH
SMACK
?
AWK!

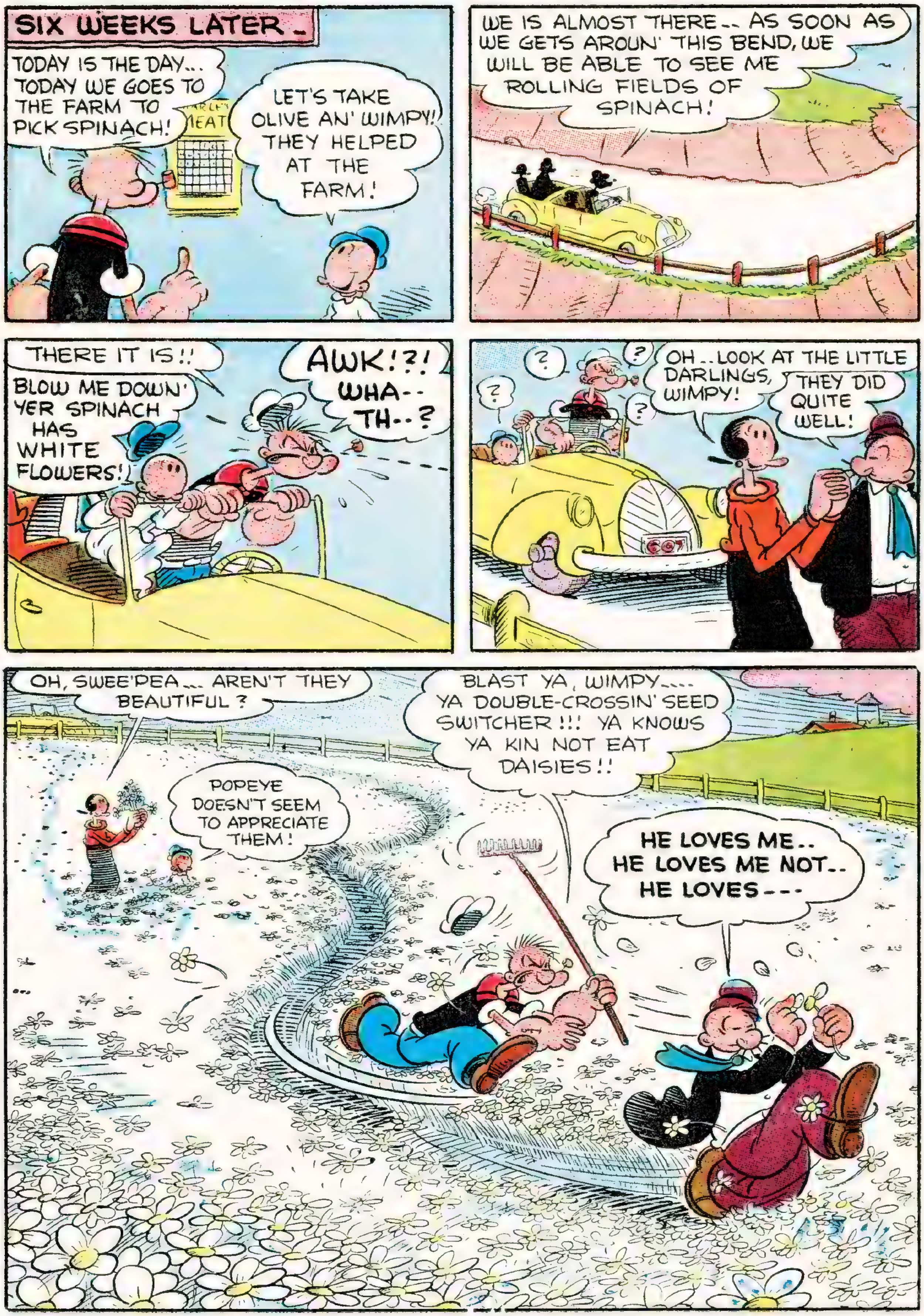


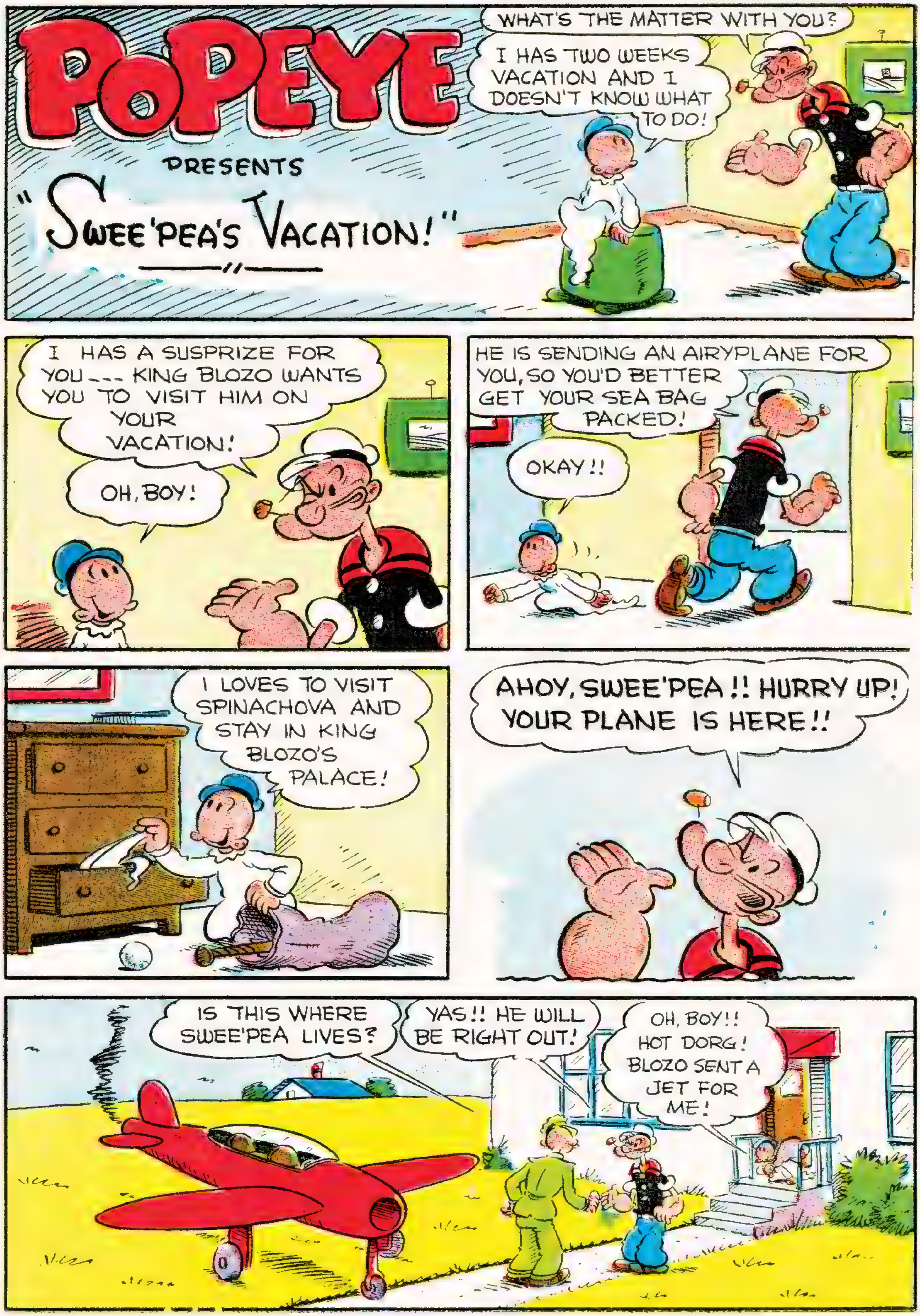
ONE THOUSAND - NINE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE - - -
HERE'S YER MONEY, MISTER ... I YAM BUYING YOUR FARM!
?
WAIT A MINUTE!! I'M NOT SELLING THIS FARM!
OH YEAH!
YA HAS BEEN LETTIN' YOUR MAN PRETEND TO SELL IT AND ROB POOR CITY FOLKS AND TO TEACH YOU A LESSON, I YAM GOING TO REALLY BUY IT FROM YOU!
DID YOU BUY IT ?
YEP! I YAM NOW A SPINACH FARMER!
DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT GROWING SPINACH?
I HAS A BOOK WIT' ALL OF THE INSTRUCTIONS!
HOW TO GROW SPINACH
FIRST YA HASTA HOOK UP YOUR HORSH TO A PLOW AND PLOW THE GROUND!
THAT'S A HORSE?

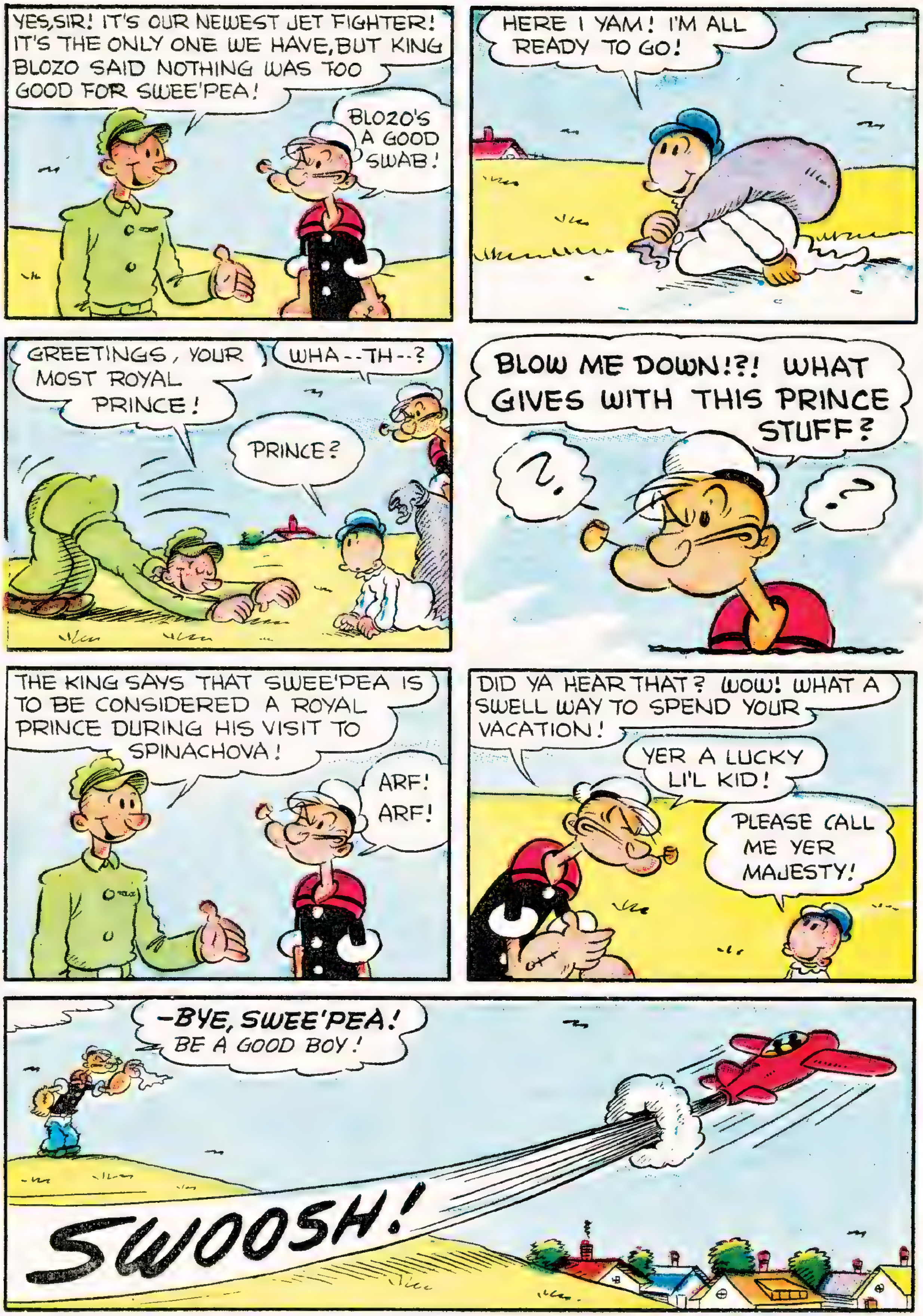
THEY IS NOT A PLOW ON THE PLACE!
YOU CAN'T PLOW WITHOUT A PLOW!
THEY MUST BE SOMETHIN' AROUND TO USE FER A PLOWER!
IT WOULD HAVE TO BE SOMETHING STRONG AND FAIRLY SHARP!
YAS!
HM?
!
?
?
I WONDER WHAT WE COULD USE?
?
COULD I SUGGEST SOMETHING?
SURE! GO AHEAD, WIMPY!
BLOW ME DOWN!!! THAT'S A SWELL IDEA!!
GIDDY-YUP!!
WATCH OUT FER ROCKS, WIMPY!

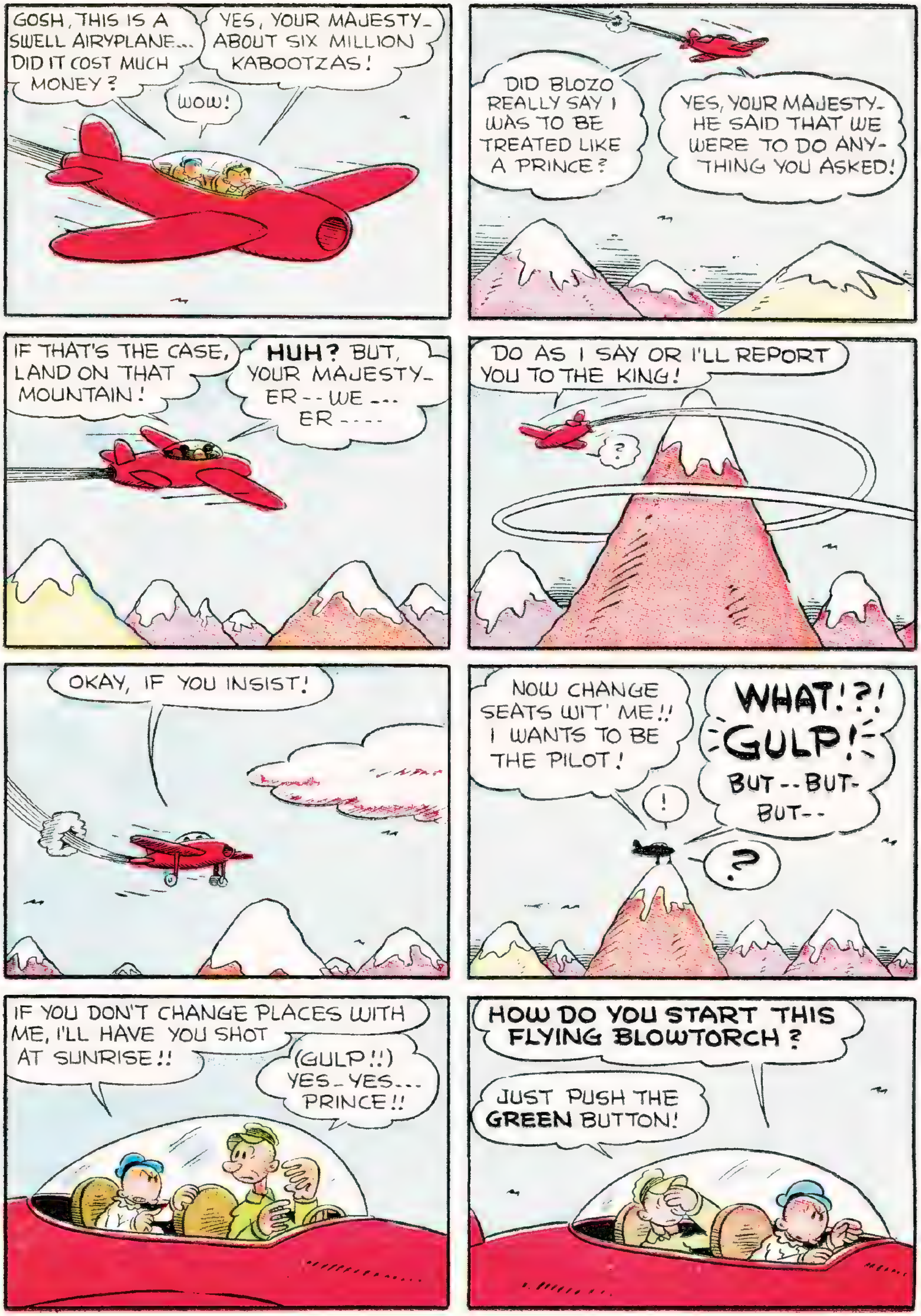
I WONDER HOW THE BOYS ARE DOING WITH THE PLOWING?
GOOD HEAVENS!! WHAT IS WIMPY PLOWING WITH??
AWK!?!
WIMPY!! STOP THAT!!
OH! MY POOR SAILOR BOY!!
GIDDY-YUP!
OUT OF THE WAY, OLIVE... WE IS JUST ABOUT FINISHED!
THAT WAS A GOOD JOB OF PLOWING, WIMP!
INDEED YES!
OLIVE, YOU AND WIMPY RUN INTO TOWN AND BUY SOME SEEDS!
OH, I LOVE TO BUY SEEDS!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE!
FEED STOR
BUY SEEDS NOW
SEEDS
HERE'S THE SPINACH SEED!!
OH!! LOOK, WIMPY!! DAISY SEEDS!! I LOVE DAISIES!!
PLANT NOW
SPINACH SEED
RADISH SEED
ONIONS
DAISY SEED
PLANT DAISIES
DAISY SEED


BUT, MISS OYL.. WE CAME TO BUY SPINACH SEED!
I KNOW, BUT I DON'T LIKE SPINACH AND I'M SURE YOU DON'T!
IF POPEYE PLANTS TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF SPINACH, WE'LL NEVER GET ANYTHING ELSE TO EAT!
TOO TRUE!
HERE'S THE SEED, POPEYE!
SWELL!
JUST THINK... IN SIX WEEKS EACH OF THESE LI'L SEEDS WILL GROW UP INTO AN ADULT SPINACH BUSH!
?
?
!
!
OKAY, GANG....THE SEEDS IS ALL PLANTED... LET'S GET BACK TO TOWN!
WON'T IT BE SWELL... WHEN WE COMES BACK, WE WILL BE ABLE TO PICK ALL OF THE FREE SPINACH WE WANTS!

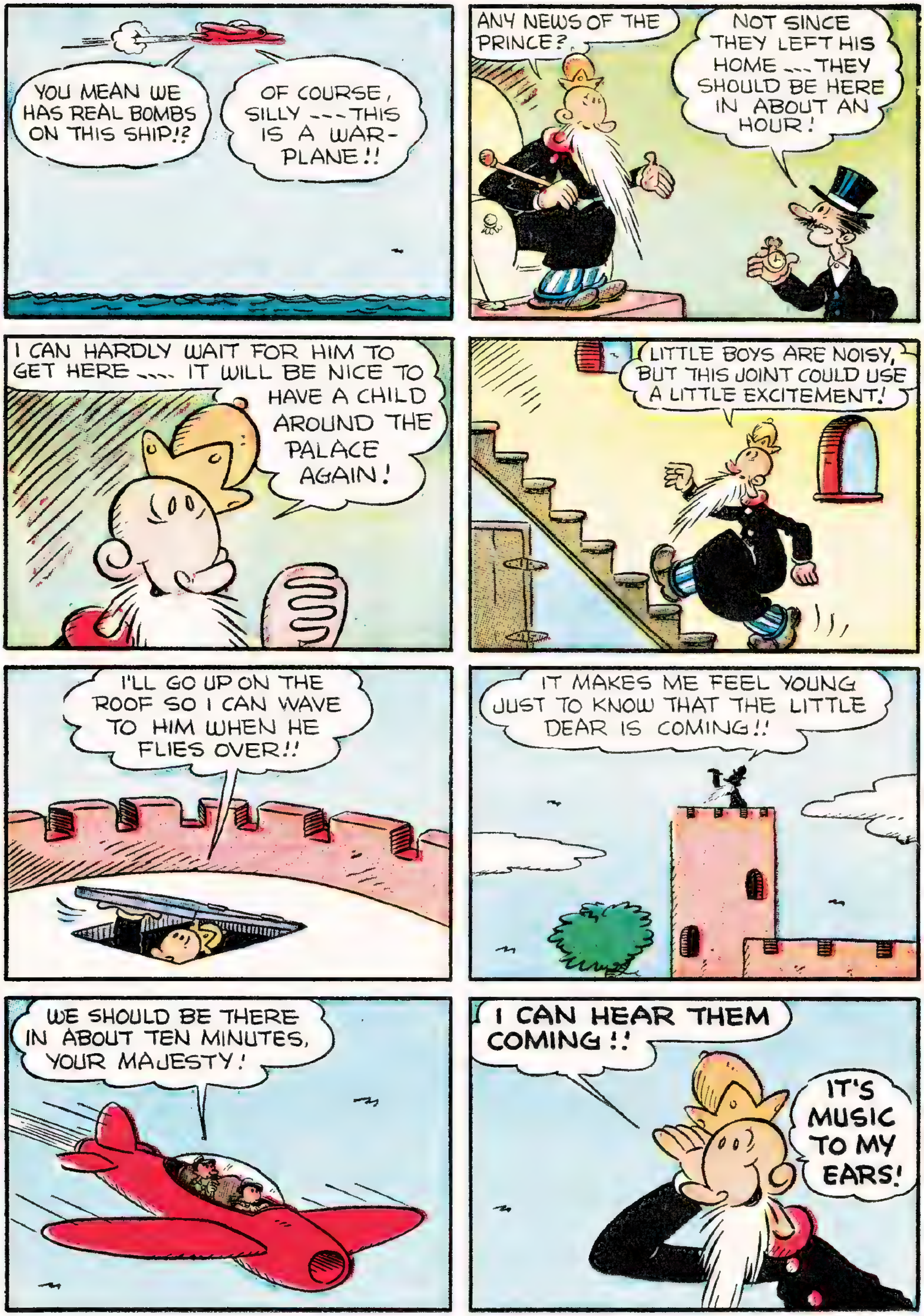

SIX WEEKS LATER -
TODAY IS THE DAY... TODAY WE GOES TO THE FARM TO PICK SPINACH!
LET'S TAKE OLIVE AN' WIMPY!! THEY HELPED AT THE FARM!
WE IS ALMOST THERE -- AS SOON AS WE GETS AROUN' THIS BEND, WE WILL BE ABLE TO SEE ME ROLLING FIELDS OF SPINACH!
THERE IT IS!!
BLOW ME DOWN' YER SPINACH HAS WHITE FLOWERS!
AWK!?!
WHA-- TH--?
OH -- LOOK AT THE LITTLE DARLINGS, WIMPY!
THEY DID QUITE WELL!
OH, SWEE'PEA... AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL?
POPEYE DOESN'T SEEM TO APPRECIATE THEM!
BLAST YA, WIMPY.... YA DOUBLE-CROSSIN' SEED SWITCHER!!! YA KNOWS YA KIN NOT EAT DAISIES!!
HE LOVES ME.. HE LOVES ME NOT.. HE LOVES---

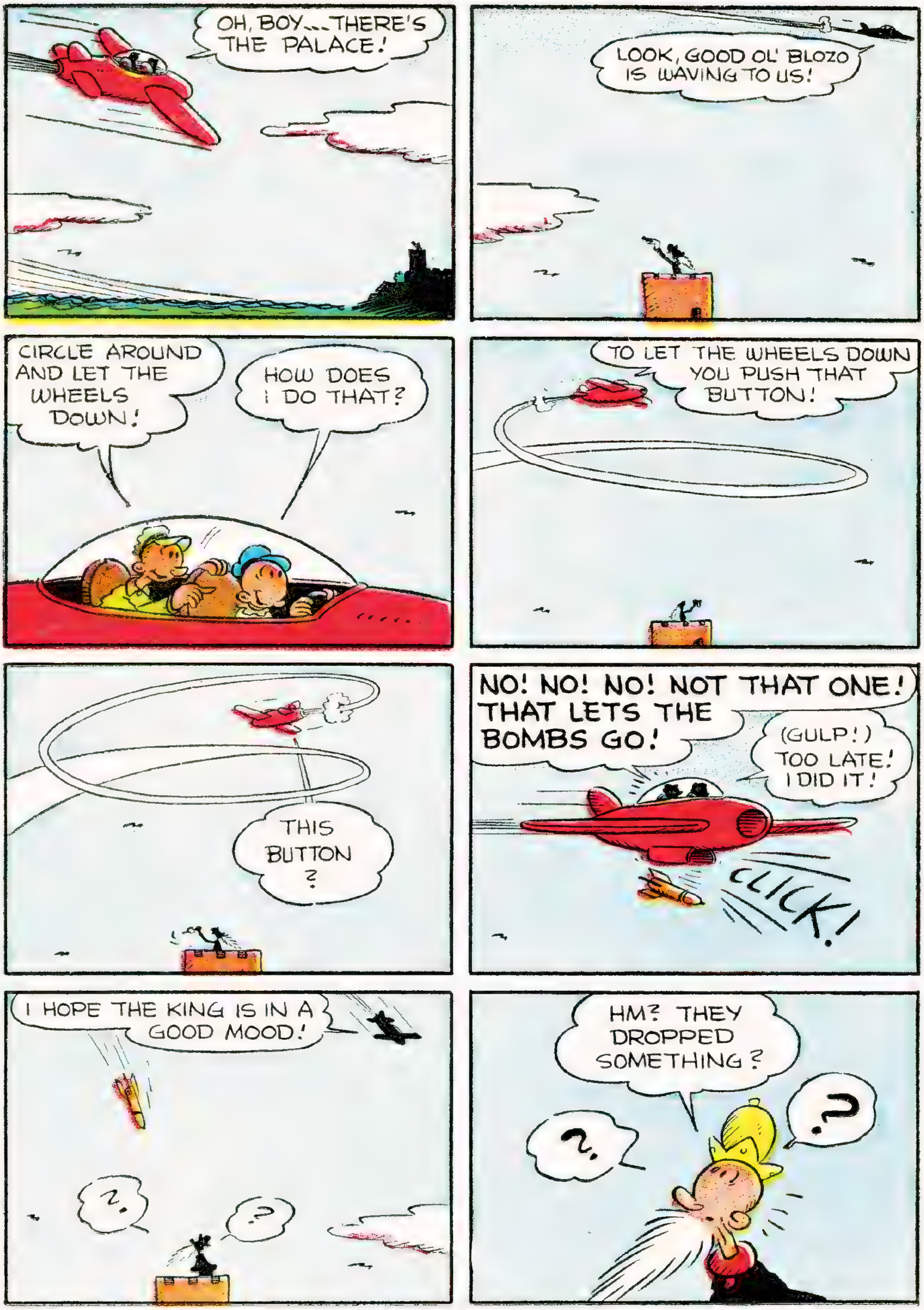

POPEYE
PRESENTS
"SWEE'PEA'S VACATION!"
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
I HAS TWO WEEKS VACATION AND I DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!
I HAS A SUSPRIZE FOR YOU --- KING BLOZO WANTS YOU TO VISIT HIM ON YOUR VACATION!
OH, BOY!
HE IS SENDING AN AIRYPLANE FOR YOU, SO YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR SEA BAG PACKED!
OKAY!!
I LOVES TO VISIT SPINACHOVA AND STAY IN KING BLOZO'S PALACE!
AHOY, SWEE'PEA!! HURRY UP! YOUR PLANE IS HERE!!
IS THIS WHERE SWEE'PEA LIVES?
YAS!! HE WILL BE RIGHT OUT!
OH, BOY!! HOT DORG! BLOZO SENT A JET FOR ME!


YES, SIR! IT'S OUR NEWEST JET FIGHTER! IT'S THE ONLY ONE WE HAVE, BUT KING BLOZO SAID NOTHING WAS TOO GOOD FOR SWEE'PEA!
BLOZO'S A GOOD SWAB!
HERE I YAM! I'M ALL READY TO GO!
GREETINGS, YOUR MOST ROYAL PRINCE!
WHA--TH--?
PRINCE?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT GIVES WITH THIS PRINCE STUFF?
THE KING SAYS THAT SWEE'PEA IS TO BE CONSIDERED A ROYAL PRINCE DURING HIS VISIT TO SPINACHOVA!
ARF! ARF!
DID YA HEAR THAT? WOW! WHAT A SWELL WAY TO SPEND YOUR VACATION!
YER A LUCKY LI'L KID!
PLEASE CALL ME YER MAJESTY!
-BYE, SWEE'PEA! BE A GOOD BOY!
SWOOSH!

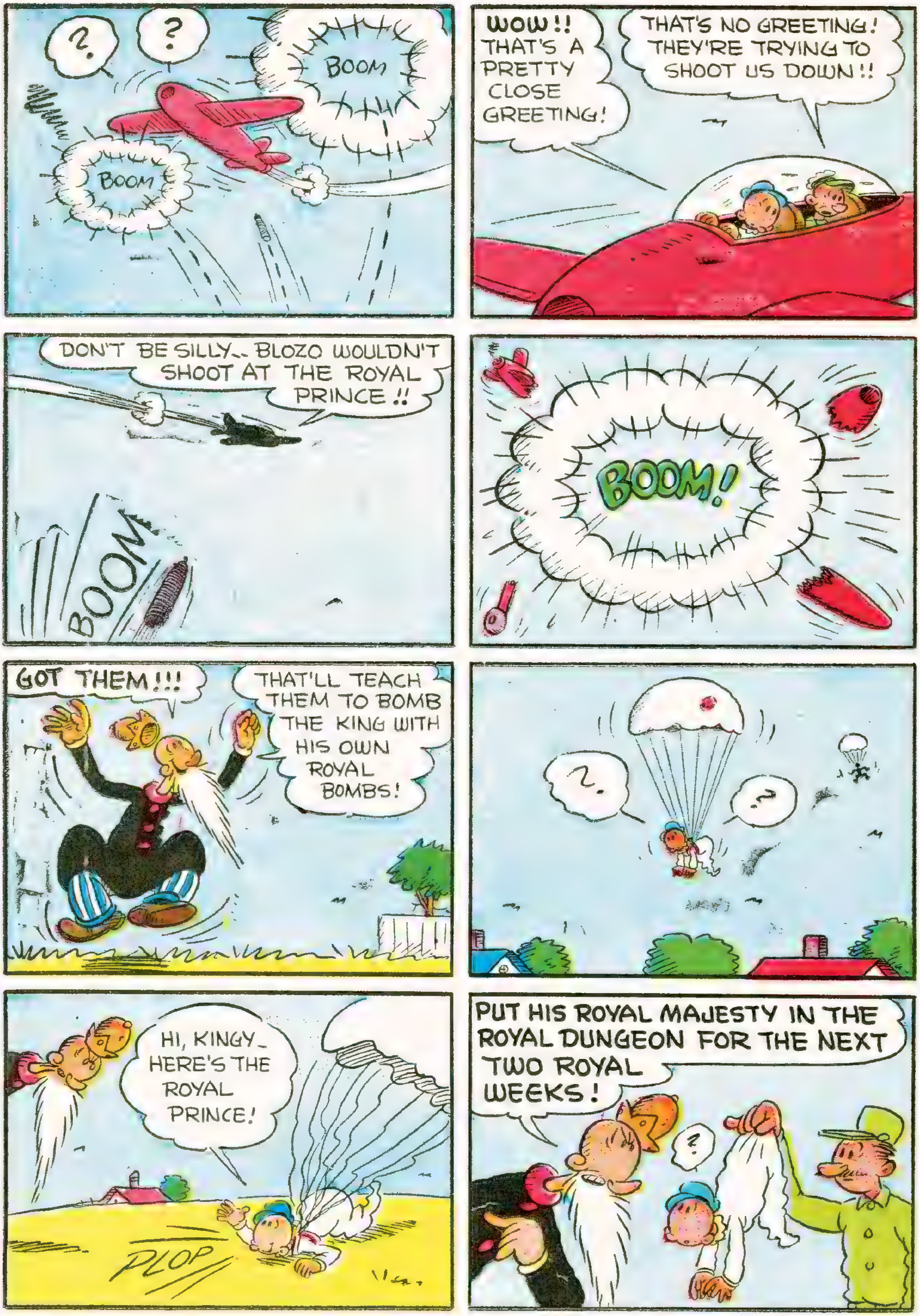

GOSH, THIS IS A SWELL AIRYPLANE... DID IT COST MUCH MONEY?
YES, YOUR MAJESTY- ABOUT SIX MILLION KABOOTZAS!
WOW!
DID BLOZO REALLY SAY I WAS TO BE TREATED LIKE A PRINCE?
YES, YOUR MAJESTY- HE SAID THAT WE WERE TO DO ANY-THING YOU ASKED!
IF THAT'S THE CASE, LAND ON THAT MOUNTAIN!
HUH? BUT, YOUR MAJESTY- ER--WE--- ER----
DO AS I SAY OR I'LL REPORT YOU TO THE KING!
?
OKAY, IF YOU INSIST!
NOW CHANGE SEATS WIT' ME!! I WANTS TO BE THE PILOT!
WHAT!?! GULP! BUT--BUT-BUT--
!
?
IF YOU DON'T CHANGE PLACES WITH ME, I'LL HAVE YOU SHOT AT SUNRISE!!
(GULP!!) YES-YES... PRINCE!!
HOW DO YOU START THIS FLYING BLOWTORCH?
JUST PUSH THE GREEN BUTTON!

TAKE IT EASY!
SWOOSH
ARF! ARF!! THESE THINGS ARE AS EASY TO FLY AS A KITE!!
GULP!
WH... TH--??
WHAT ARE THE MOUNTAINS DOING OVER OUR HEADS?
IT'S NOT THE MOUNTAINS, PRINCE--- YOU'VE GOT YOUR KITE UPSIDE-DOWN!
?
THAT'S BETTER!
WHAT'S THIS RED BUTTON FOR?
HEY!! DON'T TOUCH THAT!! THAT LETS THE BOMBS GO!!


YOU MEAN WE HAS REAL BOMBS ON THIS SHIP!?
OF COURSE, SILLY --- THIS IS A WAR-PLANE!!
ANY NEWS OF THE PRINCE?
NOT SINCE THEY LEFT HIS HOME --- THEY SHOULD BE HERE IN ABOUT AN HOUR!
I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR HIM TO GET HERE ---- IT WILL BE NICE TO HAVE A CHILD AROUND THE PALACE AGAIN!
LITTLE BOYS ARE NOISY, BUT THIS JOINT COULD USE A LITTLE EXCITEMENT!
I'LL GO UP ON THE ROOF SO I CAN WAVE TO HIM WHEN HE FLIES OVER!!
IT MAKES ME FEEL YOUNG JUST TO KNOW THAT THE LITTLE DEAR IS COMING!!
WE SHOULD BE THERE IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, YOUR MAJESTY!
I CAN HEAR THEM COMING!!
IT'S MUSIC TO MY EARS!

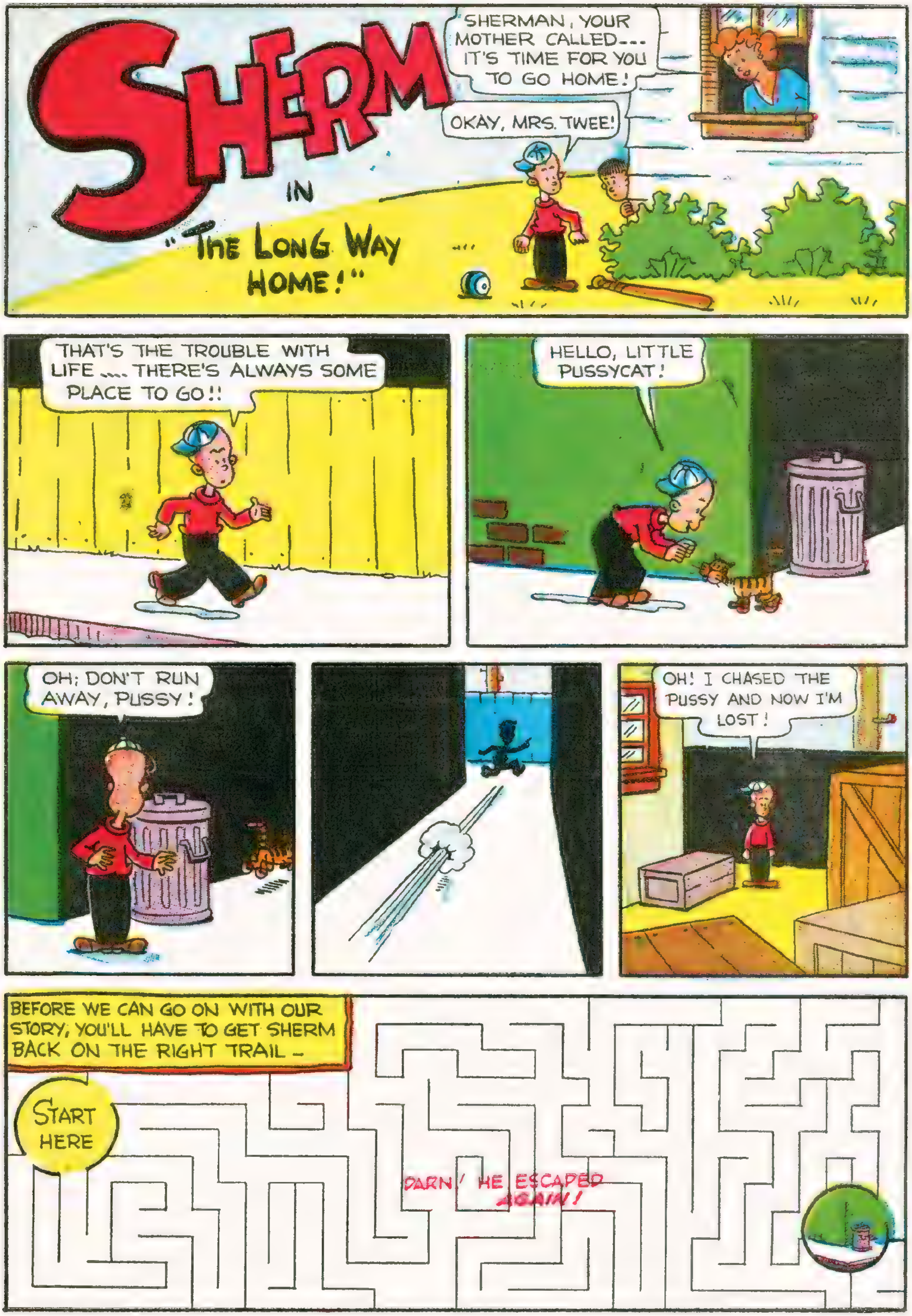

OH, BOY... THERE'S THE PALACE!
LOOK, GOOD OL' BLOZO IS WAVING TO US!
CIRCLE AROUND AND LET THE WHEELS DOWN!
HOW DOES I DO THAT?
TO LET THE WHEELS DOWN YOU PUSH THAT BUTTON!
THIS BUTTON?
NO! NO! NO! NOT THAT ONE! THAT LETS THE BOMBS GO!
(GULP!) TOO LATE! I DID IT!
CLICK!
I HOPE THE KING IS IN A GOOD MOOD!
?
?
HM? THEY DROPPED SOMETHING?
?
?

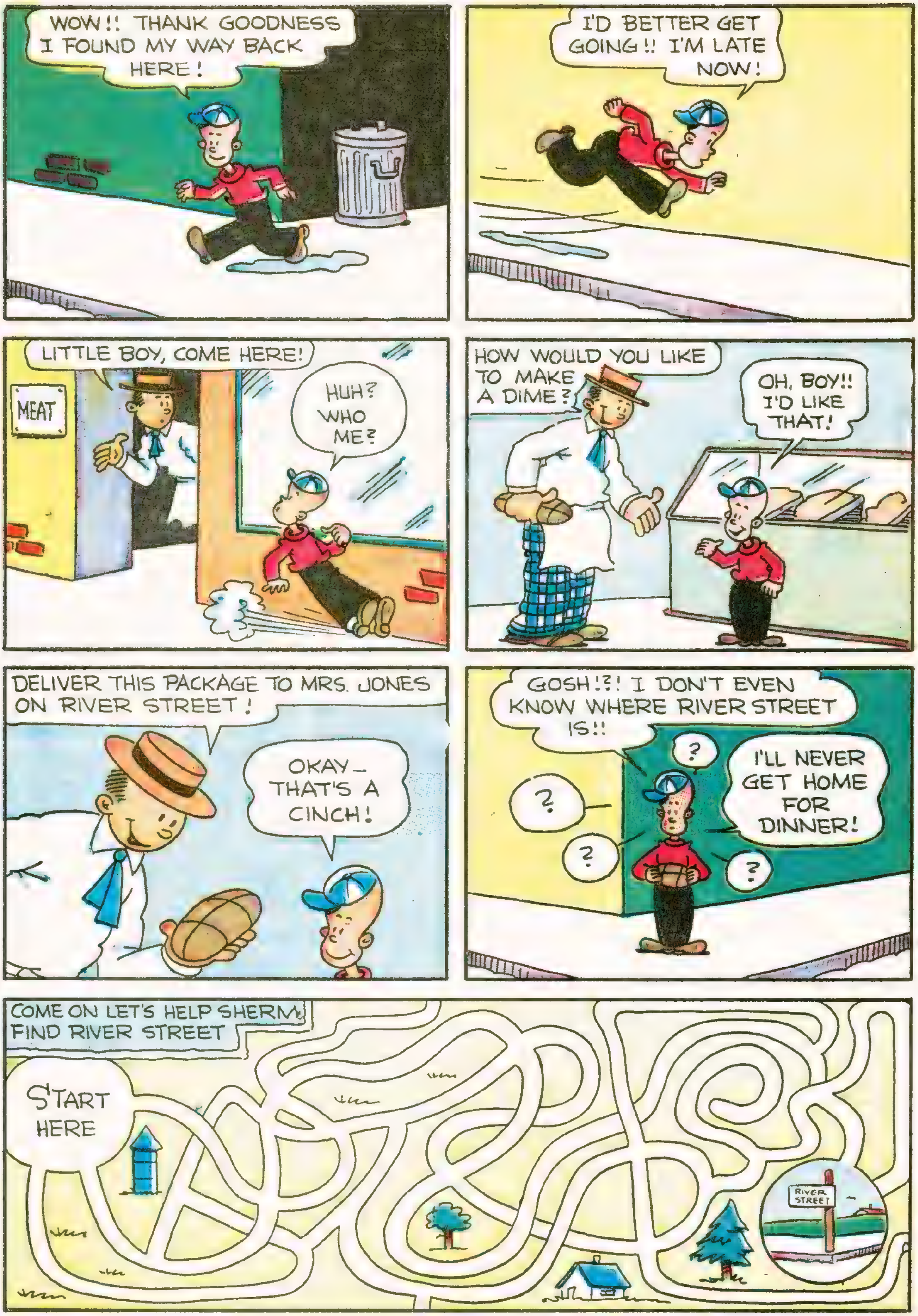
I BET IT'S A PRESENT FOR ME!! I'LL CATCH IT!!
AWK!! THAT'S NO GIFT!!
BOOM!
CALL OUT THE ARMY!!
DID YOU CALL FOR THE ARMY, YOUR MAJESTY?
YES! YES!! SHOOT THAT PLANE DOWN!
LOOK! BLOZO ISN'T MAD! HE'S CALLING OUT THE ARMY TO GREET US!
FIRE! YOU NINCOMPOOPS! IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU WON'T MISS!
WHEEE!! THEY'RE SALUTING US WITH GUNS!!
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM


?
?
BOOM
BOOM
WOW!! THAT'S A PRETTY CLOSE GREETING!
THAT'S NO GREETING! THEY'RE TRYING TO SHOOT US DOWN!!
DON'T BE SILLY-- BLOZO WOULDN'T SHOOT AT THE ROYAL PRINCE!!
BOOM
BOOM!
GOT THEM!!!
THAT'LL TEACH THEM TO BOMB THE KING WITH HIS OWN ROYAL BOMBS!
?
?
HI, KINGY_ HERE'S THE ROYAL PRINCE!
PLOP
PUT HIS ROYAL MAJESTY IN THE ROYAL DUNGEON FOR THE NEXT TWO ROYAL WEEKS!
?

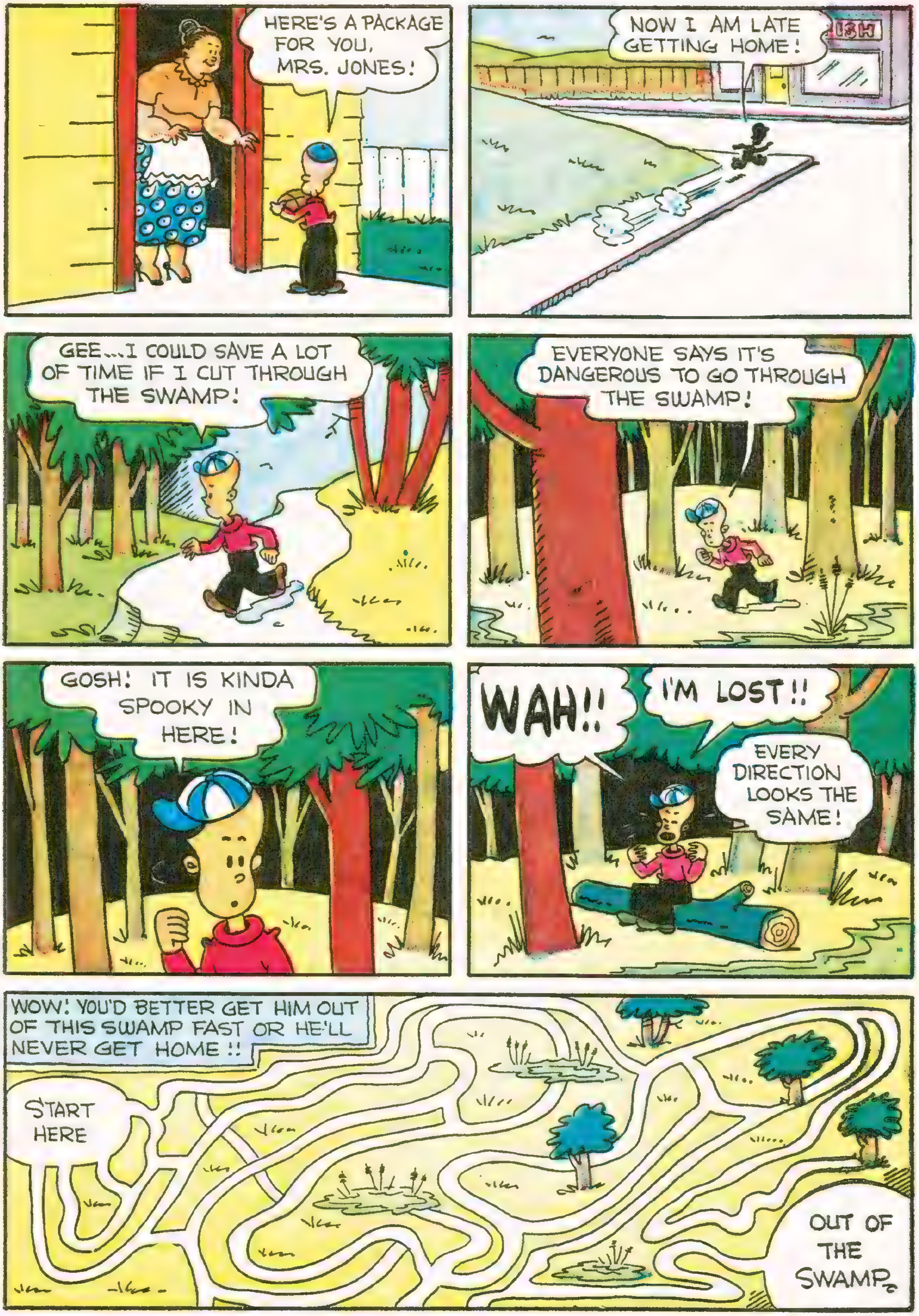
!
--AND FEED HIM ON NOTHING BUT BREAD AND WATER!
OKAY!
WHAT A WAY TO SPEND A VACATION!
TWO WEEKS LATER IN POPEYE'S HOUSE!
I BET YOU'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE SWEE'PEA HOME!
I'LL SAY-- I HAS MISSED HIM!
I BET HE HAS HAD A SWELL VACATION AND THE NICE THING ABOUT IT IS THAT IT DIDN'T COST ME ONE RED PENNY!
'AT'S WHAT I CALLS A CHEAP VACATION!
PARDING ME--THAT'S THE PHONE!
BR-RR
BZ-ZZ
AVAST, YA SWAB---POPEYE THE SAILOR TALKIN'!
HELLO, BLOZO HERE!
IT IS GOOD OL' KING BLOZO!
GIVE HIM MY LOVE!
SWEE'PEA IS ON HIS WAY HOME---- HE RAN UP A FEW BILLS WHILE HE WAS HERE AND I WONDERED IF YOU COULD GIVE THE PILOT A CHECK TO COVER THEM?

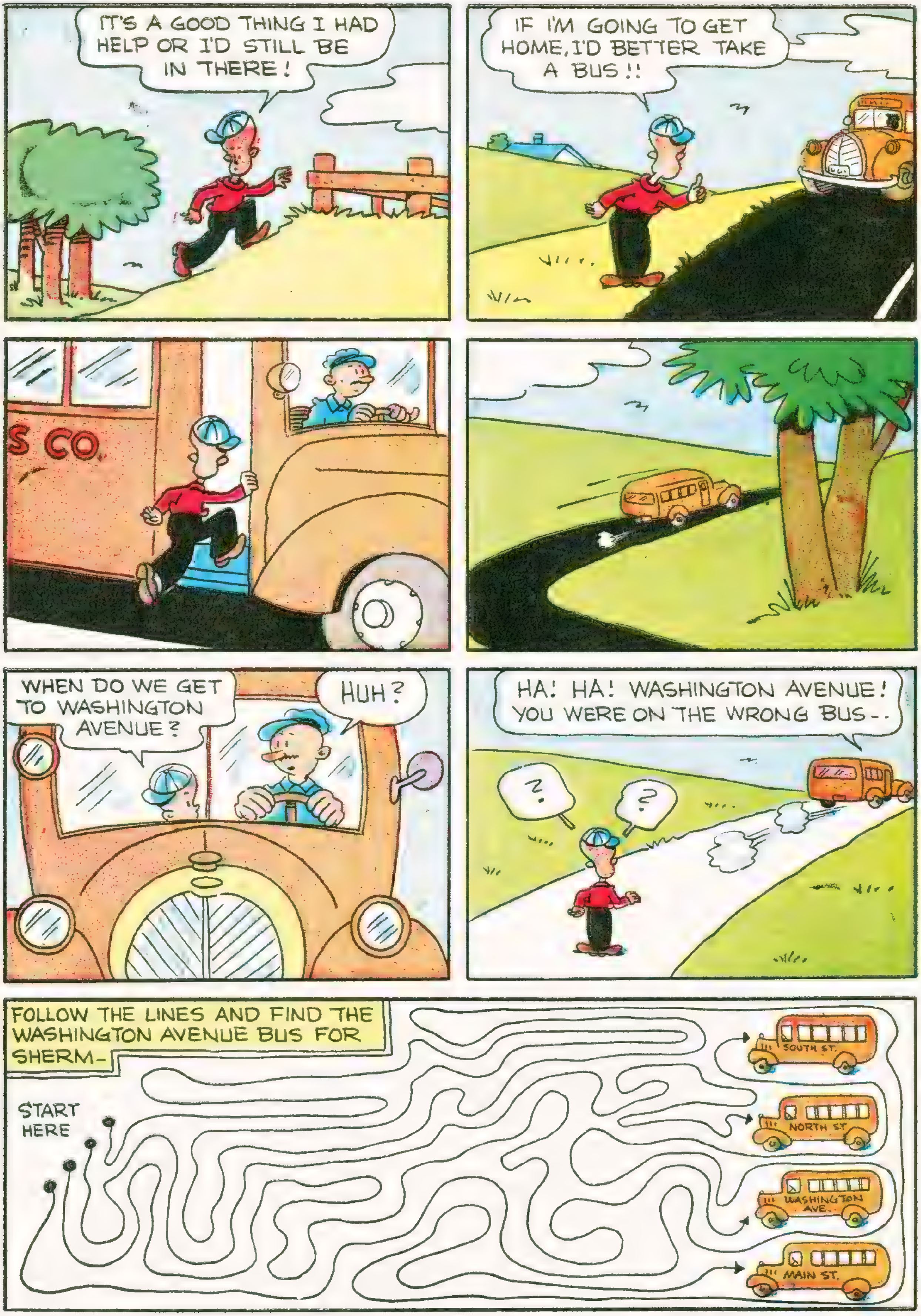
SURE, BLOZO... I'LL GIVE THE PILOT A CHECK!
?
CHECK?
I THOUGHT SWEE'PEA'S VACATION WASN'T COSTING YOU ANYTHING!
OH, THIS IS SOME BILLS HE RUN UP!
AFTER ALL A KID HAS TO HAVE ICE CREAM - I BET HE DIDN'T SPEND OVER THREE BUCKS!
I HEAR AN AIRPLANE... I BET IT'S THEM!!
AHOY, SON... DID YA HAVE A NICE VACATION?
BAH!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT'S WRONG WIT' HIM?
?
HERE'S HIS ROYAL BILL!
YIPE!!!
WHAT'S WRONG, POPEYE?
BILL RENDERED BY THE KINGDOM OF SPINACHOVA.... ONE PALACE - TWO MILLION KABOOTZAS - ONE JET AIRPLANE - SIX MILLION KABOOTZAS... DAMAGE TO THE KING'S PERSON - TWO THOUSAND KABOOTZAS... DAMAGE TO KING'S PEACE OF MIND - TWO MILLION KABOOTZAS... DAMAGE TO ROYAL GARDEN - SIX THOUSAND KABOOTZAS... DAMAGE TO ROYAL CROWN - TWO KABOOTZAS... EIGHT ANTIAIRCRAFT SHELLS - TWELVE KABOOTZAS... RENT ON ROYAL DUNGEON - FOUR THOUSAND KABOOTZAS... BREAD AND WATER - FIVE KABOOTZAS.... TWO GUARDS - FIFTY KABOOTZAS... ETC... ETC... ETC... AND ETC...
HERE'S A CHECK AND A PEN...
HM!

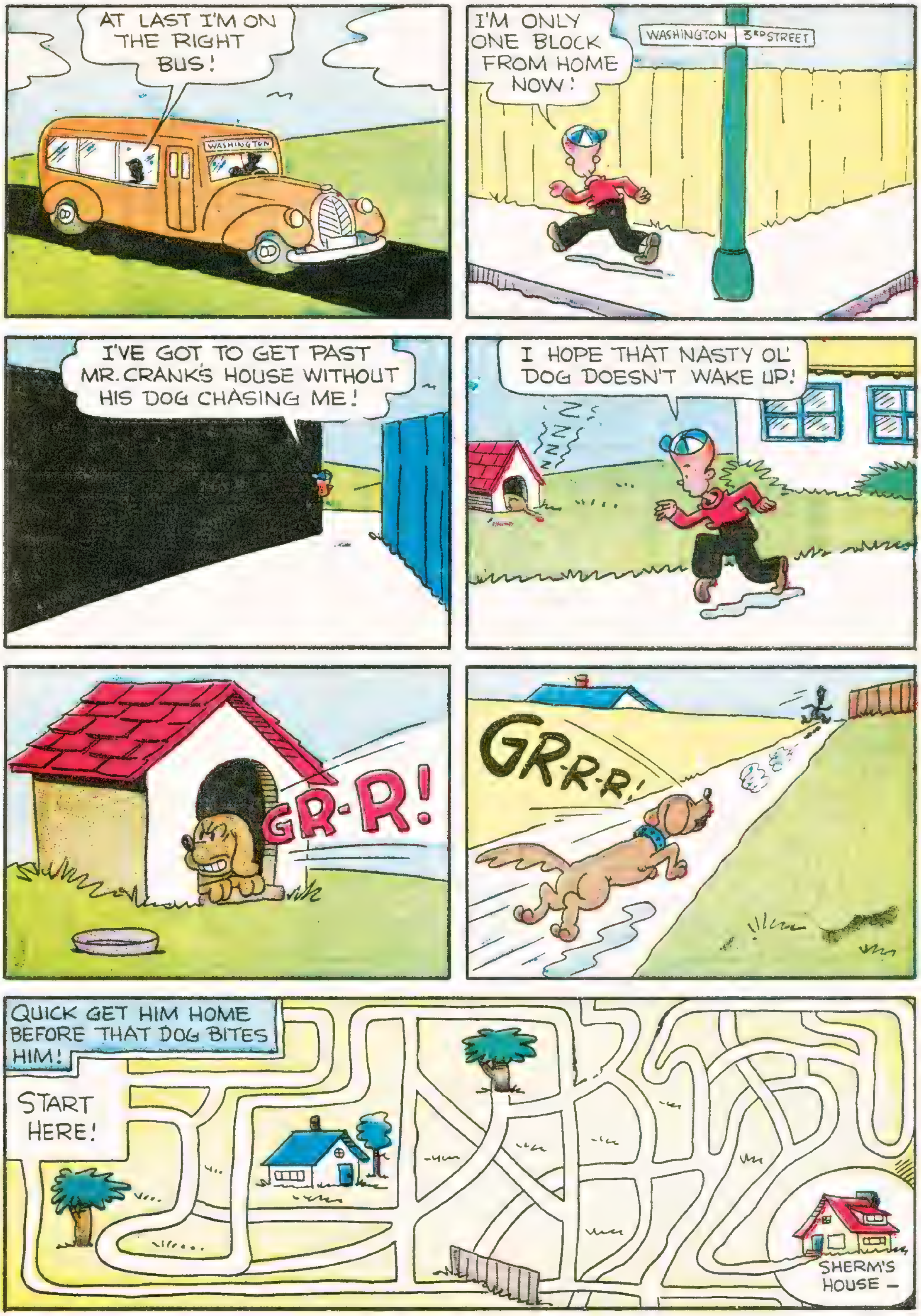

SHERM
IN
"THE LONG WAY HOME!"
SHERMAN, YOUR MOTHER CALLED--- IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GO HOME!
OKAY, MRS. TWEE!
THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH LIFE .... THERE'S ALWAYS SOME PLACE TO GO!!
HELLO, LITTLE PUSSYCAT!
OH; DON'T RUN AWAY, PUSSY!
OH! I CHASED THE PUSSY AND NOW I'M LOST!
BEFORE WE CAN GO ON WITH OUR STORY, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET SHERM BACK ON THE RIGHT TRAIL –
START HERE
DARN! HE ESCAPED AGAIN!

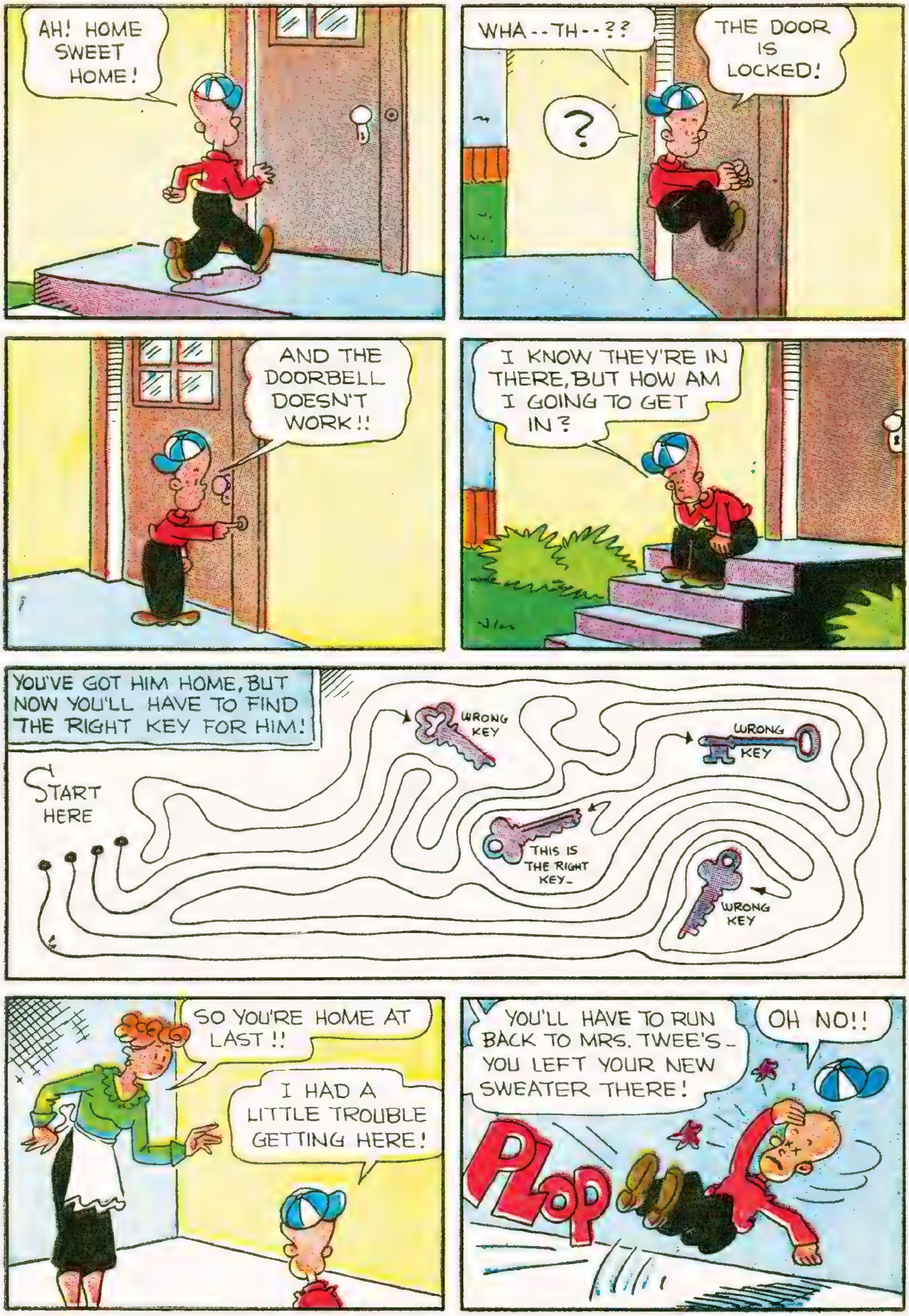


WOW!! THANK GOODNESS I FOUND MY WAY BACK HERE!
I'D BETTER GET GOING!! I'M LATE NOW!
LITTLE BOY, COME HERE!
MEAT
HUH? WHO ME?
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE A DIME?
OH, BOY!! I'D LIKE THAT!
DELIVER THIS PACKAGE TO MRS. JONES ON RIVER STREET!
OKAY— THAT'S A CINCH!
GOSH!?! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE RIVER STREET IS!!
?
?
?
?
I'LL NEVER GET HOME FOR DINNER!
COME ON LET'S HELP SHERM FIND RIVER STREET
START HERE
RIVER STREET


HERE'S A PACKAGE FOR YOU, MRS. JONES!
NOW I AM LATE GETTING HOME!
GEE...I COULD SAVE A LOT OF TIME IF I CUT THROUGH THE SWAMP!
EVERYONE SAYS IT'S DANGEROUS TO GO THROUGH THE SWAMP!
GOSH! IT IS KINDA SPOOKY IN HERE!
WAH!!
I'M LOST!!
EVERY DIRECTION LOOKS THE SAME!
WOW! YOU'D BETTER GET HIM OUT OF THIS SWAMP FAST OR HE'LL NEVER GET HOME!!
START HERE
OUT OF THE SWAMP


IT'S A GOOD THING I HAD HELP OR I'D STILL BE IN THERE!
IF I'M GOING TO GET HOME, I'D BETTER TAKE A BUS!!
S CO.
WHEN DO WE GET TO WASHINGTON AVENUE?
HUH?
HA! HA! WASHINGTON AVENUE! YOU WERE ON THE WRONG BUS--
?
?
FOLLOW THE LINES AND FIND THE WASHINGTON AVENUE BUS FOR SHERM-
START HERE
SOUTH ST.
NORTH ST.
WASHINGTON AVE.
MAIN ST.


AT LAST I'M ON THE RIGHT BUS!
WASHINGTON
I'M ONLY ONE BLOCK FROM HOME NOW!
WASHINGTON
3RD STREET
I'VE GOT TO GET PAST MR. CRANK'S HOUSE WITHOUT HIS DOG CHASING ME!
I HOPE THAT NASTY OL' DOG DOESN'T WAKE UP!
GR-R!
GR-R-R!
QUICK GET HIM HOME BEFORE THAT DOG BITES HIM!
START HERE!
SHERM'S HOUSE


AH! HOME SWEET HOME!
WHA--TH--??
THE DOOR IS LOCKED!
?
AND THE DOORBELL DOESN'T WORK!!
I KNOW THEY'RE IN THERE, BUT HOW AM I GOING TO GET IN?
YOU'VE GOT HIM HOME, BUT NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND THE RIGHT KEY FOR HIM!
START HERE
WRONG KEY
WRONG KEY
THIS IS THE RIGHT KEY_
WRONG KEY
SO YOU'RE HOME AT LAST!!
I HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE GETTING HERE!
YOU'LL HAVE TO RUN BACK TO MRS. TWEE'S_ YOU LEFT YOUR NEW SWEATER THERE!
OH NO!!
PLOP

(Continued from inside front cover)

HORSE TALE

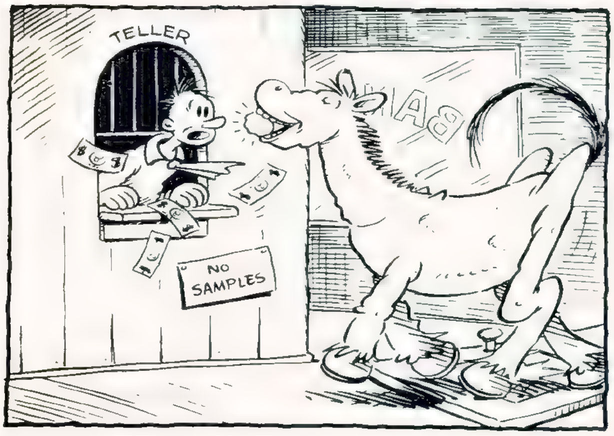
"GOOD FOR ANYTHING!" cried the gopher, excitedly. "Why, the two-legged people would go wild over a piece of gold this size!"

"What'll I do with it?" muttered Horatio as he picked it up again in his mouth.

"Take it to town. Take it to a bank like those people do. They'll give you money for it."

This sounded like good advice so Horatio trotted down the trail from the plateau and headed for the town on the edge of the desert. "I wonder what money is?" he said to himself as he approached the town's only bank. "The way friend gopher acted, I'll bet it is good to eat."

At first, Horatio had a little trouble getting the bank door open but after he had turned around and kicked it off its hinges, he en-



tered the bank and trotted over to the lone teller's window. At first, the teller was a little surprised to see a horse enter the bank but when Horatio plopped the large nugget down on the counter, the teller forgot all about his being a horse and gave him a stack of paper money for it.

Horatio trotted out of the bank and was quite unaware of the big stir he had created in the small town. The teller began to tell people about the horse and the gold and everyone started out to follow the horse to see where he went so they could find some gold for themselves.

When Horatio got back to the plateau he tried eating the paper money but he found that it wasn't half as good as the green grass and besides it gave him a tummy-ache. When he had chewed up the last five hundred dollar bill he felt so poorly that he decided to take a nap.

He slept for several hours and when he awoke he thought he was having a nightmare for his beautiful plateau was full of big ugly holes and in each hole was a man people digging for gold.

"Oh! Look at my plateau. I'll never be able to run around in circles again."

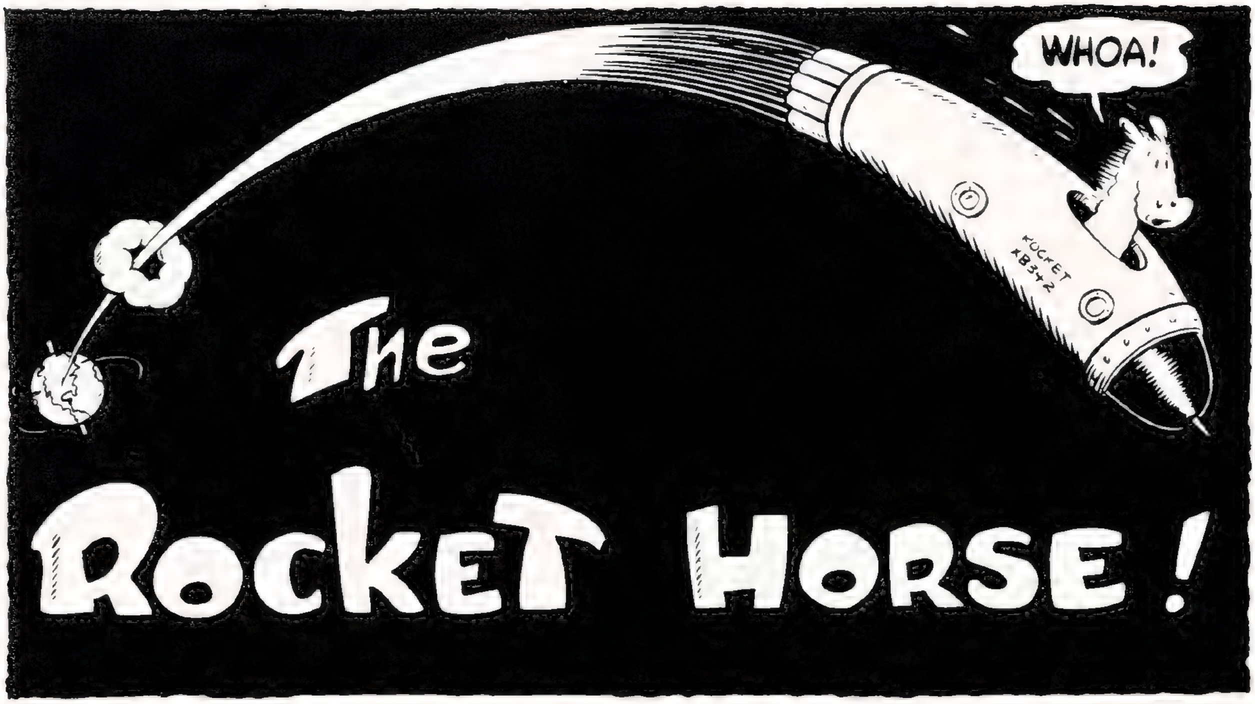
One of the men people digging near him came over and slapped him with his shovel and told him to move over because he wanted

to dig there. This was too much for Horatio. He left the plateau and went back to the desert and his mother.

Horatio soon got used to his new life on the desert. He forgot all about his old plateau, but any time somebody mentioned gold or money, he would rear up and the biggest horse laugh you ever heard would roll across the desert.

POPEYE
YA HAS CLEAN CLOTHES ON SO I AM GOING TO TIE YOU TO THIS POLE SO YOU WON'T GET DIRTY WHILE I YAM IN THE STORE!
!
THAT'S THE PLACE, SAM!
THIS IS ONE TIME HE WON'T GET DIRTY!
FISH MARKET
COAL
OKAY — BACK UP!!
?
LET'S DUMP IT!
COAL
CLICK
!
OAL
?
COME ON LET'S GET THIS STUFF SHOVEL-ED INTO THE BASE-MENT!
?
AWK!
NO! NO! NO!! IT CAN'T BE!!!
HOW DOES YA DO IT?
?
?
?
?
I HASN'T MOVED!

Popeye #23, January-March 1953



Arthur was a fine specimen of a horse. He wasn't too large, but what he lacked in size he made up in horse sense and strong horse muscles.

For over a year, Arthur had lived in a large field next to a steel building from which thunderous noises were heard night and day. He often wondered what the human people were making in the large shed, but, as there was a wire fence between him and the noise factory, he never got a chance to sneak a look through any of the windows. Arthur had nerves of steel and the noise never bothered him. As a matter of fact, he liked the noise because all of the other animals, especially the lazy cows and pigs, were frightened of it and never came near the place. This left all of the grass in that part of the field to Arthur.

One morning, as Arthur was working his way along the fence eating his breakfast, he suddenly became aware of the stillness of the building on the other side of the fence.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed to himself. "What's going on? The noise has stopped. It's the first time in a year that it has been quiet around here."

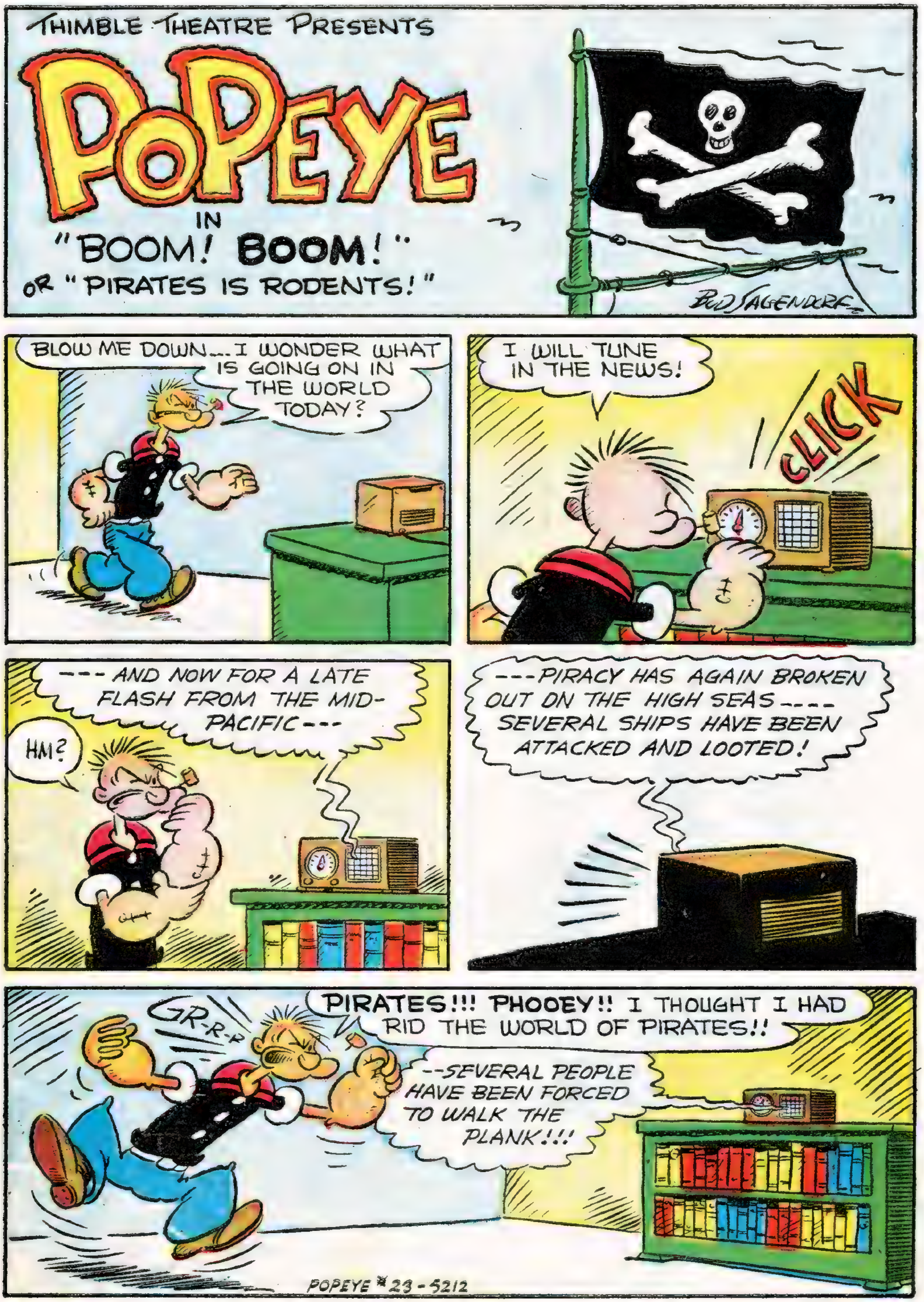
As Arthur watched through the fence, the whole end of the building opened up and the human people began to push a huge machine out into the yard.

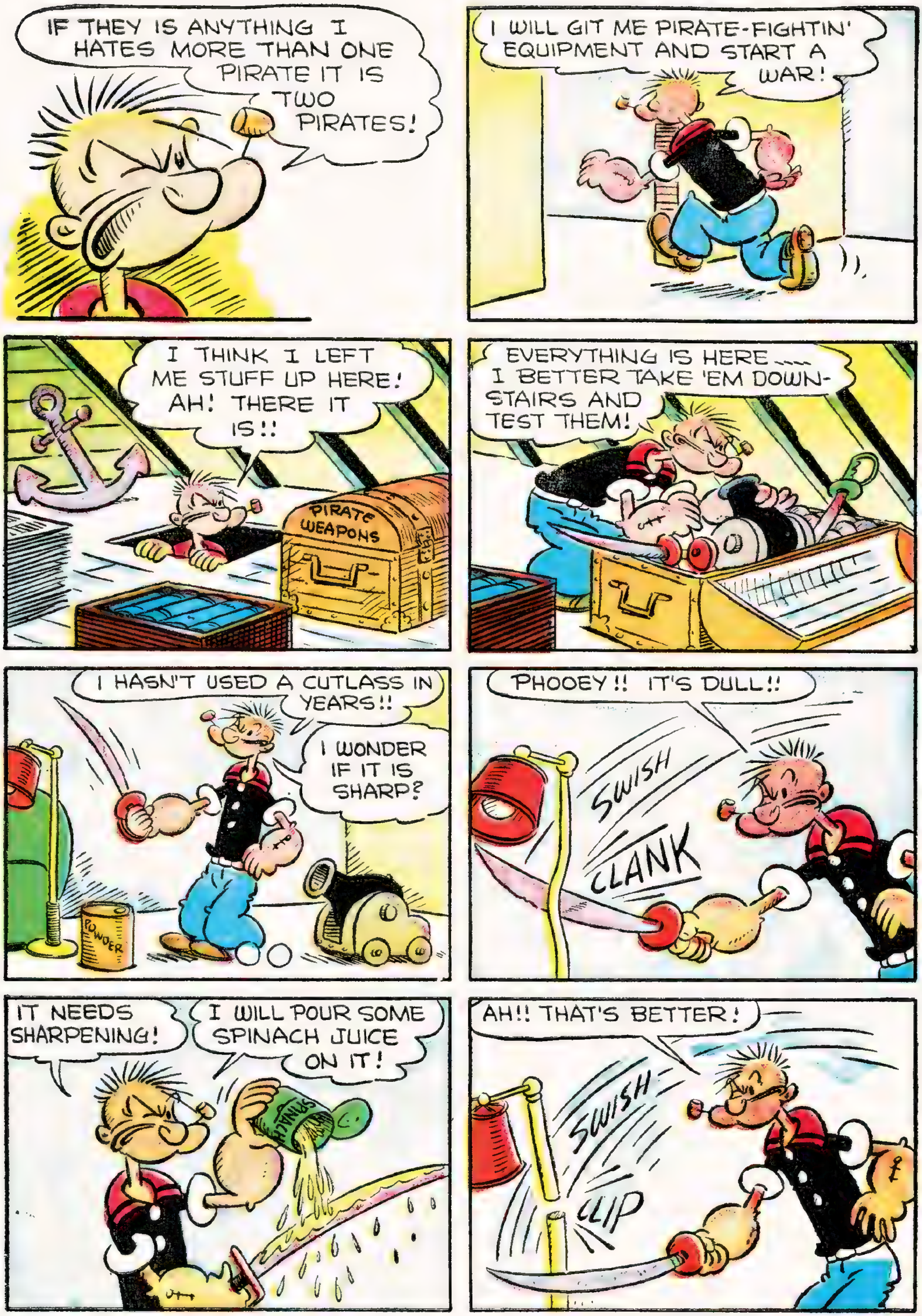
"Wow!" yelped Arthur, as he got a good look at the whole machine. "What a big cigar. So that's what they have been making."

As soon as the cigar-shaped machine was clear of the building, the men hooked cranes to it and lifted it up on end. Arthur was fascinated with the whole proceedings and even forgot to eat as he watched the human people rush hither and thither, as if they were in a great hurry about something.

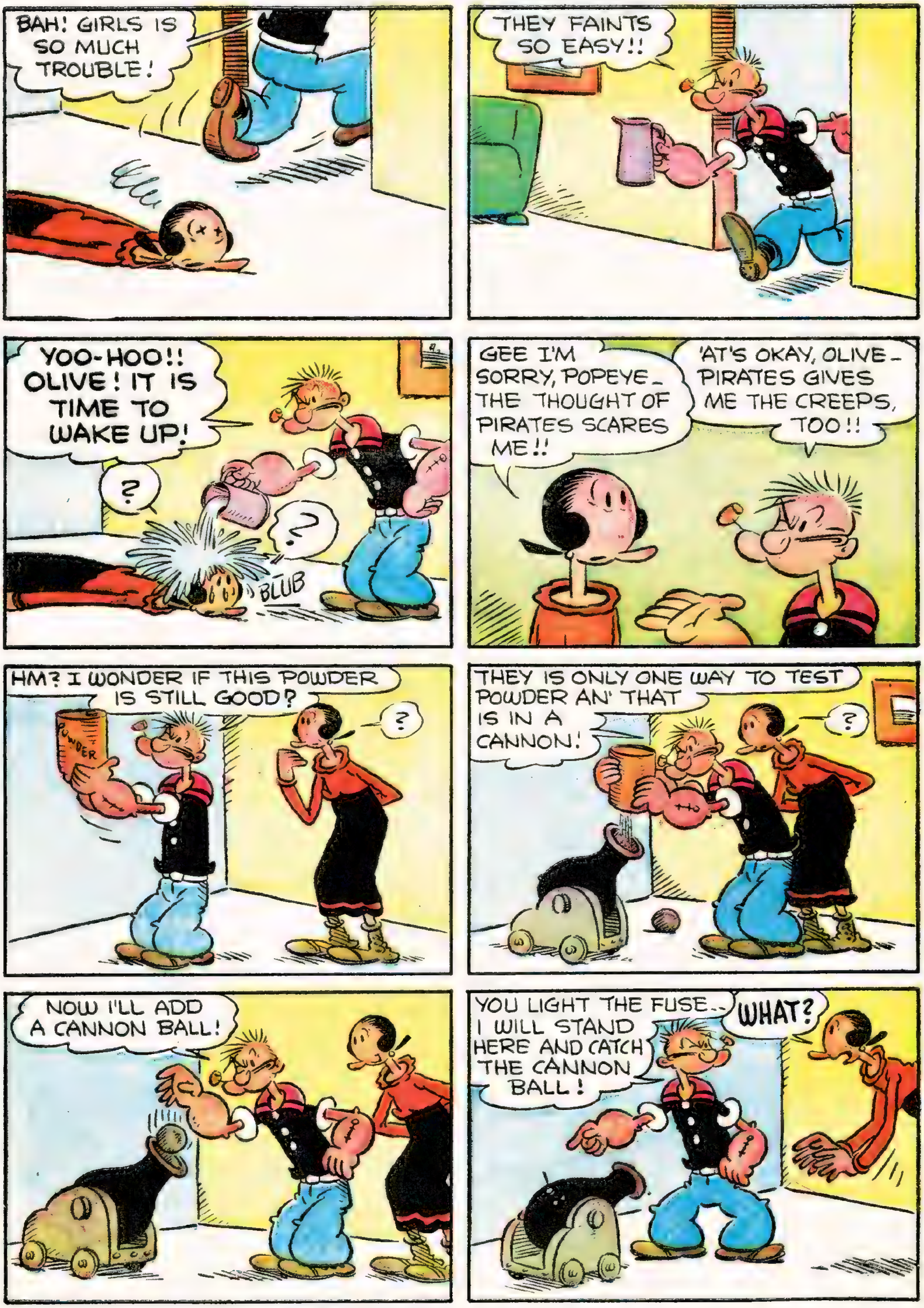
Suddenly Arthur noticed the boss of the men—he knew he was the boss because he yelled the loudest—pointing in his direction and talking to two other men. The two men started walking in Arthur's direction. They opened a gate in the fence and, before Arthur knew what was happening, one of them had tossed a rope around his neck and they led him over to the boss of the large cigar.

(Continued on inside back cover)

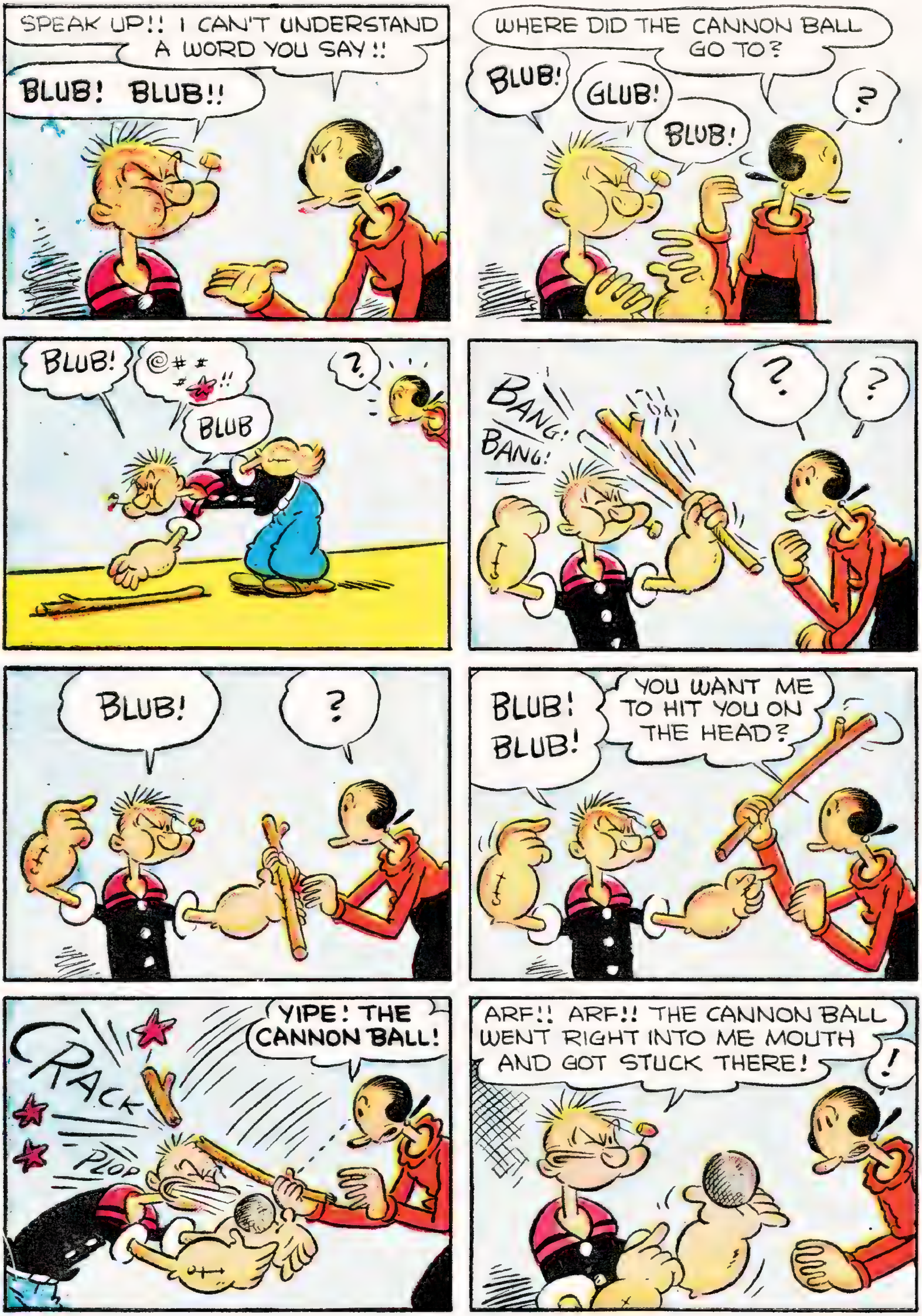

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
IN
"BOOM! BOOM!"
OR "PIRATES IS RODENTS!"
BUD SAGENDORF
BLOW ME DOWN... I WONDER WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD TODAY?
I WILL TUNE IN THE NEWS!
CLICK
---AND NOW FOR A LATE FLASH FROM THE MID-PACIFIC---
HM?
---PIRACY HAS AGAIN BROKEN OUT ON THE HIGH SEAS---- SEVERAL SHIPS HAVE BEEN ATTACKED AND LOOTED!
GR-R-R
PIRATES!!! PHOOEY!! I THOUGHT I HAD RID THE WORLD OF PIRATES!!
--SEVERAL PEOPLE HAVE BEEN FORCED TO WALK THE PLANK!!!
POPEYE #23-5212

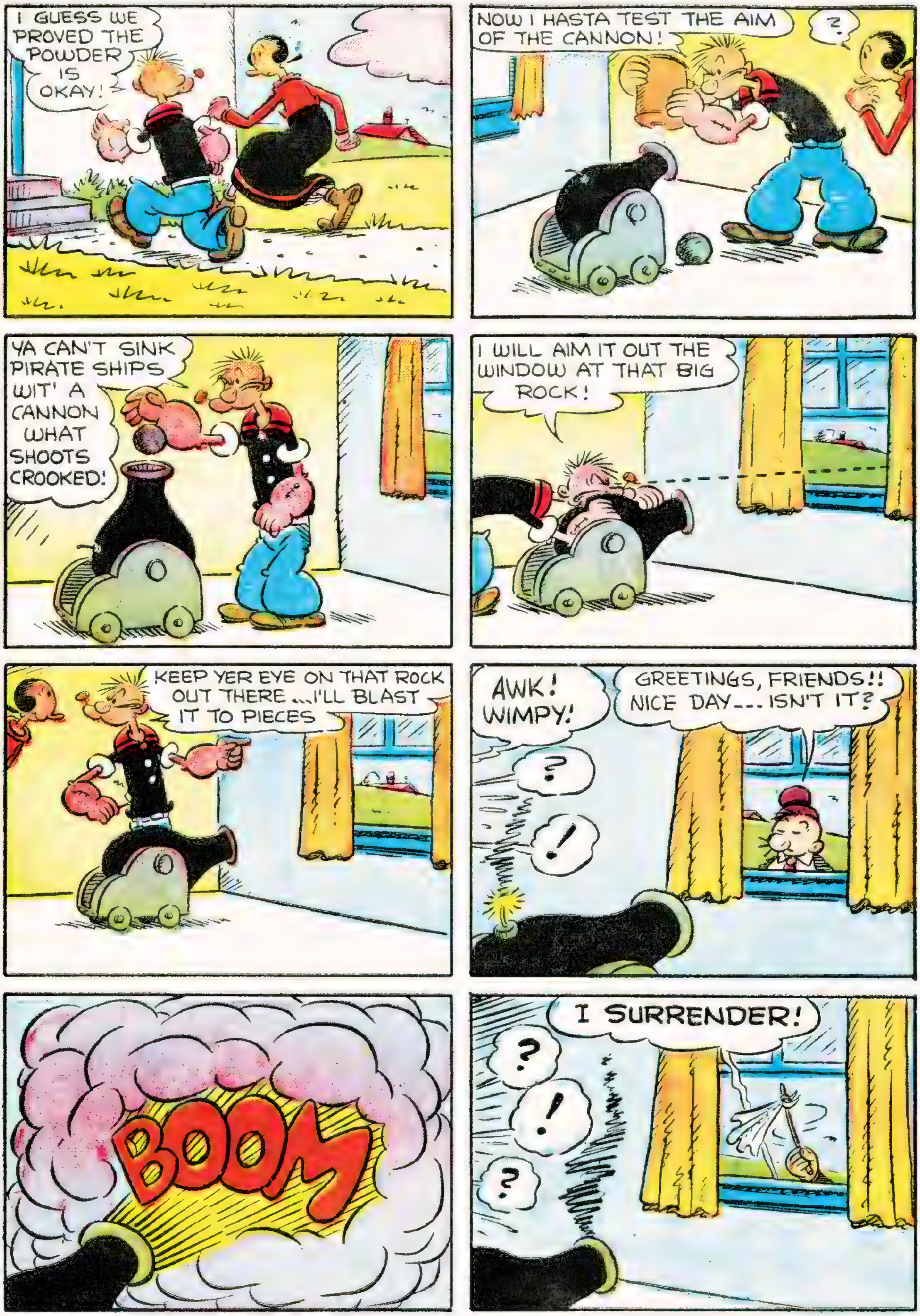

IF THEY IS ANYTHING I HATES MORE THAN ONE PIRATE IT IS TWO PIRATES!
I WILL GIT ME PIRATE-FIGHTIN' EQUIPMENT AND START A WAR!
I THINK I LEFT ME STUFF UP HERE! AH! THERE IT IS!!
PIRATE WEAPONS
EVERYTHING IS HERE.... I BETTER TAKE 'EM DOWN-STAIRS AND TEST THEM!
I HASN'T USED A CUTLASS IN YEARS!!
I WONDER IF IT IS SHARP?
POWDER
PHOOEY!! IT'S DULL!!
SWISH
CLANK
IT NEEDS SHARPENING!
I WILL POUR SOME SPINACH JUICE ON IT!
SPINACH
AH!! THAT'S BETTER!
SWISH
CLIP

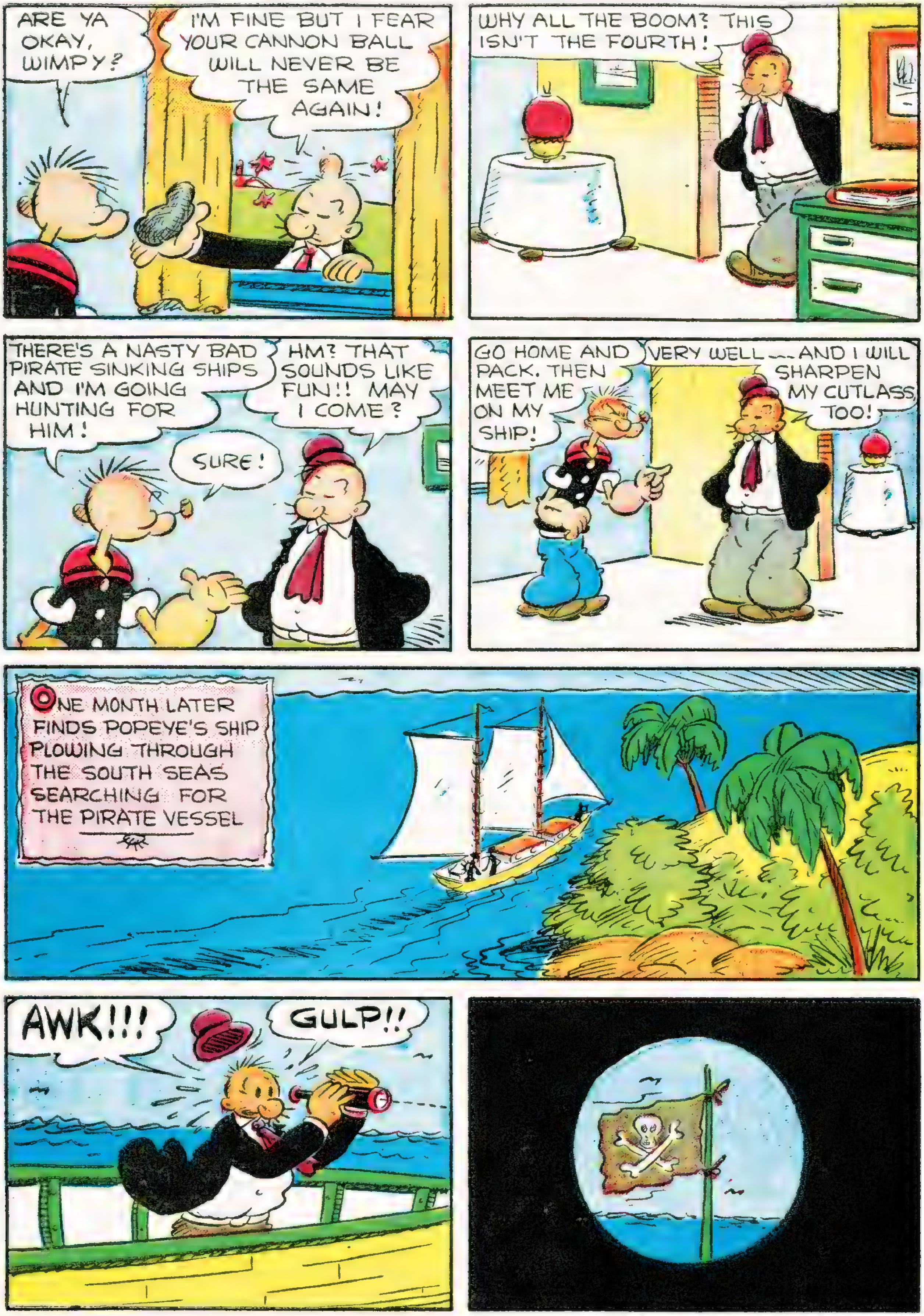
I WONDER WHAT MY SAILOR BOY IS DOING TODAY?
HELLO, POPEYE--
AHOY, OLIVE!
POPEYE!?! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE WEAPONS?
I YAM GOING HUNTING!
HUNTING!! OH GOODY!! I LOVE HUNTING! CAN I GO WITH YOU?
SURE! IF YA WANTS TO!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO HUNT-- DUCKS?
NAW! PIRATES!!
PIRATES?!? AWK! (GULP!)
PLOP!
OH, MY GORSH!! I FERGOT---- SHE'S SCARED OF PIRATES AND FAINTS EVERY TIME SHE HEARS THE WORD PIRATE!

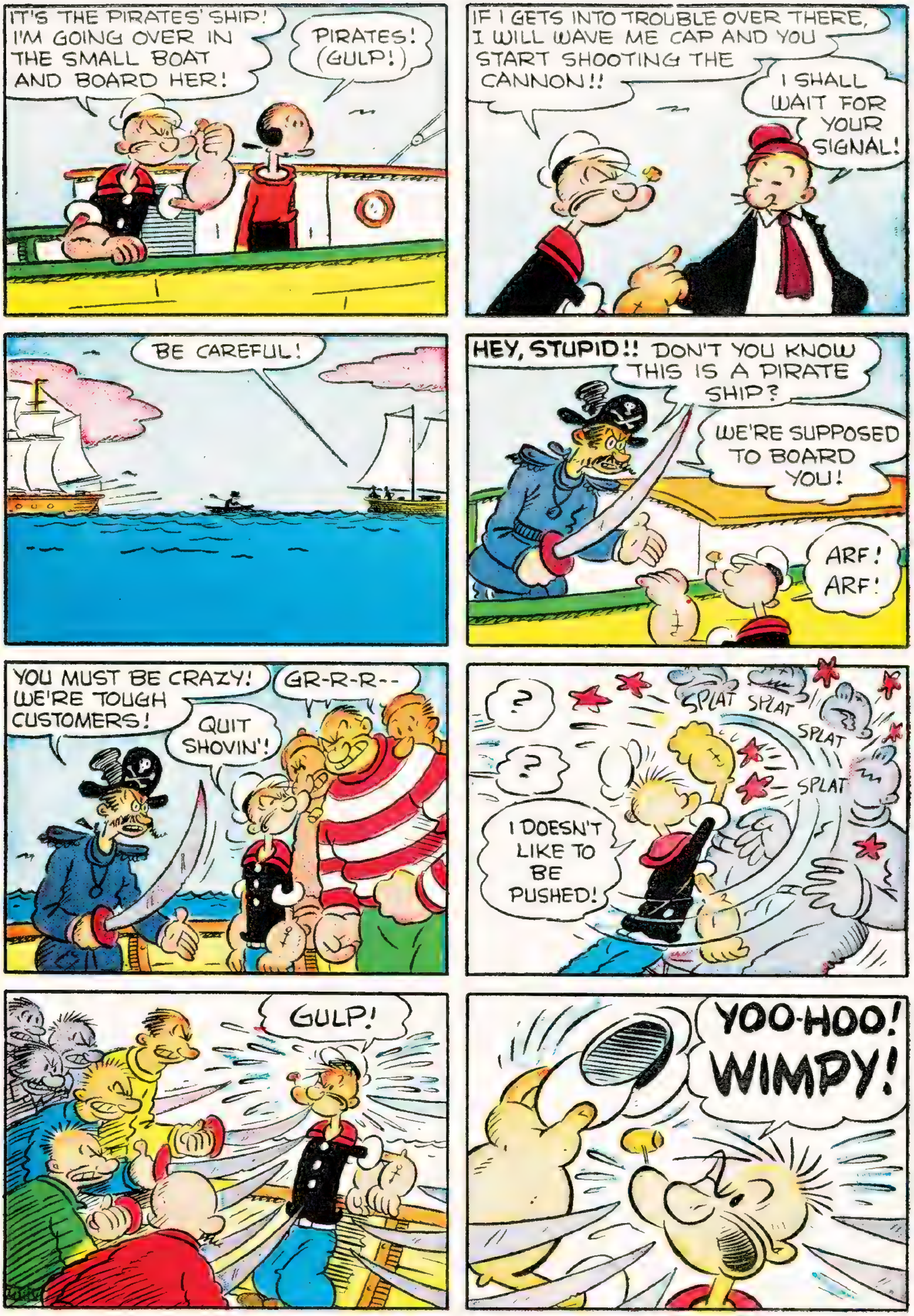

BAH! GIRLS IS SO MUCH TROUBLE!
THEY FAINTS SO EASY!!
YOO-HOO!! OLIVE! IT IS TIME TO WAKE UP!
?
?
BLUB
GEE I'M SORRY, POPEYE_ THE THOUGHT OF PIRATES SCARES ME!!
'AT'S OKAY, OLIVE_ PIRATES GIVES ME THE CREEPS, TOO!!
HM? I WONDER IF THIS POWDER IS STILL GOOD?
POWDER
?
THEY IS ONLY ONE WAY TO TEST POWDER AN' THAT IS IN A CANNON!
?
NOW I'LL ADD A CANNON BALL!
YOU LIGHT THE FUSE.. I WILL STAND HERE AND CATCH THE CANNON BALL!
WHAT?

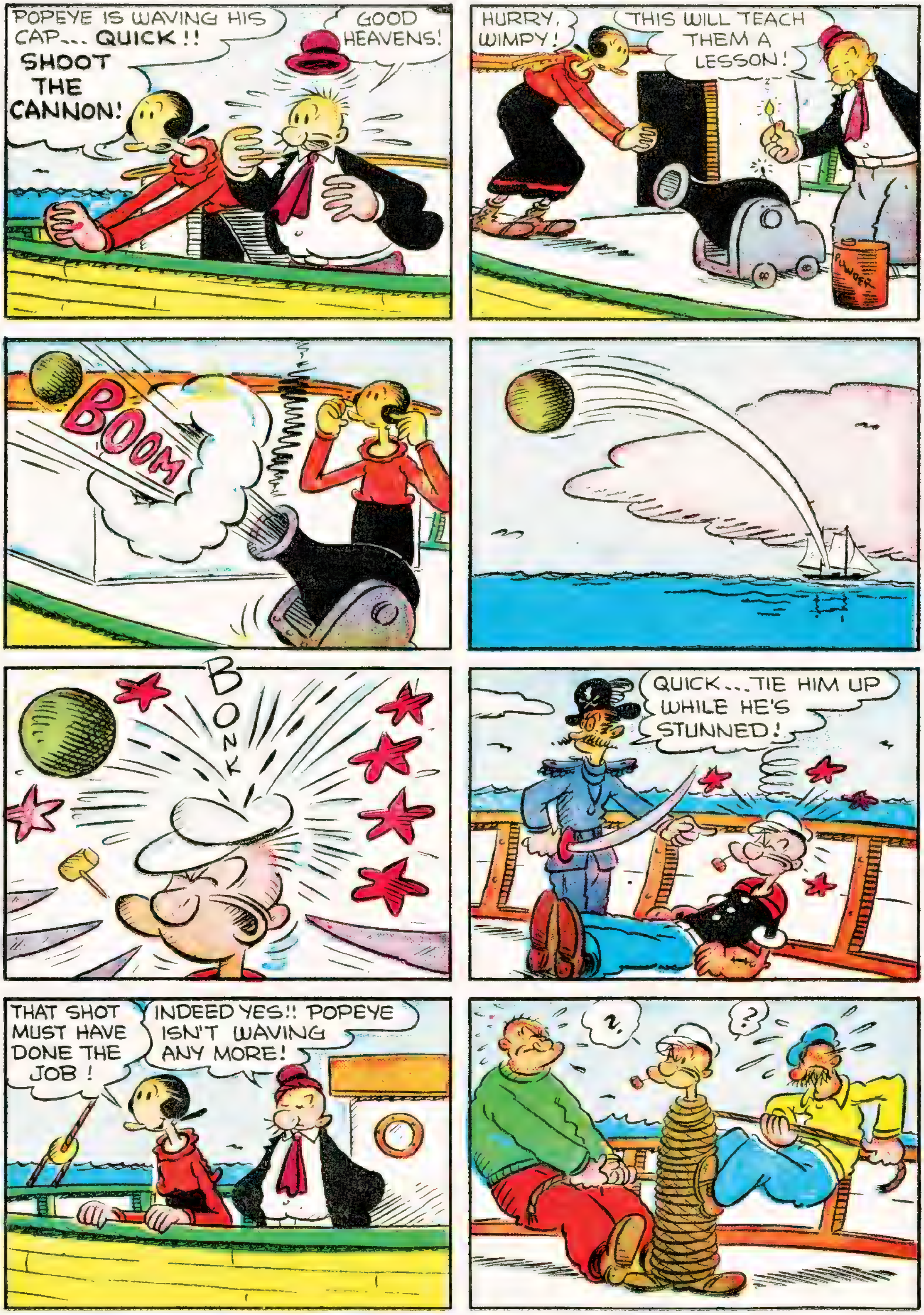
IF YOU STAND THERE YOU'LL GET SHOT!!
OF COURSE!
THE ONLY WAY TO TEST THE POWDER IS TO SEE HOW HARD IT CAN SHOOT
NOW STOP WORRYING-
LIGHT THE FUSE!
OKAY... IF YOU INSIST!
I YAM READY!
BZ-Z
BOOM
OH! MY POOR SAILOR BOY!
POPEYE!! ARE YOU OKAY?
GOOD HEAVENS?!? WHAT'S WRONG?
BLUB!
GLUB!

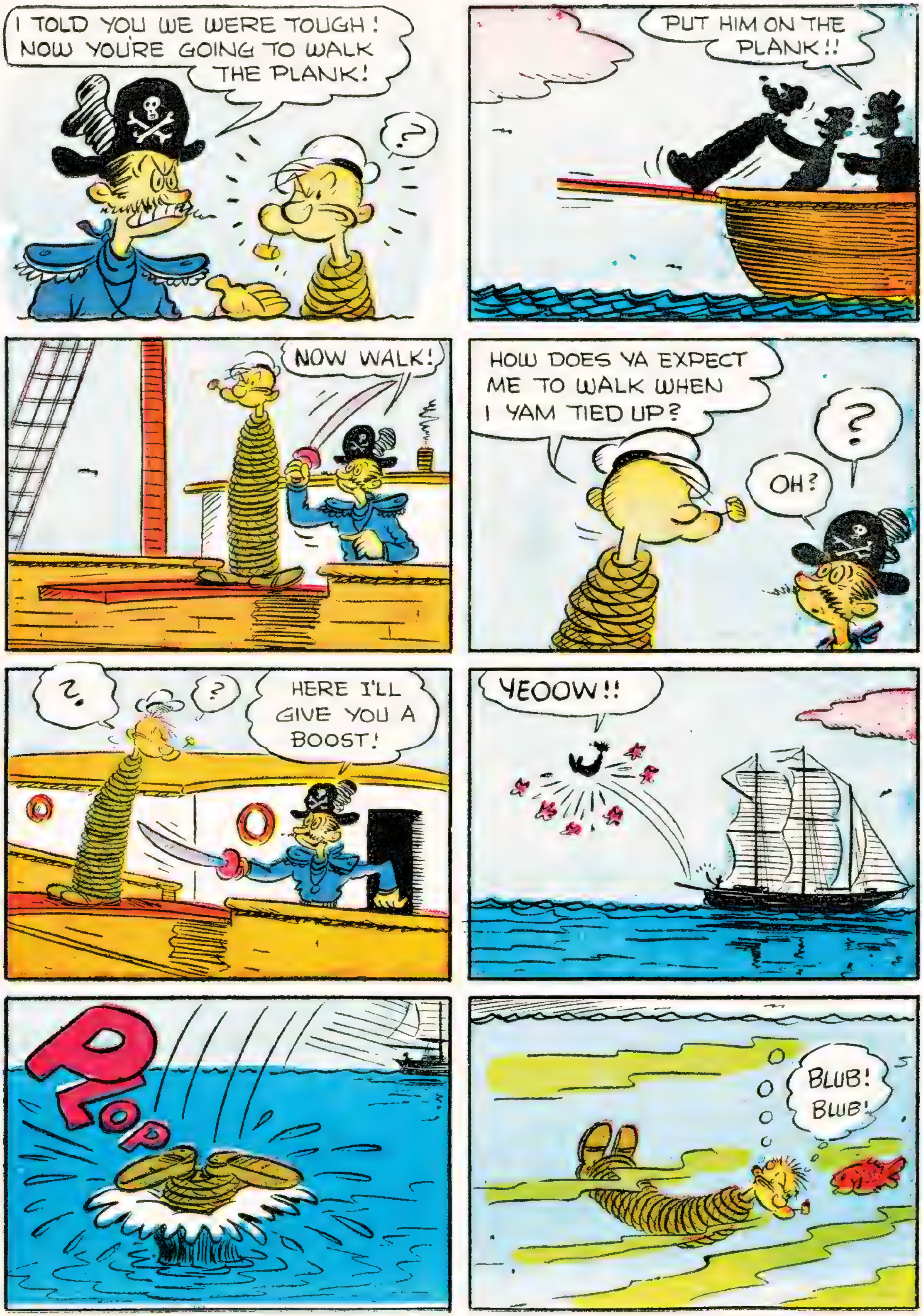

SPEAK UP!! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU SAY!!
BLUB! BLUB!!
WHERE DID THE CANNON BALL GO TO?
BLUB!
GLUB!
BLUB!
?
BLUB!
BLUB
?
BANG! BANG!
?
?
BLUB!
?
BLUB! BLUB!
YOU WANT ME TO HIT YOU ON THE HEAD?
CRACK
PLOP
YIPE! THE CANNON BALL!
ARF!! ARF!! THE CANNON BALL WENT RIGHT INTO ME MOUTH AND GOT STUCK THERE!
!


I GUESS WE PROVED THE POWDER IS OKAY!
NOW I HASTA TEST THE AIM OF THE CANNON!
?
YA CAN'T SINK PIRATE SHIPS WIT' A CANNON WHAT SHOOTS CROOKED!
I WILL AIM IT OUT THE WINDOW AT THAT BIG ROCK!
KEEP YER EYE ON THAT ROCK OUT THERE....I'LL BLAST IT TO PIECES
AWK! WIMPY!
GREETINGS, FRIENDS!! NICE DAY--- ISN'T IT?
?
!
BOOM
I SURRENDER!
?
!
?

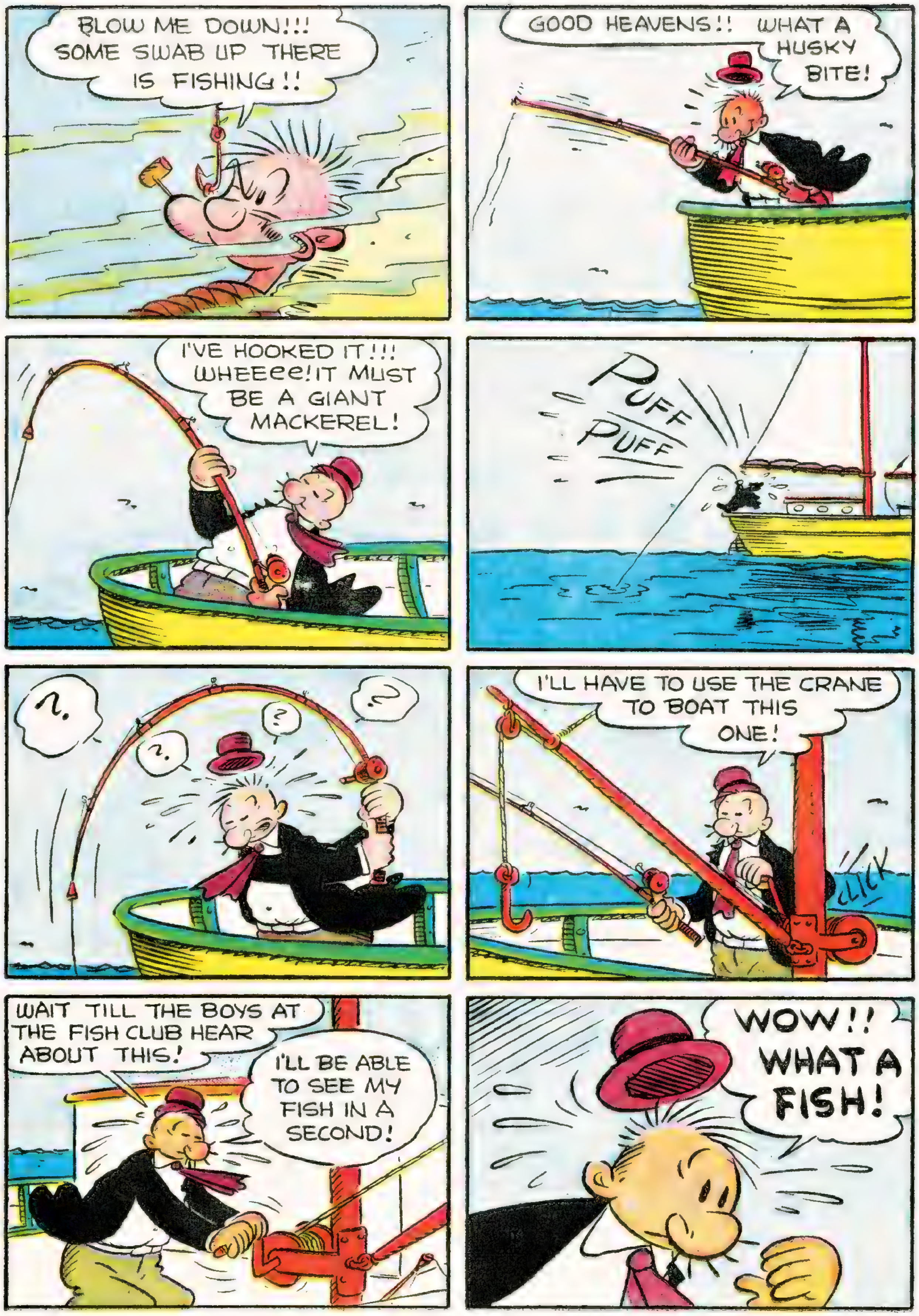

ARE YA OKAY, WIMPY?
I'M FINE BUT I FEAR YOUR CANNON BALL WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!
WHY ALL THE BOOM? THIS ISN'T THE FOURTH!
THERE'S A NASTY BAD PIRATE SINKING SHIPS AND I'M GOING HUNTING FOR HIM!
HM? THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUN!! MAY I COME?
SURE!
GO HOME AND PACK. THEN MEET ME ON MY SHIP!
VERY WELL --- AND I WILL SHARPEN MY CUTLASS, TOO!
ONE MONTH LATER FINDS POPEYE'S SHIP PLOWING THROUGH THE SOUTH SEAS SEARCHING FOR THE PIRATE VESSEL
AWK!!!
GULP!!

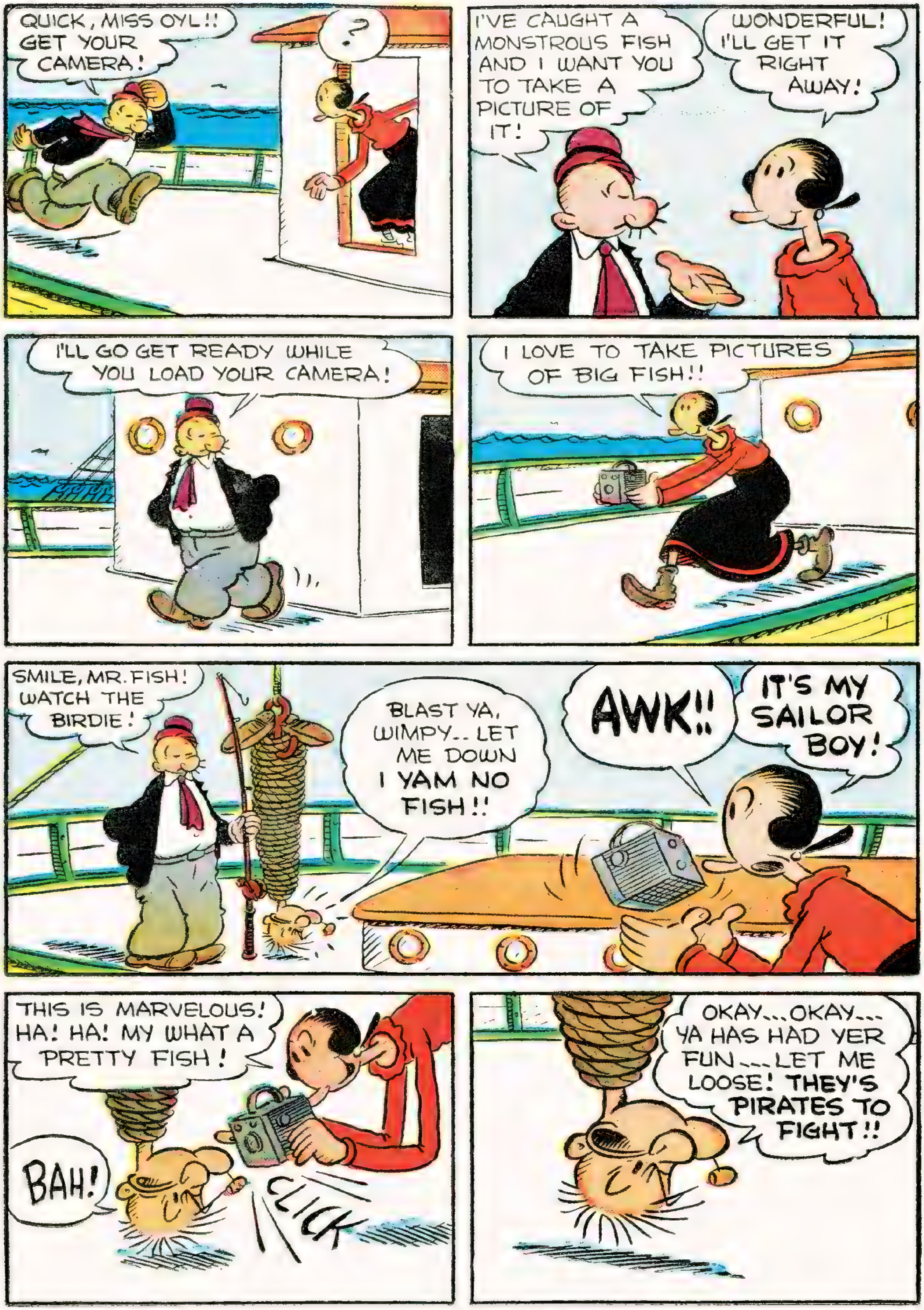

IT'S THE PIRATES' SHIP! I'M GOING OVER IN THE SMALL BOAT AND BOARD HER!
PIRATES! (GULP!)
IF I GETS INTO TROUBLE OVER THERE, I WILL WAVE ME CAP AND YOU START SHOOTING THE CANNON!!
I SHALL WAIT FOR YOUR SIGNAL!
BE CAREFUL!
HEY, STUPID!! DON'T YOU KNOW THIS IS A PIRATE SHIP?
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BOARD YOU!
ARF! ARF!
YOU MUST BE CRAZY! WE'RE TOUGH CUSTOMERS!
GR-R-R--
QUIT SHOVIN'!
?
?
SPLAT SPLAT
SPLAT
SPLAT
I DOESN'T LIKE TO BE PUSHED!
GULP!
YOO-HOO! WIMPY!

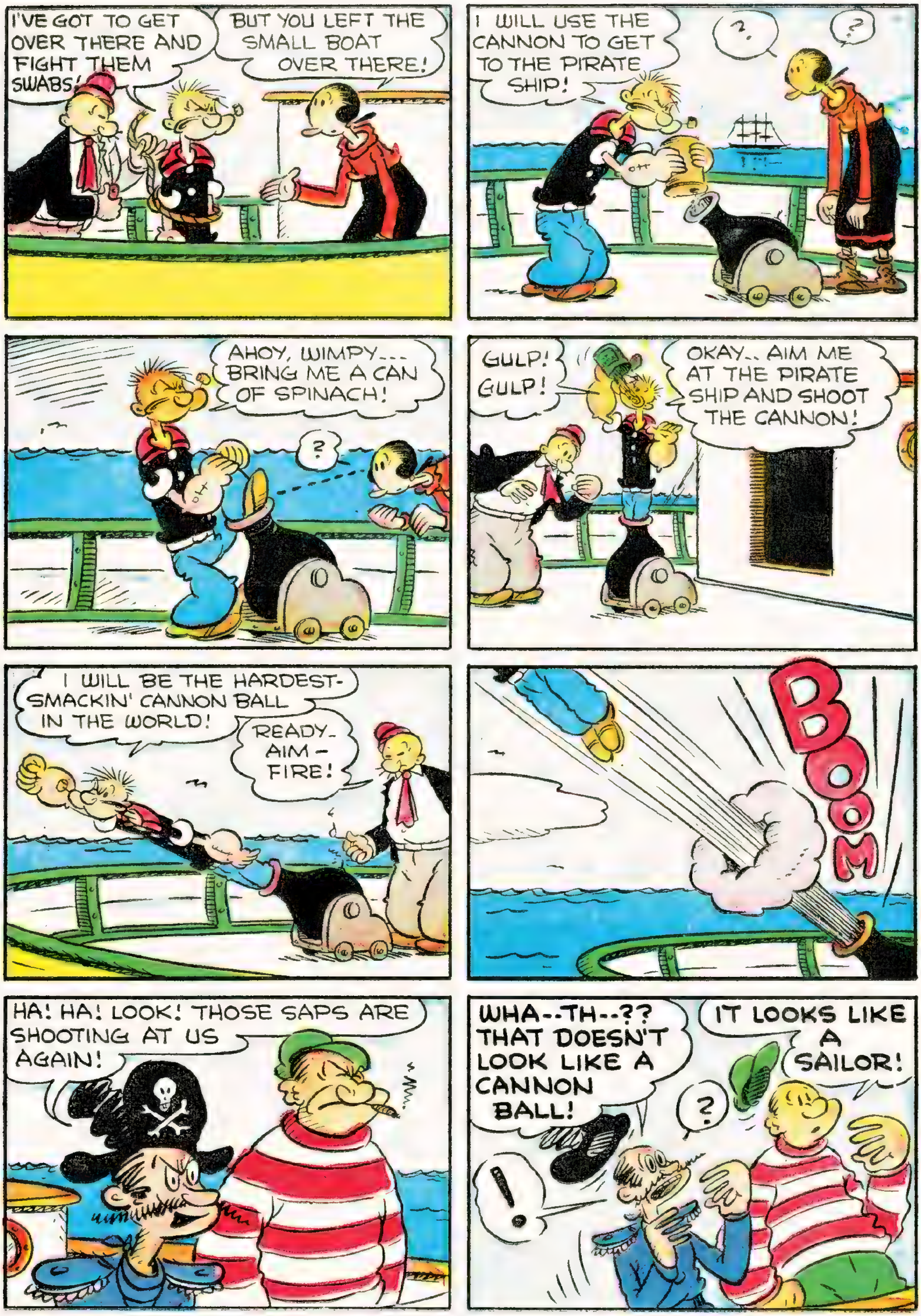

POPEYE IS WAVING HIS CAP... QUICK!! SHOOT THE CANNON!
GOOD HEAVENS!
HURRY, WIMPY!
THIS WILL TEACH THEM A LESSON!
POWDER
BOOM
BONK
QUICK...TIE HIM UP WHILE HE'S STUNNED!
THAT SHOT MUST HAVE DONE THE JOB!
INDEED YES!! POPEYE ISN'T WAVING ANY MORE!
?
?

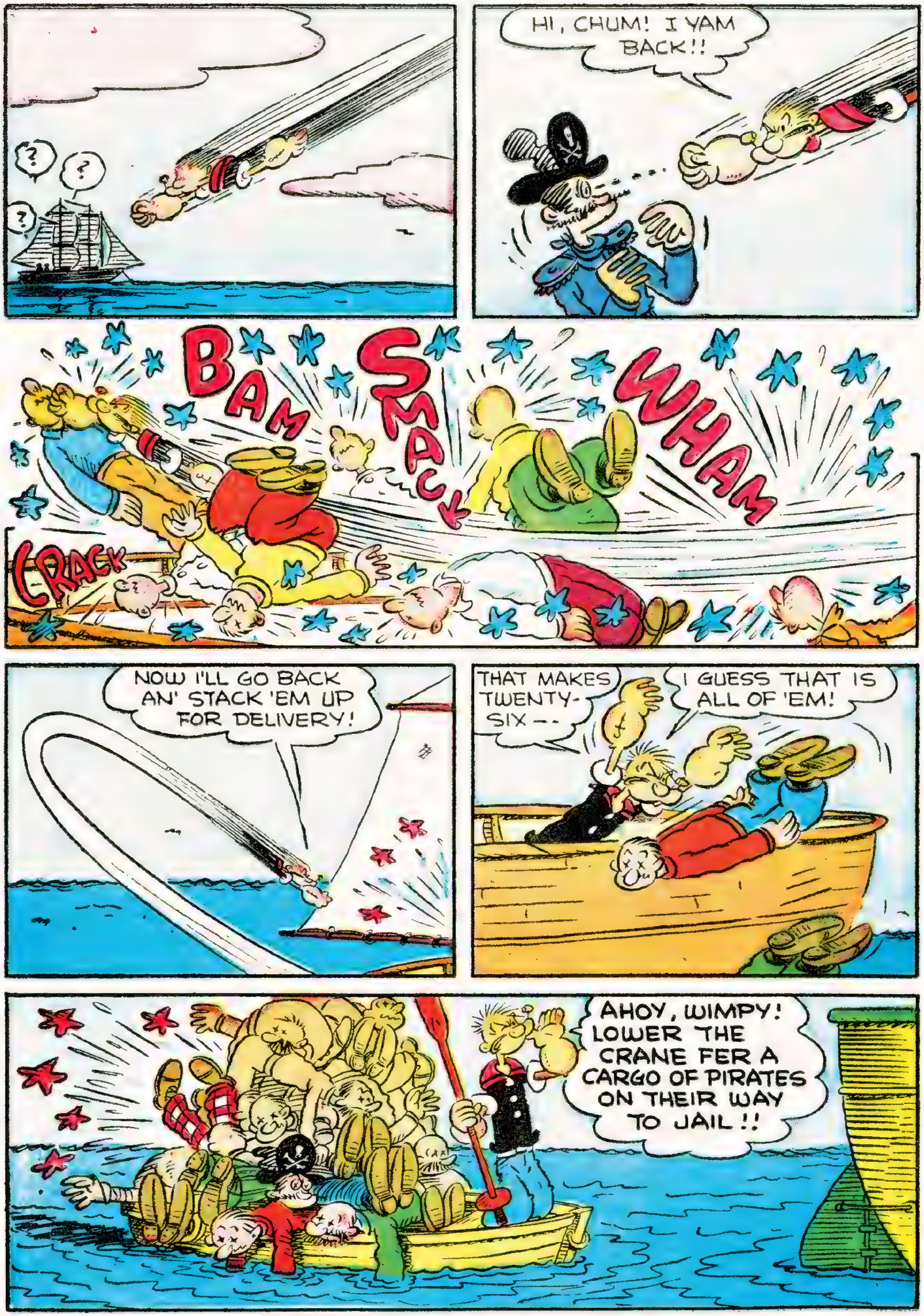

I TOLD YOU WE WERE TOUGH! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO WALK THE PLANK!
?
PUT HIM ON THE PLANK!!
NOW WALK!
HOW DOES YA EXPECT ME TO WALK WHEN I YAM TIED UP?
OH?
?
?
?
HERE I'LL GIVE YOU A BOOST!
YEOOW!!
PLOP
BLUB! BLUB!

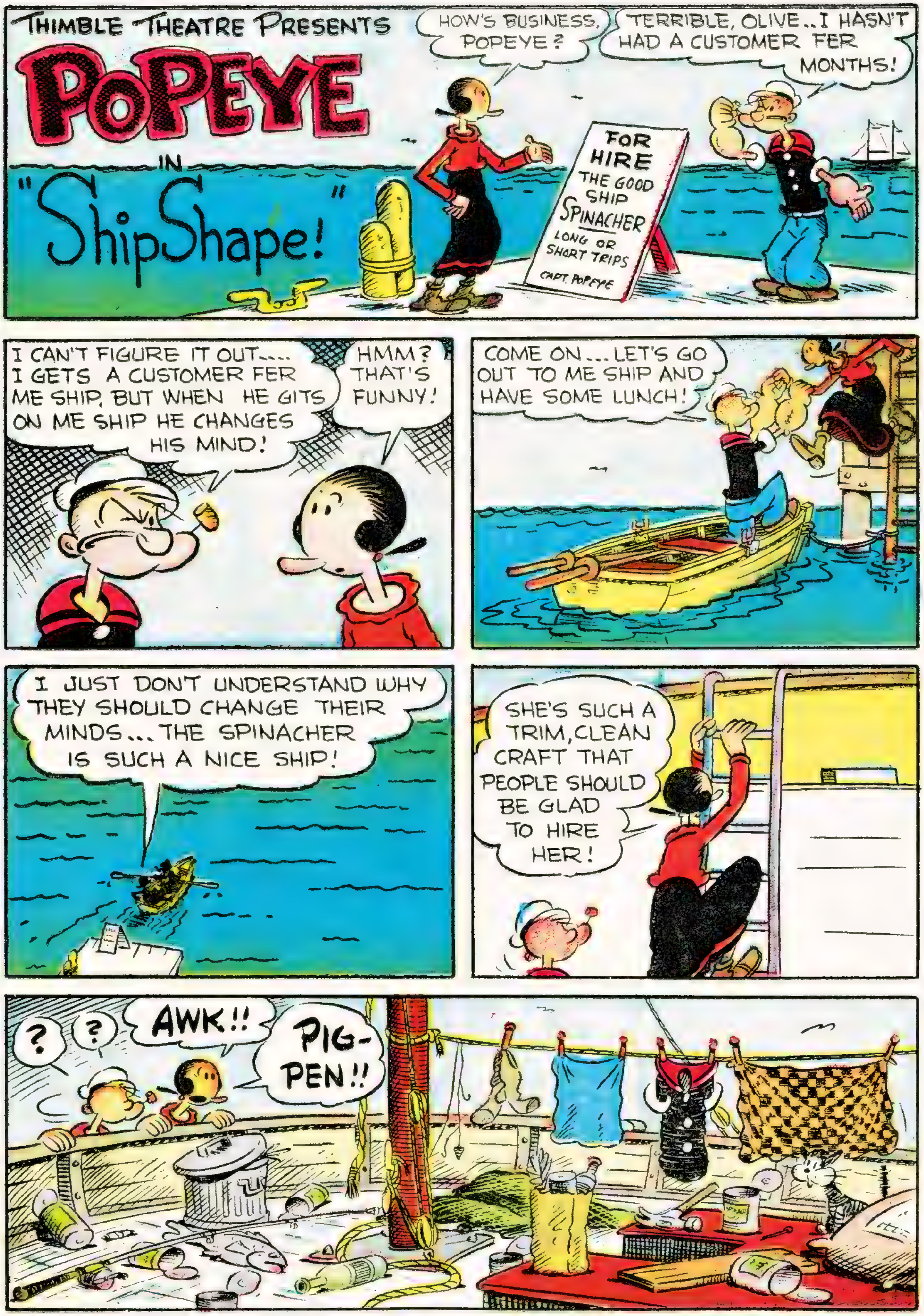
?
THIS IS ABOUT THE TOUGHEST SPOT I HAS EVER BEEN IN---
I WONDER WHY POPEYE IS STAYING SO LONG ABOARD THE PIRATE SHIP?
I'M SURE HE'S OKAY!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT FISH POLE?
ONE USUALLY FISHES WITH A FISH POLE!!
YOU CAD, WIMPY! POPEYE MIGHT BE IN DANGER AND ALL YOU DO IS GO FISHING!
PHOOEY TO YOU, MISS OYL!
POPEYE LIKES TO FIGHT PIRATES WHILE I MYSELF PREFER FISHING!
BAH!
CAD!
GR-R-R!
I WISH I COULD REACH ME MATCHES...I WOULD ENJOY SMOKIN' ME PIPE RIGHT NOW!
WHA-TH?
?

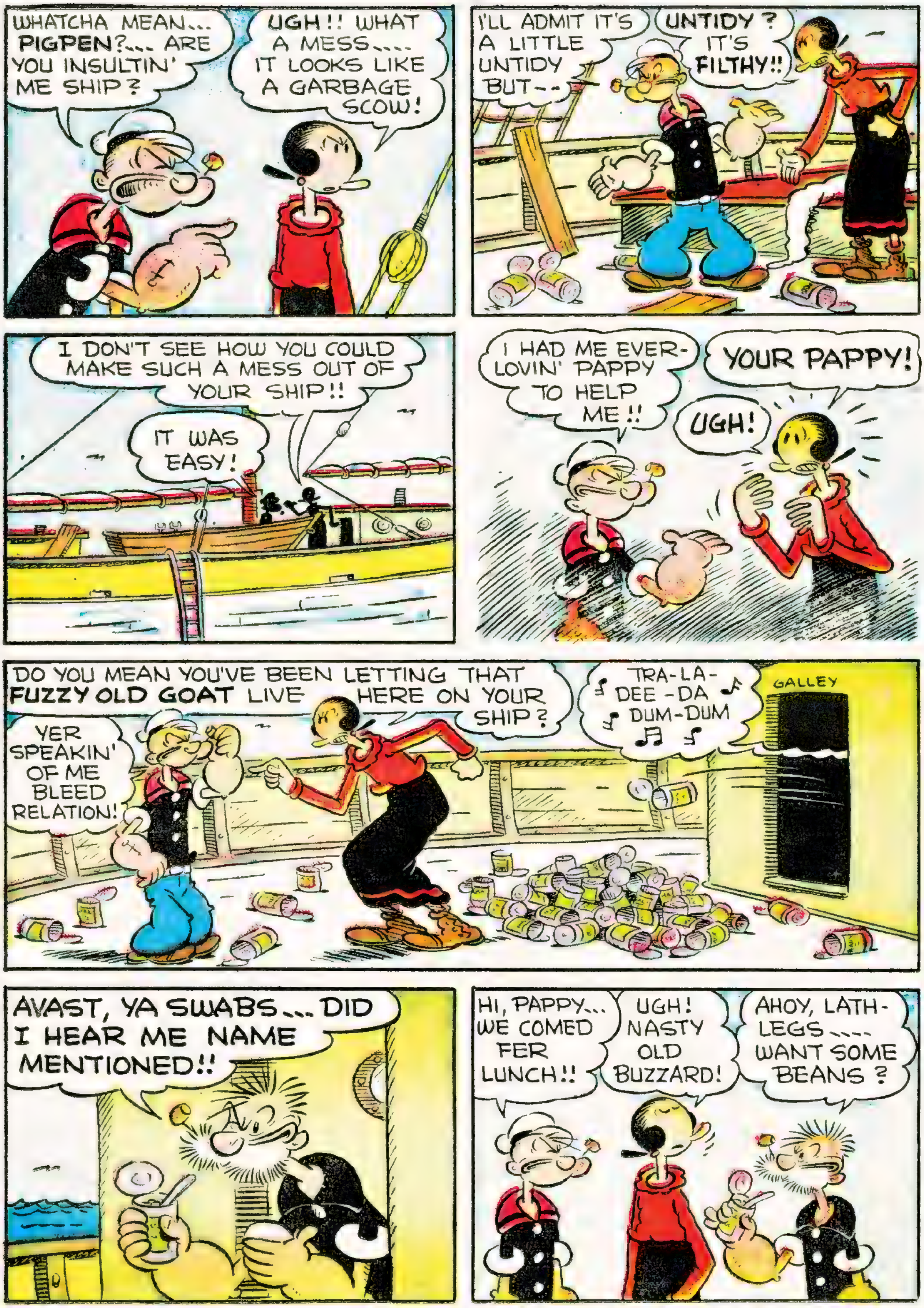

BLOW ME DOWN!!! SOME SWAB UP THERE IS FISHING!!
GOOD HEAVENS!! WHAT A HUSKY BITE!
I'VE HOOKED IT!!! WHEEEee! IT MUST BE A GIANT MACKEREL!
PUFF
PUFF
?
?
?
?
I'LL HAVE TO USE THE CRANE TO BOAT THIS ONE!
CLICK
WAIT TILL THE BOYS AT THE FISH CLUB HEAR ABOUT THIS!
I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE MY FISH IN A SECOND!
WOW!! WHAT A FISH!

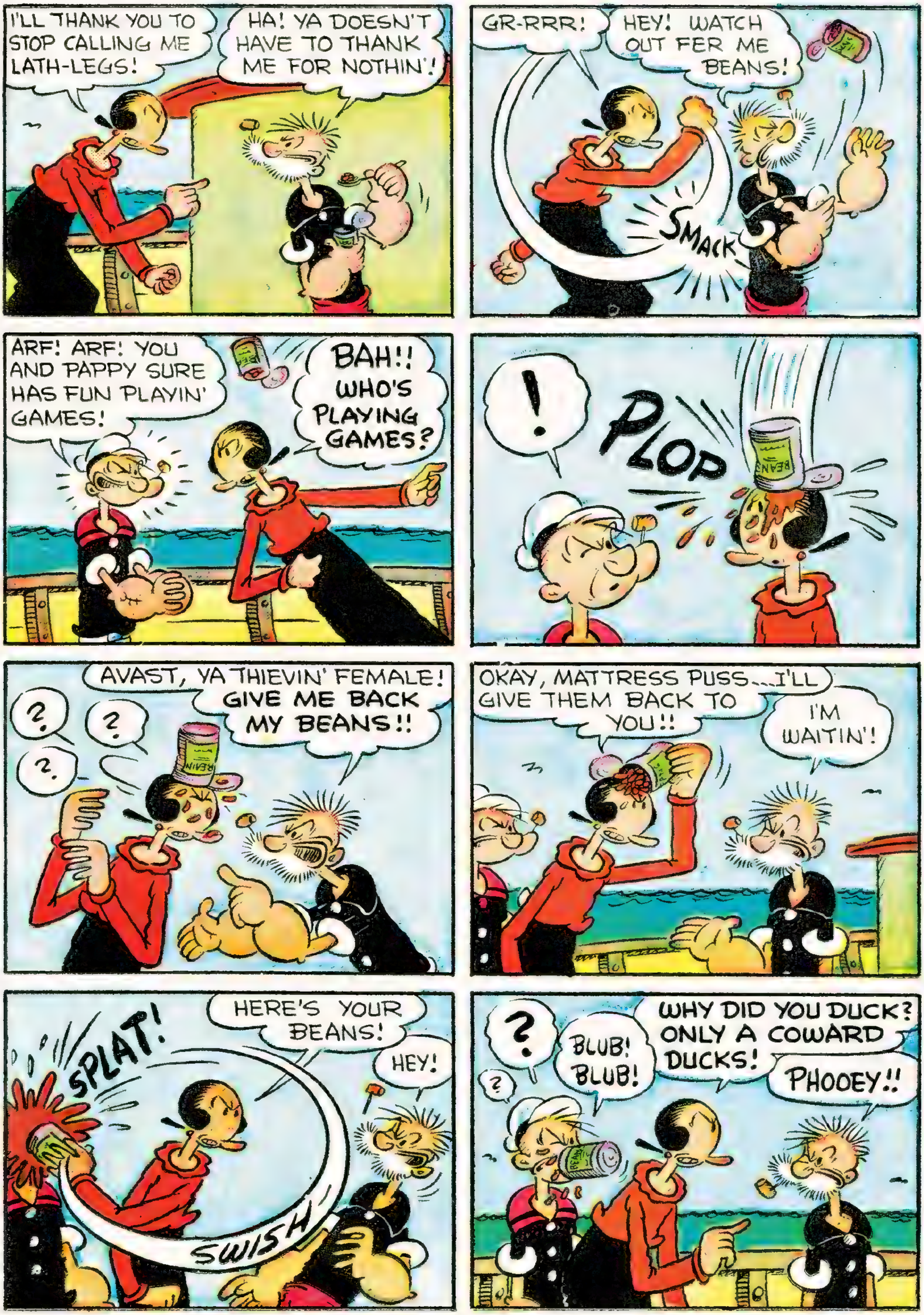

QUICK, MISS OYL!! GET YOUR CAMERA!
?
I'VE CAUGHT A MONSTROUS FISH AND I WANT YOU TO TAKE A PICTURE OF IT!
WONDERFUL! I'LL GET IT RIGHT AWAY!
I'LL GO GET READY WHILE YOU LOAD YOUR CAMERA!
I LOVE TO TAKE PICTURES OF BIG FISH!!
SMILE, MR. FISH! WATCH THE BIRDIE!
BLAST YA, WIMPY.. LET ME DOWN I YAM NO FISH!!
AWK!!
IT'S MY SAILOR BOY!
THIS IS MARVELOUS! HA! HA! MY WHAT A PRETTY FISH!
BAH!
CLICK
OKAY...OKAY... YA HAS HAD YER FUN....LET ME LOOSE! THEY'S PIRATES TO FIGHT!!


I'VE GOT TO GET OVER THERE AND FIGHT THEM SWABS!
BUT YOU LEFT THE SMALL BOAT OVER THERE!
I WILL USE THE CANNON TO GET TO THE PIRATE SHIP!
?
?
AHOY, WIMPY... BRING ME A CAN OF SPINACH!
?
GULP! GULP!
OKAY.. AIM ME AT THE PIRATE SHIP AND SHOOT THE CANNON!
I WILL BE THE HARDEST-SMACKIN' CANNON BALL IN THE WORLD!
READY- AIM- FIRE!
BOOOM
HA! HA! LOOK! THOSE SAPS ARE SHOOTING AT US AGAIN!
WHA--TH--?? THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A CANNON BALL!
IT LOOKS LIKE A SAILOR!
?
!

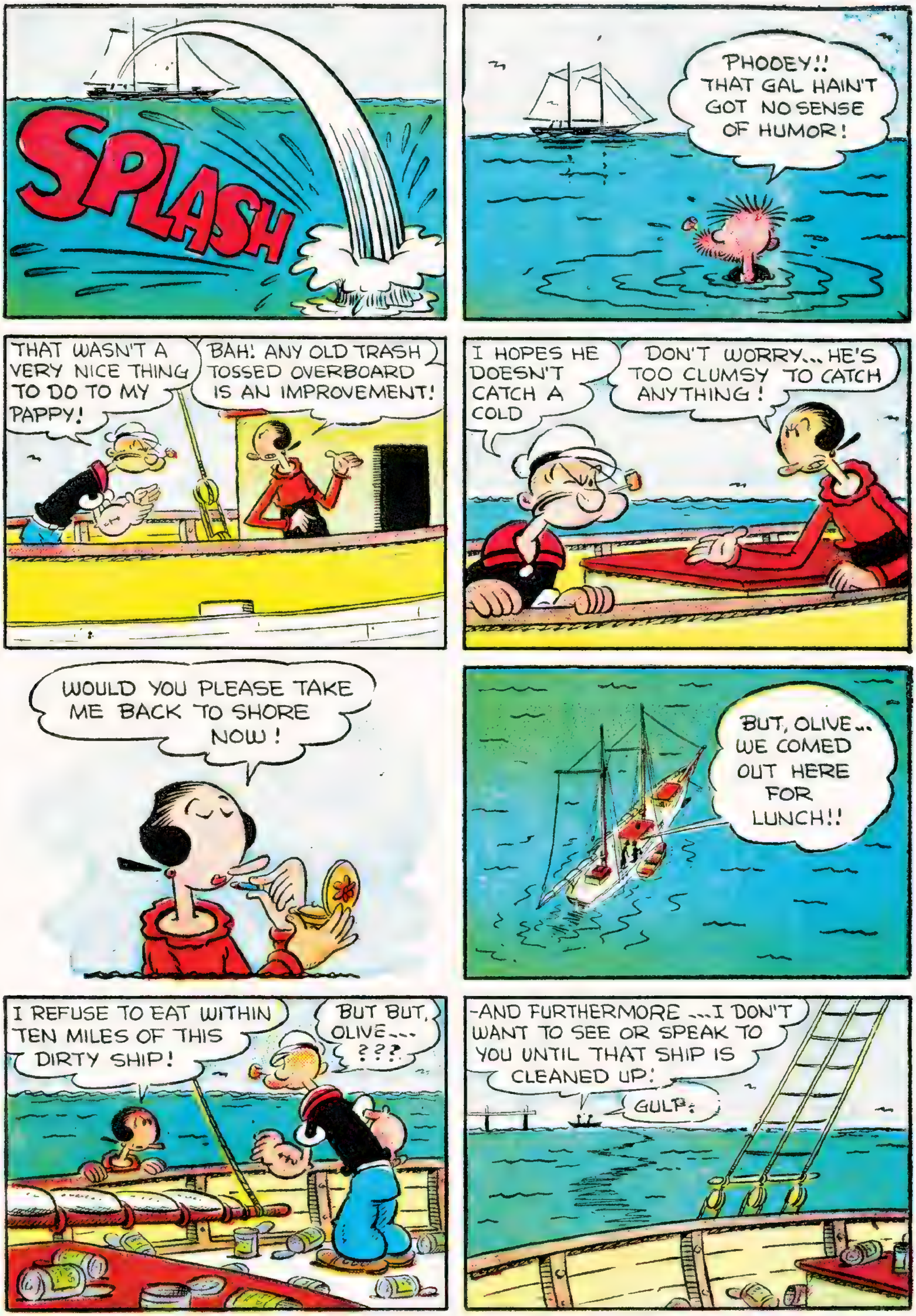

?
?
?
HI, CHUM! I YAM BACK!!
BAM
SMACK
WHAM
CRACK
NOW I'LL GO BACK AN' STACK 'EM UP FOR DELIVERY!
THAT MAKES TWENTY-SIX --
I GUESS THAT IS ALL OF 'EM!
AHOY, WIMPY! LOWER THE CRANE FER A CARGO OF PIRATES ON THEIR WAY TO JAIL!!

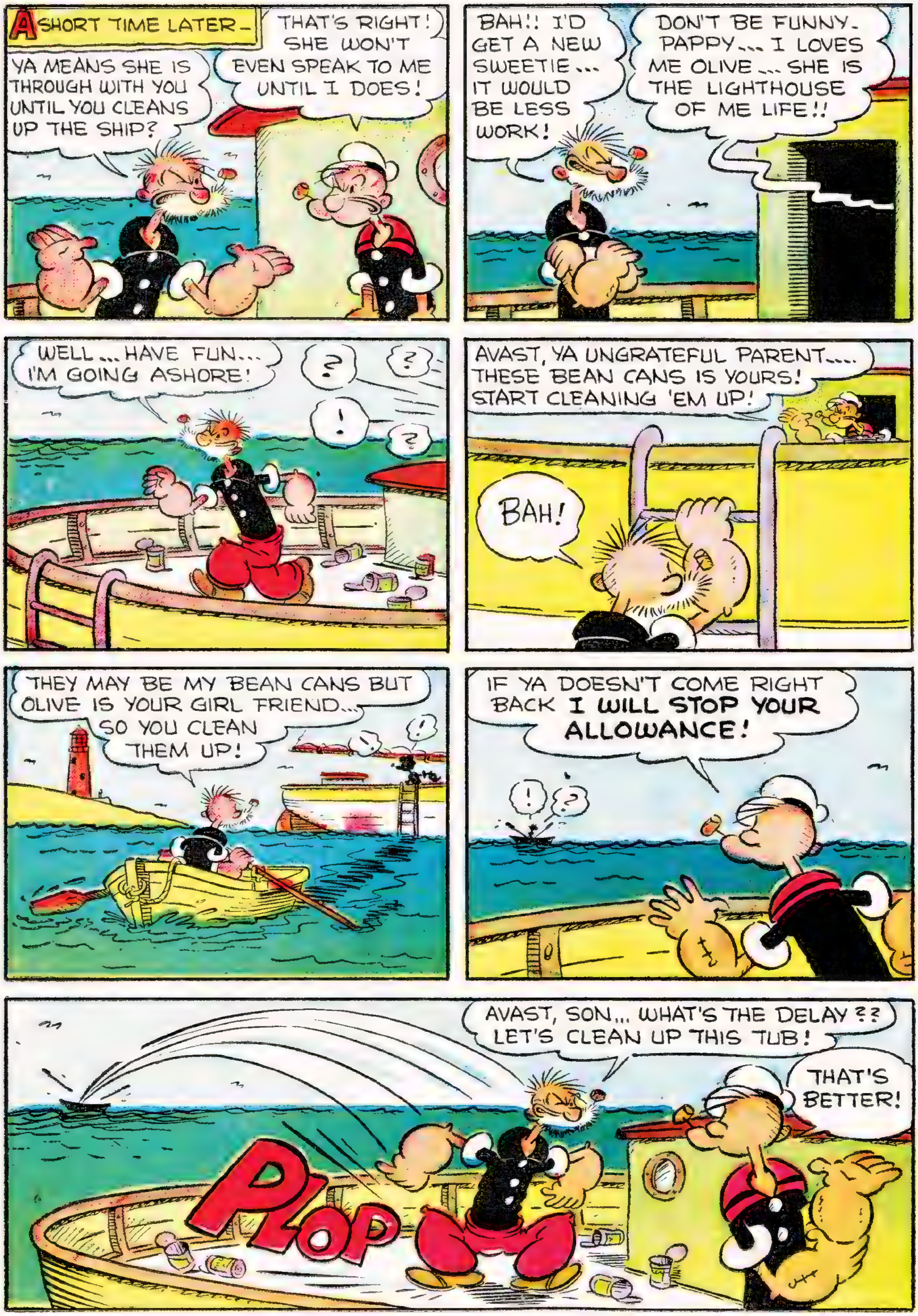

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
IN
"ShipShape!"
HOW'S BUSINESS, POPEYE?
TERRIBLE, OLIVE.. I HASN'T HAD A CUSTOMER FER MONTHS!
FOR HIRE THE GOOD SHIP SPINACHER LONG OR SHORT TRIPS CAPT. POPEYE
I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT.... I GETS A CUSTOMER FER ME SHIP, BUT WHEN HE GITS ON ME SHIP HE CHANGES HIS MIND!
HMM? THAT'S FUNNY!
COME ON... LET'S GO OUT TO ME SHIP AND HAVE SOME LUNCH!
I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY SHOULD CHANGE THEIR MINDS... THE SPINACHER IS SUCH A NICE SHIP!
SHE'S SUCH A TRIM, CLEAN CRAFT THAT PEOPLE SHOULD BE GLAD TO HIRE HER!
?
?
AWK!!
PIG-PEN!!

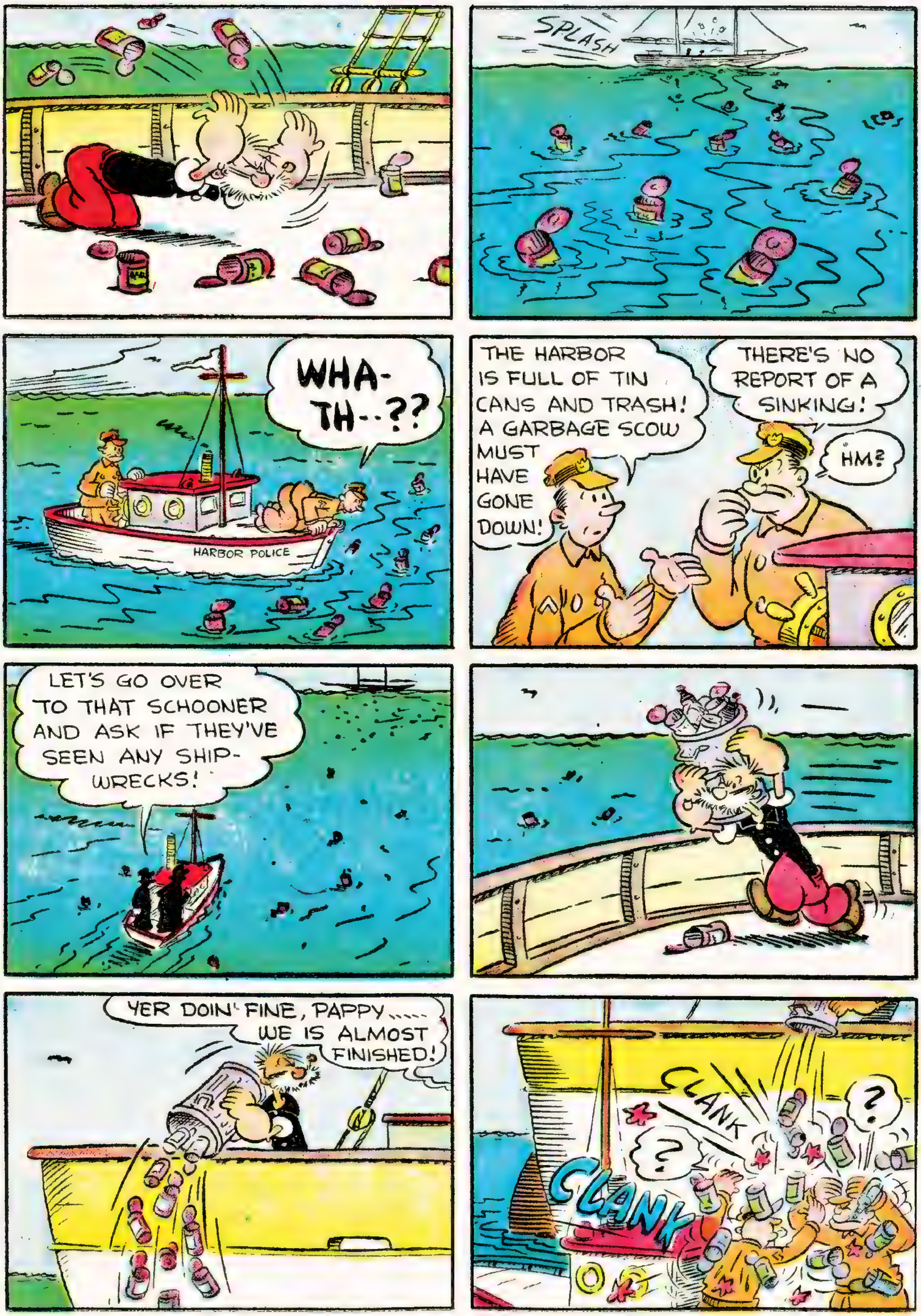

WHATCHA MEAN... PIGPEN?... ARE YOU INSULTIN' ME SHIP?
UGH!! WHAT A MESS.... IT LOOKS LIKE A GARBAGE SCOW!
I'LL ADMIT IT'S A LITTLE UNTIDY BUT--
UNTIDY? IT'S FILTHY!!
I DON'T SEE HOW YOU COULD MAKE SUCH A MESS OUT OF YOUR SHIP!!
IT WAS EASY!
I HAD ME EVER-LOVIN' PAPPY TO HELP ME!!
YOUR PAPPY!
UGH!
DO YOU MEAN YOU'VE BEEN LETTING THAT FUZZY OLD GOAT LIVE HERE ON YOUR SHIP?
YER SPEAKIN' OF ME BLEED RELATION!
TRA-LA-DEE-DA DUM-DUM
GALLEY
AVAST, YA SWABS... DID I HEAR ME NAME MENTIONED!!
HI, PAPPY... WE COMED FER LUNCH!!
UGH! NASTY OLD BUZZARD!
AHOY, LATH-LEGS.... WANT SOME BEANS?

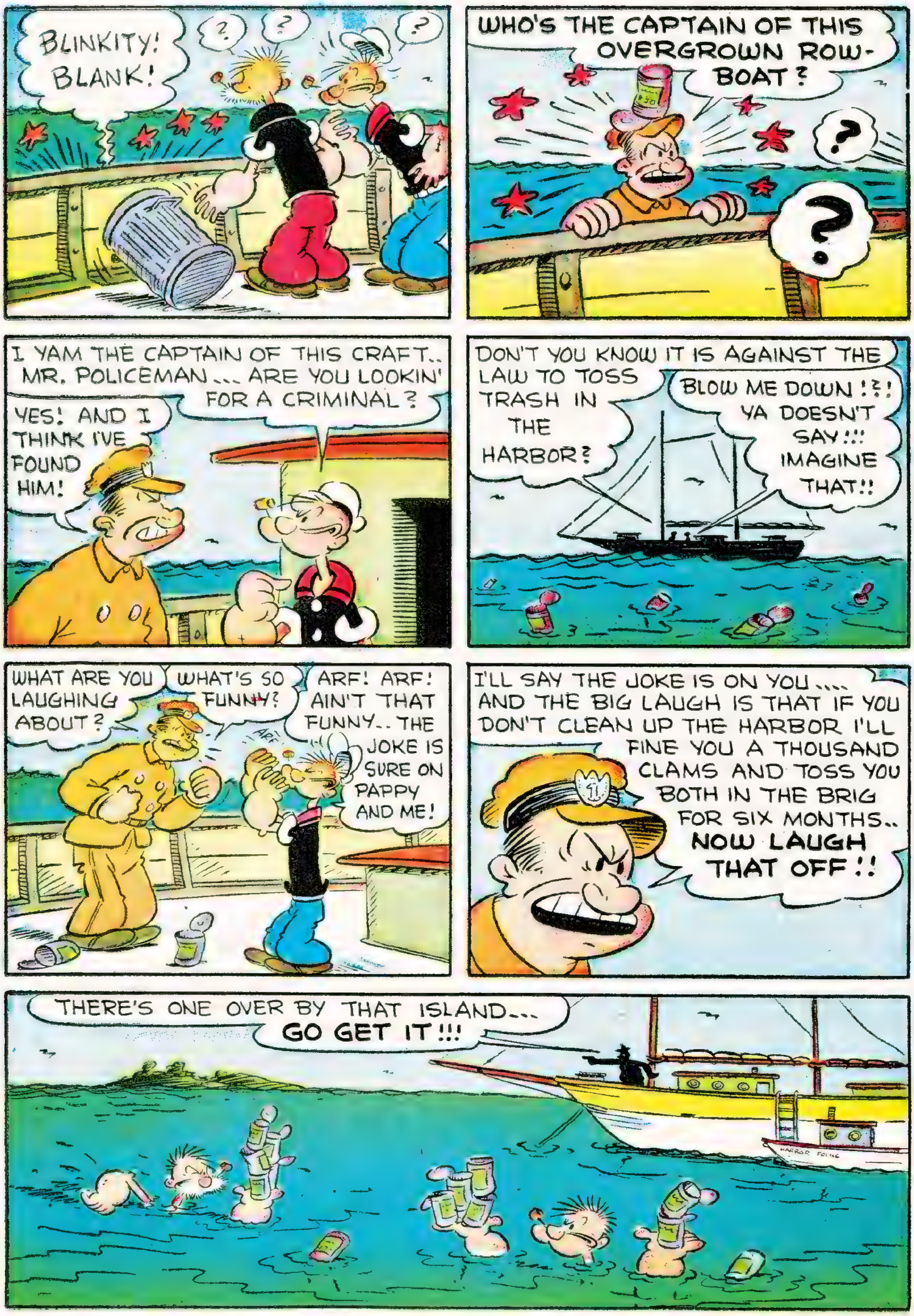

I'LL THANK YOU TO STOP CALLING ME LATH-LEGS!
HA! YA DOESN'T HAVE TO THANK ME FOR NOTHIN'!
GR-RRR!
HEY! WATCH OUT FER ME BEANS!
SMACK
ARF! ARF! YOU AND PAPPY SURE HAS FUN PLAYIN' GAMES!
BAH!! WHO'S PLAYING GAMES?
!
PLOP
?
?
?
AVAST, YA THIEVIN' FEMALE! GIVE ME BACK MY BEANS!!
OKAY, MATTRESS PUSS... I'LL GIVE THEM BACK TO YOU!!
I'M WAITIN'!
SPLAT!
HERE'S YOUR BEANS!
HEY!
SWISH
?
?
BLUB! BLUB!
WHY DID YOU DUCK? ONLY A COWARD DUCKS!
PHOOEY!!

BAH!! THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!!
POP
I WANT ME SWEETIE AN' ME PAPPY TO BE FRIENDS — NOW SHAKE HANDS AN' MAKE UP!!
GR-R-R-R!
THERE! AIN'T THAT NICE!!
CRUNCH
YEEOW!!! HE'S SQUEEZING MY HAND!!
HEH! HEH!
?.
GR-R-R! I'LL FIX YOU!!
?
?
?
?

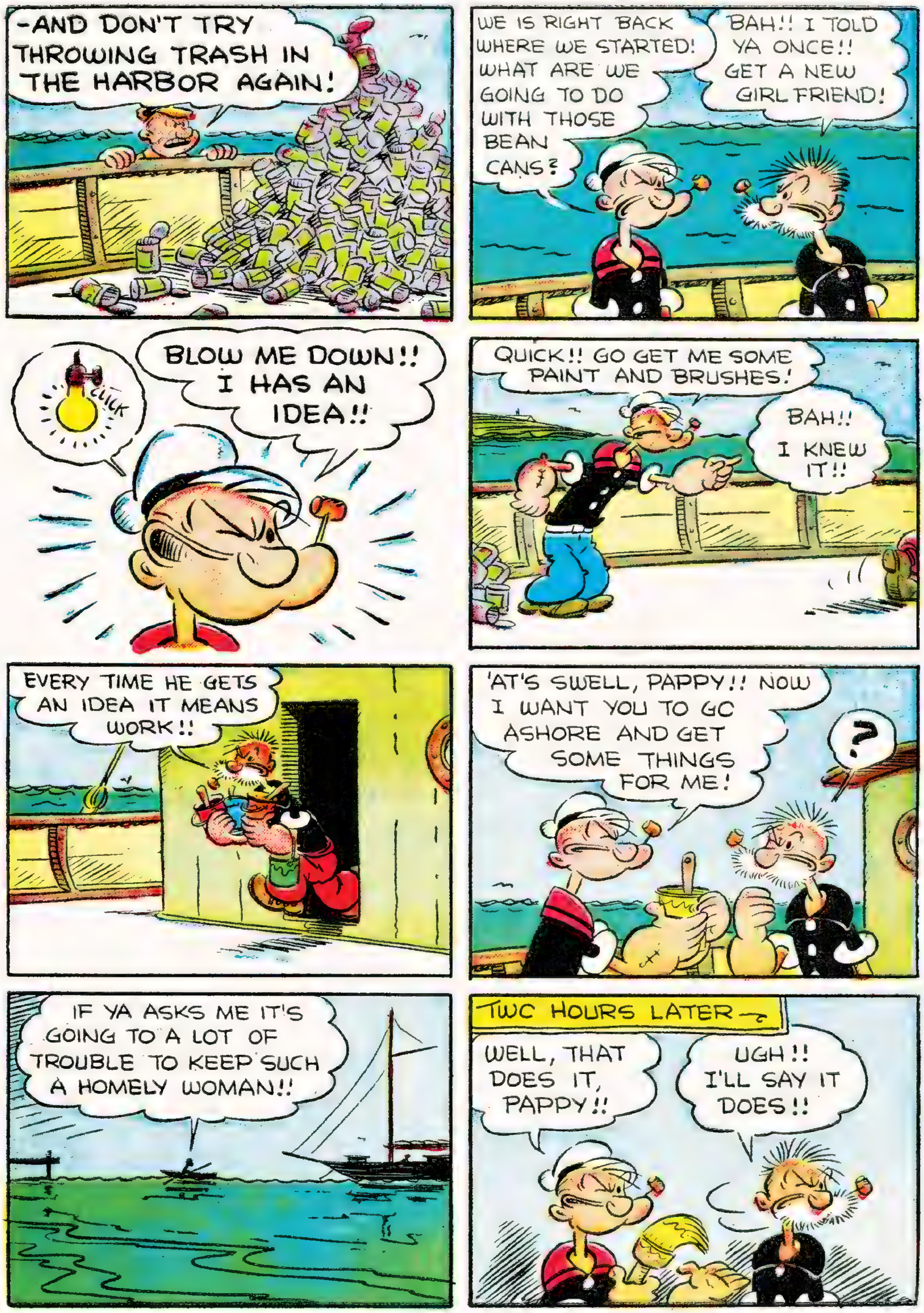

SPLASH
PHOOEY!! THAT GAL HAIN'T GOT NO SENSE OF HUMOR!
THAT WASN'T A VERY NICE THING TO DO TO MY PAPPY!
BAH! ANY OLD TRASH TOSSED OVERBOARD IS AN IMPROVEMENT!
I HOPES HE DOESN'T CATCH A COLD
DON'T WORRY... HE'S TOO CLUMSY TO CATCH ANYTHING!
WOULD YOU PLEASE TAKE ME BACK TO SHORE NOW!
BUT, OLIVE... WE COMED OUT HERE FOR LUNCH!!
I REFUSE TO EAT WITHIN TEN MILES OF THIS DIRTY SHIP!
BUT BUT, OLIVE... ???
-AND FURTHERMORE ...I DON'T WANT TO SEE OR SPEAK TO YOU UNTIL THAT SHIP IS CLEANED UP!
GULP!

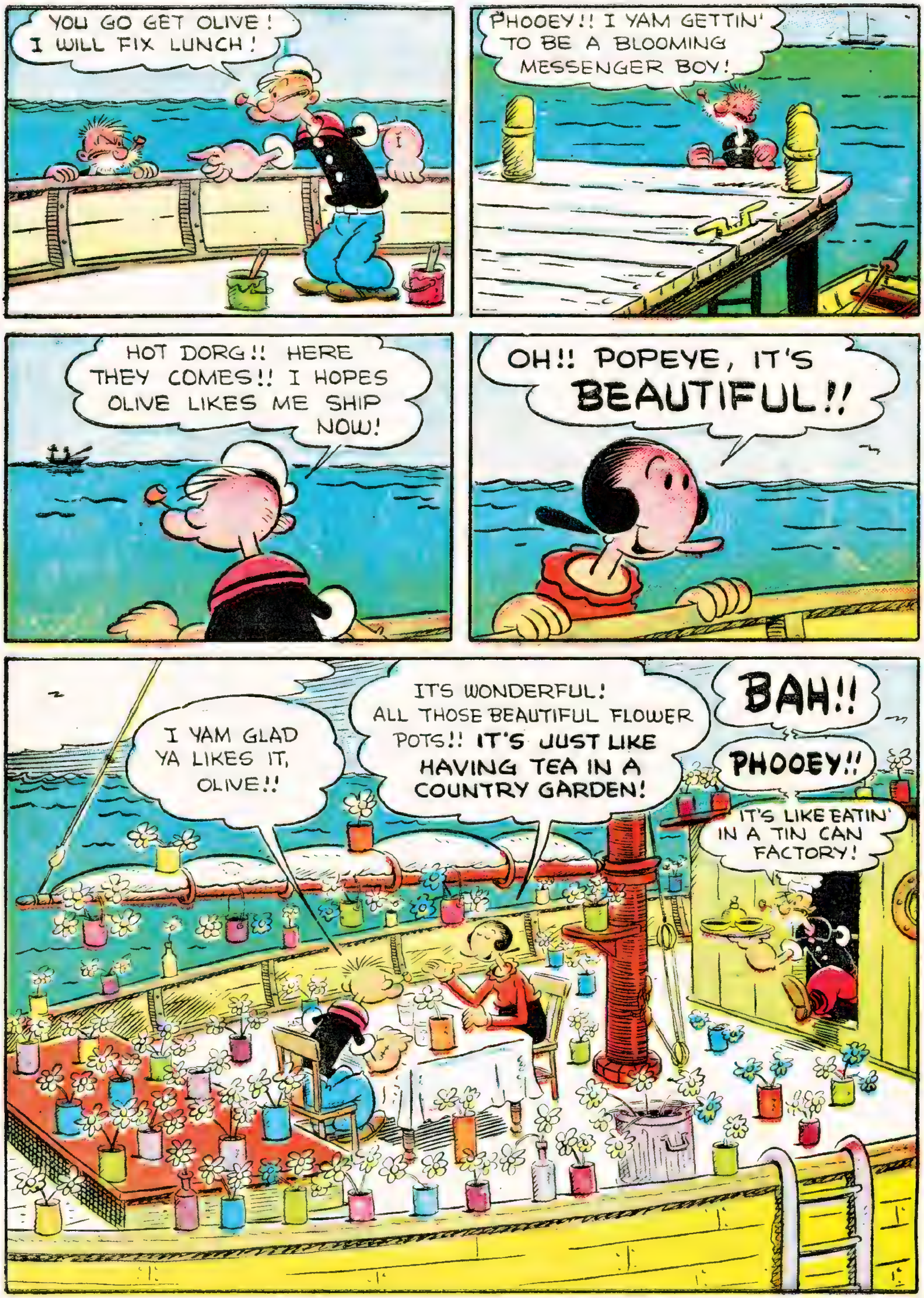

A SHORT TIME LATER–
YA MEANS SHE IS THROUGH WITH YOU UNTIL YOU CLEANS UP THE SHIP?
THAT'S RIGHT! SHE WON'T EVEN SPEAK TO ME UNTIL I DOES!
BAH!! I'D GET A NEW SWEETIE... IT WOULD BE LESS WORK!
DON'T BE FUNNY. PAPPY... I LOVES ME OLIVE... SHE IS THE LIGHTHOUSE OF ME LIFE!!
WELL... HAVE FUN... I'M GOING ASHORE!
?
?
!
?
AVAST, YA UNGRATEFUL PARENT.... THESE BEAN CANS IS YOURS! START CLEANING 'EM UP!
BAH!
THEY MAY BE MY BEAN CANS BUT OLIVE IS YOUR GIRL FRIEND... SO YOU CLEAN THEM UP!
!
!
IF YA DOESN'T COME RIGHT BACK I WILL STOP YOUR ALLOWANCE!
!
?
AVAST, SON... WHAT'S THE DELAY ?? LET'S CLEAN UP THIS TUB!
THAT'S BETTER!
PLOP


SPLASH
WHA-TH--??
HARBOR POLICE
THE HARBOR IS FULL OF TIN CANS AND TRASH! A GARBAGE SCOW MUST HAVE GONE DOWN!
THERE'S NO REPORT OF A SINKING!
HM?
LET'S GO OVER TO THAT SCHOONER AND ASK IF THEY'VE SEEN ANY SHIP-WRECKS!
YER DOIN' FINE, PAPPY..... WE IS ALMOST FINISHED!
CLANK
CLANK
?
?



BLINKITY! BLANK!
?
?
?
WHO'S THE CAPTAIN OF THIS OVERGROWN ROW-BOAT?
?
?
I YAM THE CAPTAIN OF THIS CRAFT.. MR. POLICEMAN ... ARE YOU LOOKIN' FOR A CRIMINAL?
YES! AND I THINK I'VE FOUND HIM!
DON'T YOU KNOW IT IS AGAINST THE LAW TO TOSS TRASH IN THE HARBOR?
BLOW ME DOWN!?! YA DOESN'T SAY!!! IMAGINE THAT!!
WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING ABOUT?
WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
ARF! ARF! AIN'T THAT FUNNY.. THE JOKE IS SURE ON PAPPY AND ME!
ARF
I'LL SAY THE JOKE IS ON YOU.... AND THE BIG LAUGH IS THAT IF YOU DON'T CLEAN UP THE HARBOR I'LL FINE YOU A THOUSAND CLAMS AND TOSS YOU BOTH IN THE BRIG FOR SIX MONTHS.. **NOW LAUGH THAT OFF!!**
THERE'S ONE OVER BY THAT ISLAND... **GO GET IT!!!**


-AND DON'T TRY THROWING TRASH IN THE HARBOR AGAIN!
WE IS RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THOSE BEAN CANS?
BAH!! I TOLD YA ONCE!! GET A NEW GIRL FRIEND!
CLICK
BLOW ME DOWN!! I HAS AN IDEA!!
QUICK!! GO GET ME SOME PAINT AND BRUSHES!
BAH!! I KNEW IT!!
EVERY TIME HE GETS AN IDEA IT MEANS WORK!!
'AT'S SWELL, PAPPY!! NOW I WANT YOU TO GO ASHORE AND GET SOME THINGS FOR ME!
?
IF YA ASKS ME IT'S GOING TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO KEEP SUCH A HOMELY WOMAN!!
TWO HOURS LATER
WELL, THAT DOES IT, PAPPY!!
UGH!! I'LL SAY IT DOES!!

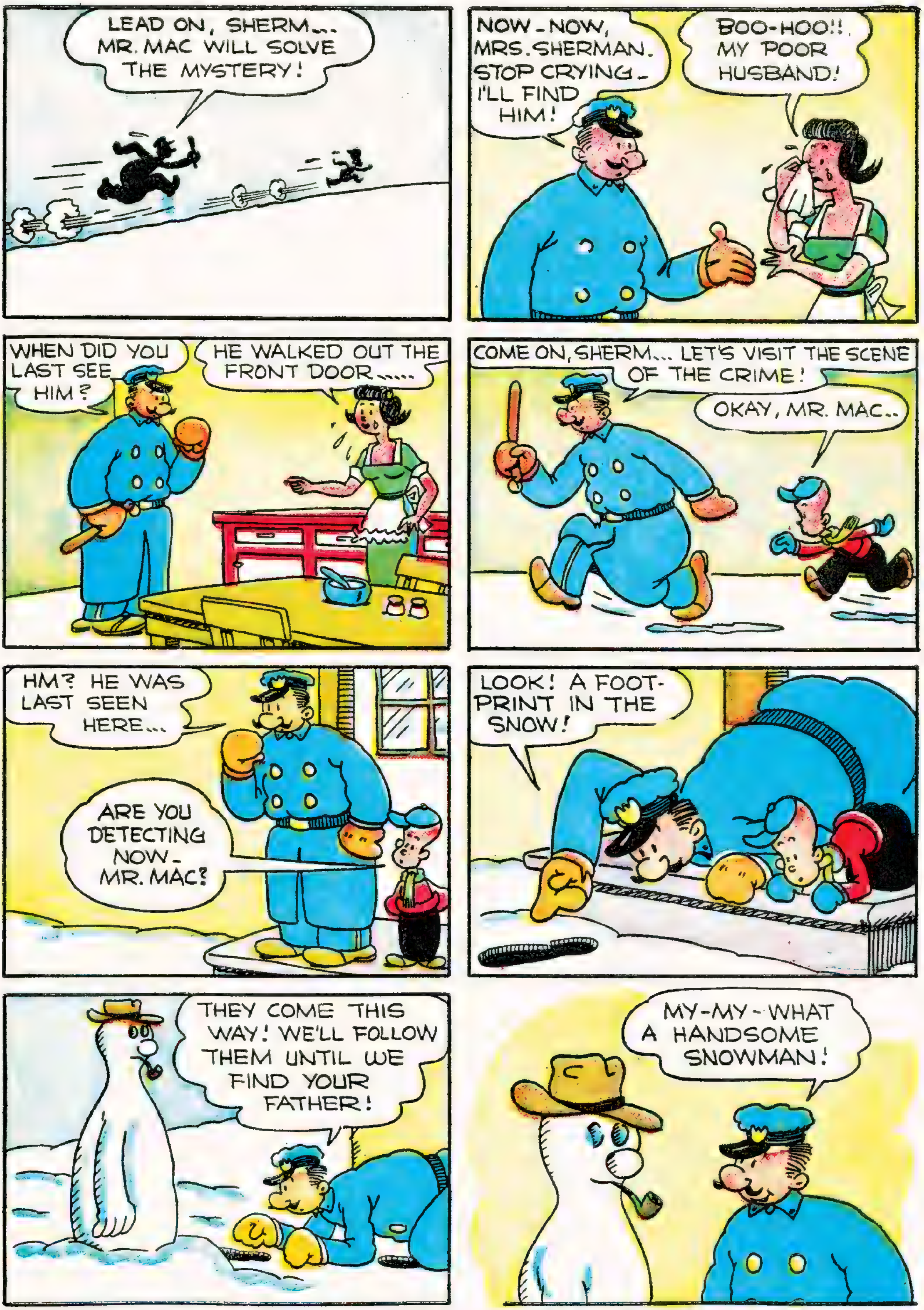

YOU GO GET OLIVE! I WILL FIX LUNCH!
PHOOEY!! I YAM GETTIN' TO BE A BLOOMING MESSENGER BOY!
HOT DORG!! HERE THEY COMES!! I HOPES OLIVE LIKES ME SHIP NOW!
OH!! POPEYE, IT'S BEAUTIFUL!!
I YAM GLAD YA LIKES IT, OLIVE!!
IT'S WONDERFUL! ALL THOSE BEAUTIFUL FLOWER POTS!! IT'S JUST LIKE HAVING TEA IN A COUNTRY GARDEN!
BAH!!
PHOOEY!!
IT'S LIKE EATIN' IN A TIN CAN FACTORY!

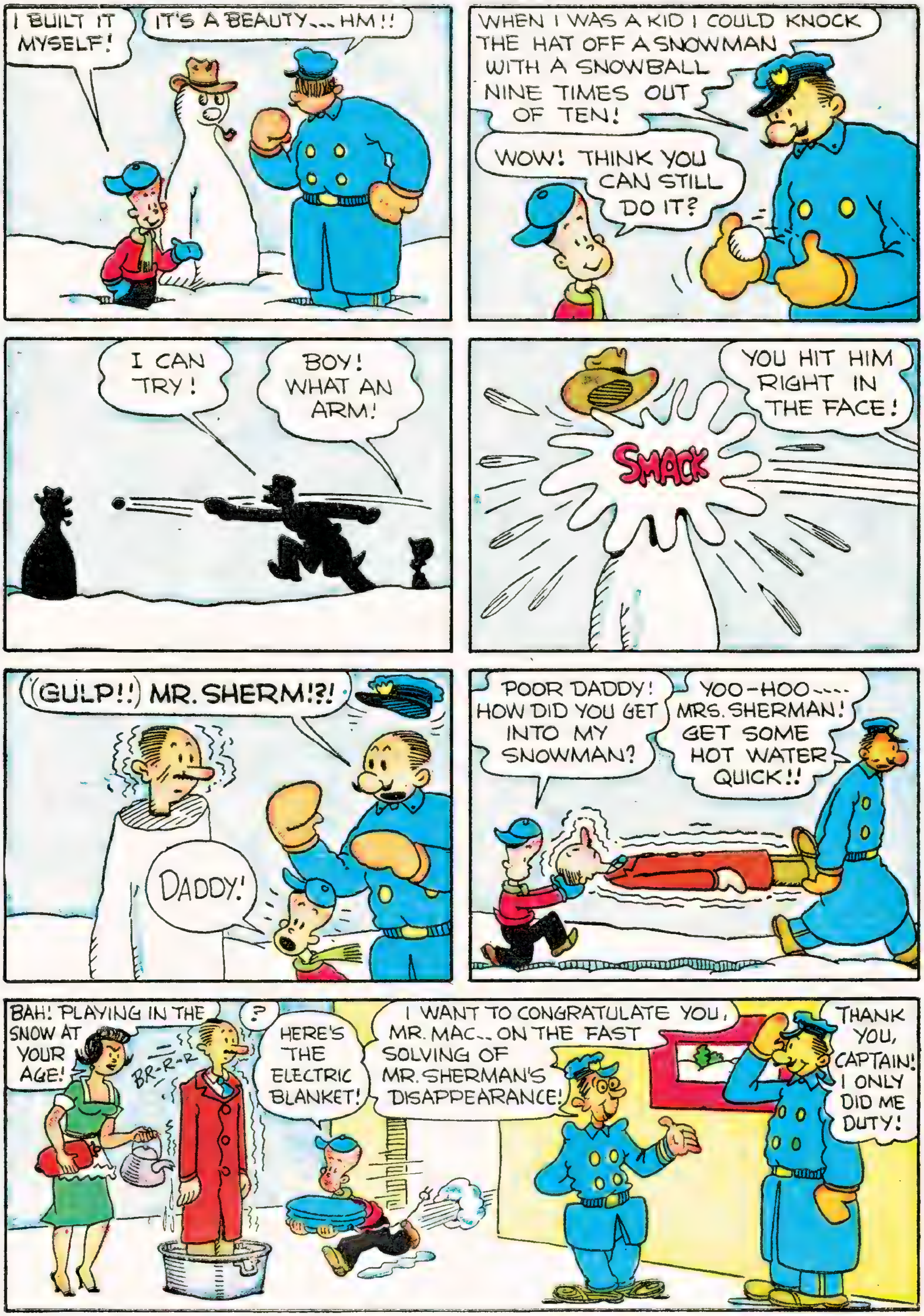
SHERM
IN
"SNOW-FATHER!"
OH, BOY! IT SNOWED LAST NIGHT!
I'M GOING OUT AND MAKE A SNOWMAN!
WEAR YOUR MITTENS AND A SCARF!
I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THIS!
I'LL MAKE THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SNOWMAN!
WHERE'S SHERM ?
HE'S GONE OUT TO MAKE A SNOWMAN!
WHEEeee!! THIS IS DOING IT THE HARD WAY!!
GEE, LOOK AT ALL OF THE SNOW UP ON THE ROOF!

I SHOULD WORK SO HARD WHEN I CAN JUST SHOVE IT OFF THE ROOF!
I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE OFFICE ---- I'VE AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE THIS MORNING -- TELL SHERM TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE!
HM? I WONDER WHERE THAT KID IS?
762
I'LL JUST SHOVE IT OFF AND IT'LL MAKE A BIG PILE IN THE YARD, AND THEN I CAN MAKE MY SNOWMAN!
?
?
AWK!
PLOP
BOY!! WHAT A SPLASH!

OH BOY! THIS IS A CINCH... IT ALREADY LOOKS LIKE A SNOW-MAN.. MY WORK IS HALF DONE!
I'LL MAKE A FUNNY FACE!
GEE.. I WISH I HAD A HAT FOR YOU, MISTER SNOWMAN!
?
GEE... A HAT! THAT'S WHAT I CALL SERVICE!
WOW... AND HERE'S A PIPE! THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY!
BOY! THAT'S THE BEST SNOW-MAN I'VE EVER BUILT!!
BUT... I DON'T UNDERSTAND.... MY HUSBAND LEFT FOR THE OFFICE OVER AN HOUR AGO....
OH, DEAR... WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM?

MOM... COME SEE MY SNOWMAN!
DON'T BOTHER ME... YOUR FATHER HAS DISAPPEARED.., I'M SO WORRIED I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!
?
!
SNIFF
WHY DON'T YOU ASK MR. MAC TO HELP YOU FIND POP?
A POLICEMAN.... QUICK, GO GET HIM!
OH! OH!
PARDON ME, MR. SNOWMAN. I HAVE TO GO GET MR. MAC TO HELP FIND POP... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
YOO-HOO!! MR. MAC!
HELLO, SHERM!
COME QUICK... MY POP HAS DISAPPEARED AND MY MOM IS CRYING!


LEAD ON, SHERM... MR. MAC WILL SOLVE THE MYSTERY!
NOW-NOW, MRS. SHERMAN. STOP CRYING- I'LL FIND HIM!
BOO-HOO!! MY POOR HUSBAND!
WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE HIM?
HE WALKED OUT THE FRONT DOOR.....
COME ON, SHERM... LET'S VISIT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!
OKAY, MR. MAC..
HM? HE WAS LAST SEEN HERE...
ARE YOU DETECTING NOW- MR. MAC?
LOOK! A FOOT-PRINT IN THE SNOW!
THEY COME THIS WAY! WE'LL FOLLOW THEM UNTIL WE FIND YOUR FATHER!
MY-MY-WHAT A HANDSOME SNOWMAN!

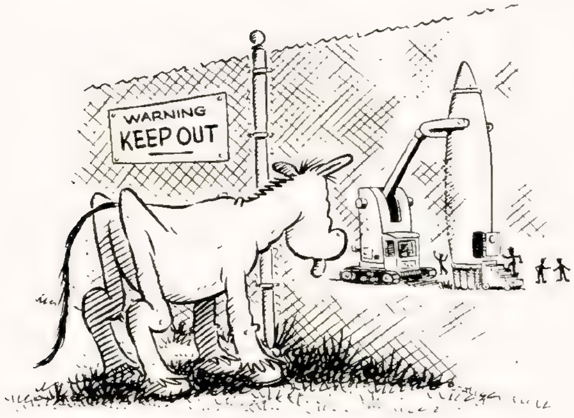

I BUILT IT MYSELF!
IT'S A BEAUTY... HM!!
WHEN I WAS A KID I COULD KNOCK THE HAT OFF A SNOWMAN WITH A SNOWBALL NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN!
WOW! THINK YOU CAN STILL DO IT?
I CAN TRY!
BOY! WHAT AN ARM!
YOU HIT HIM RIGHT IN THE FACE!
SMACK
(GULP!!) MR. SHERM!?!
DADDY!
POOR DADDY! HOW DID YOU GET INTO MY SNOWMAN?
YOO-HOO.... MRS. SHERMAN! GET SOME HOT WATER QUICK!!
BAH! PLAYING IN THE SNOW AT YOUR AGE!
BR-R-R
?
HERE'S THE ELECTRIC BLANKET!
I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU, MR. MAC.. ON THE FAST SOLVING OF MR. SHERMAN'S DISAPPEARANCE!
THANK YOU, CAPTAIN! I ONLY DID ME DUTY!

ROCKET HORSE

(Continued from inside front cover)

Arthur was a little hurt at the use of the rope. He would have been glad to come along without it, as he was dying for a closer look at the cigar that pointed into the sky.

"Well! Well!" he neighed in excitement as they approached the cigar. "It's made of metal and there's a door in it. It's not a cigar. It must be a new kind of barn."



He was quite sure it was a barn when a few minutes later the men led him through the door of the queer building and tied him into a soft hammock inside. The men left him there and went outside, closing the door after them.

A few minutes later there was a terrific roar and Arthur was slammed down hard into the hammock. He felt as though there were a thousand elephants sitting on his chest.

When the roar died out the pressure eased up and Arthur managed to free himself from the hammock and walk around the small room he was in. There was a small round window in the door and Arthur decided to look out and see what the men were doing.

"Yipe! (Gulp!) Help! Help! I'm flying. Let me down. Let me down."

All he could see out the window were stars and more stars. Arthur was on his way into space and he didn't feel that it was the place for a horse to be.

Several days later a group of Mars people were out for a walk in the red desert when there was a shrill whistle in the sky above them, and they were extremely lucky to be able to get out of the way as Arthur landed in a cloud of steam and smoke upon the surface of Mars.

"Hooray," the Mars people shouted. "It's a rocket from our sister planet Earth. At last they have succeeded in reaching us. Now we will get to see what an Earthling looks like."

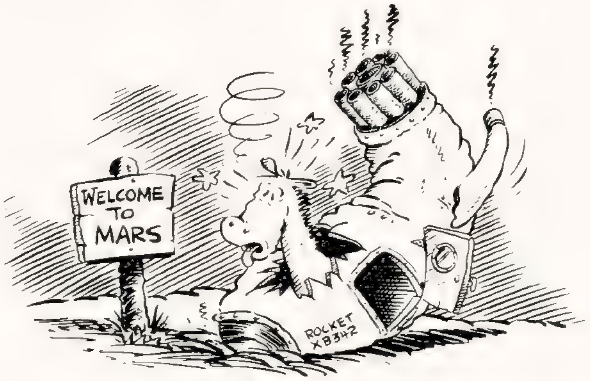
The Mars people had listened for years to Earth's radio and had known that the people of Earth were trying to build space rockets.

As soon as the wreck had cooled down, the Martians climbed into it and brought poor Arthur out into the open where they could get a good look at him.

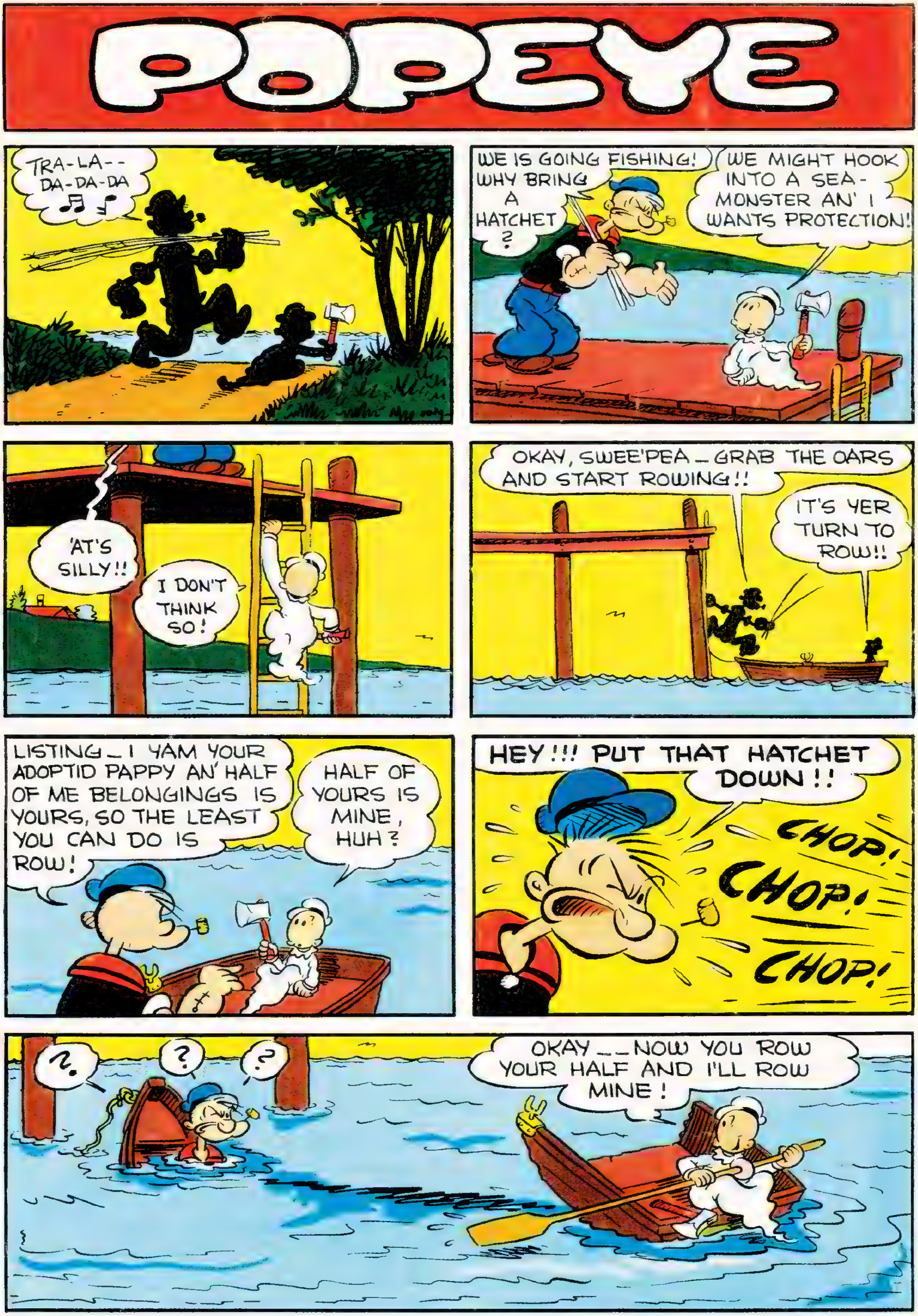
"Rolling Mars beans," exclaimed one of the crowd. "He looks just like us!"

And indeed Arthur did. The Martians were a race of horses and Arthur was quite a hero and a great fuss was made over him, for they all thought he was an Earth scientist.

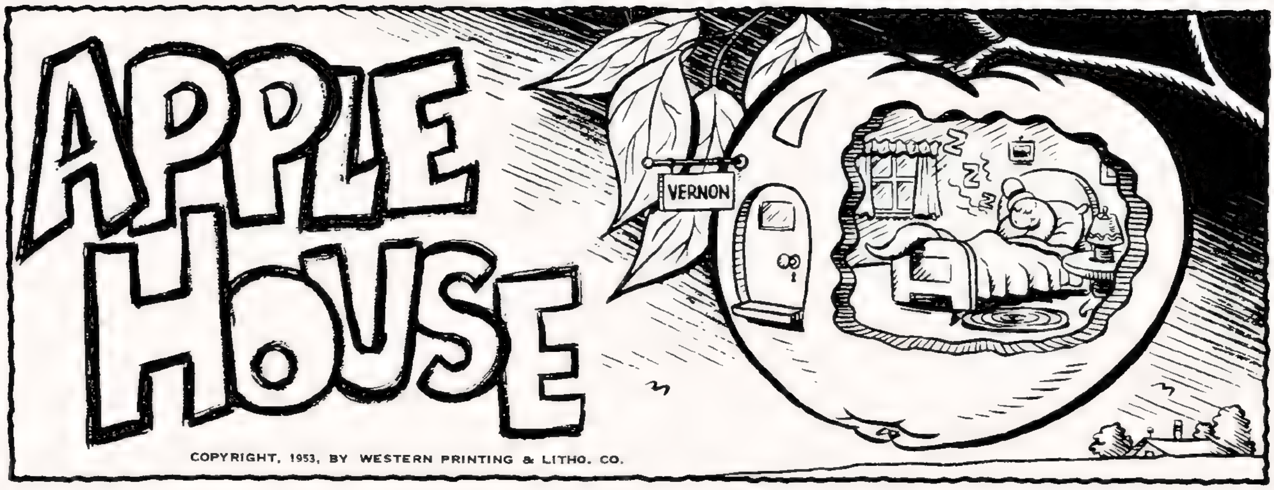
It was lucky for Arthur that Mars was such an old planet, for there were no metal or tools left on the planet so he never had to prove that he was a scientist. Instead, they gave him a lovely house to live in and treated him like a king.



Everything is wonderful on Mars now, but Arthur worries now and then because he knows that it is only a matter of time until the first human rocket will arrive and he will have to confess to the Martians that he was only an experimental animal sent out to test the safety of the rocket ship.


POPEYE
TRA-LA--DA-DA-DA
WE IS GOING FISHING! WHY BRING A HATCHET?
WE MIGHT HOOK INTO A SEA-MONSTER AN' I WANTS PROTECTION!
'AT'S SILLY!!
I DON'T THINK SO!
OKAY, SWEE'PEA _ GRAB THE OARS AND START ROWING!!
IT'S YER TURN TO ROW!!
LISTING _ I YAM YOUR ADOPTID PAPPY AN' HALF OF ME BELONGINGS IS YOURS, SO THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS ROW!
HALF OF YOURS IS MINE, HUH?
HEY!!! PUT THAT HATCHET DOWN!!
CHOP!
CHOP!
CHOP!
?
?
?
OKAY __ NOW YOU ROW YOUR HALF AND I'LL ROW MINE!

Popeye #24, April-June 1953



High above the ground near the top of a green-leafed apple tree swayed a beautiful red apple. It was by far the most luscious looking apple in the whole orchard. When the sun was shining, its smooth skin shone with a sparkling brilliance that could be seen from any spot on the farm.

Inside of this gem of an apple lived Vernon Greentop. Vernon was a healthy apple worm who had taken up residence within the apple early in the spring when both of them had been very small and very young. The apple and Vernon had grown and prospered together. Vernon was very proud of his apple home, and he often bragged to the other bugs about how lucky he was and how unlucky they were because they didn't have a big red apple to live in. He bragged so much about his home that he made all of the other bugs a little angry with him. It got so bad that they would hardly speak to him for fear they would have to hear all about his beautiful home again.

By the time fall came around, Vernon only had one friend left. His name was Gerard, and he was a big gray spider that lived near the bottom of the apple tree. Gerard was a little deaf, so Vernon's talking about his home didn't bother him. One day, while Vernon was serving Gerard some apple cider, Gerard decided to give him some advice.

"You know that autumn is about here," he said, as he sipped at the cider. "You know autumn is the time the farmer picks his apples. If I were you, I would move out of this house before the farmer reaches this tree."

Vernon laughed with glee, "HO! HO! The farmer could never reach this high. Why, my house is the highest apple in the whole world."

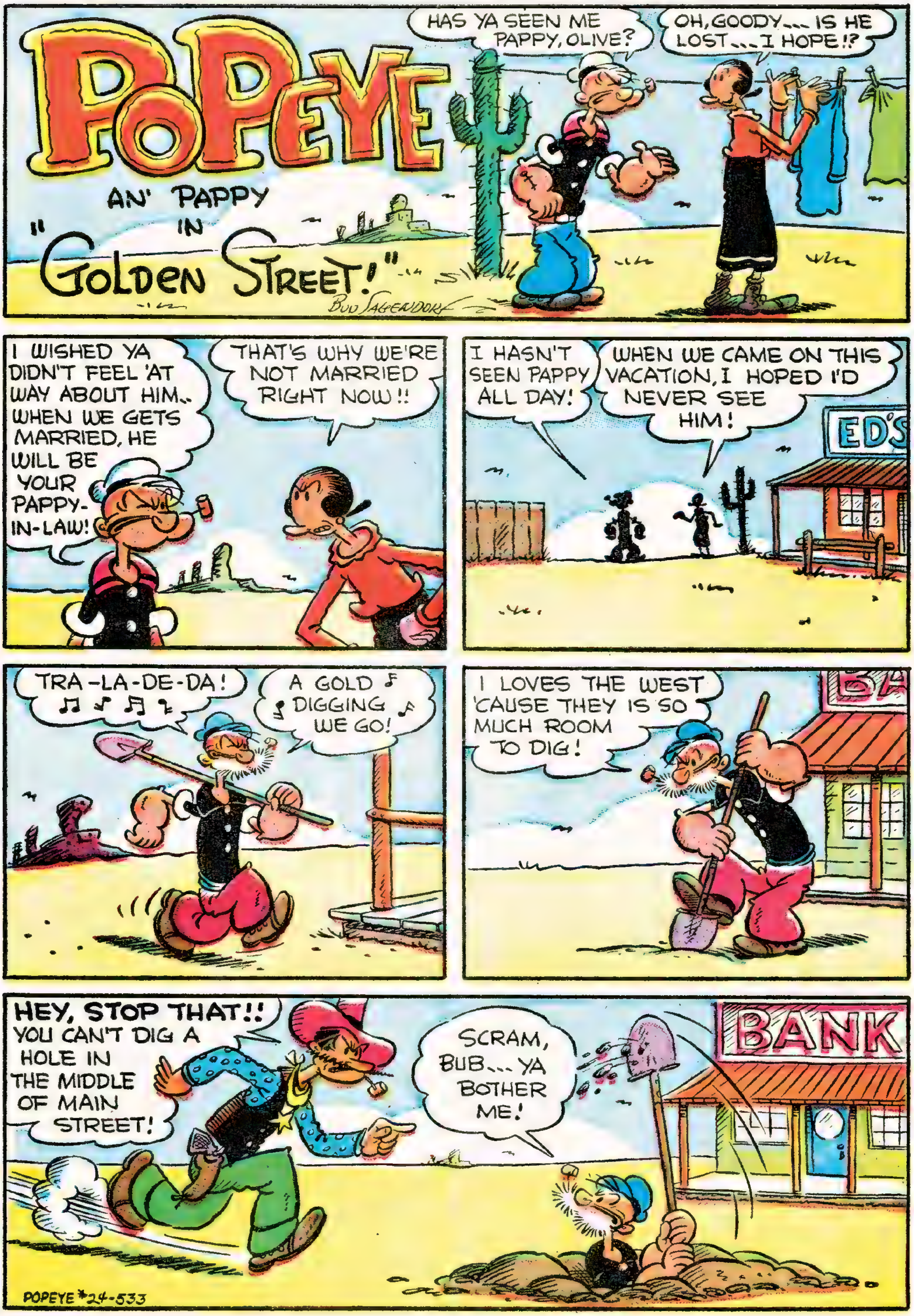
"He'll reach it all right," Gerard said. "He has a ladder, and your apple is so beautiful it will be the first one he'll pick."

"Don't be silly," smirked Vernon, who didn't have the slightest idea what a ladder was. "He couldn't reach my house with a thousand ladders."

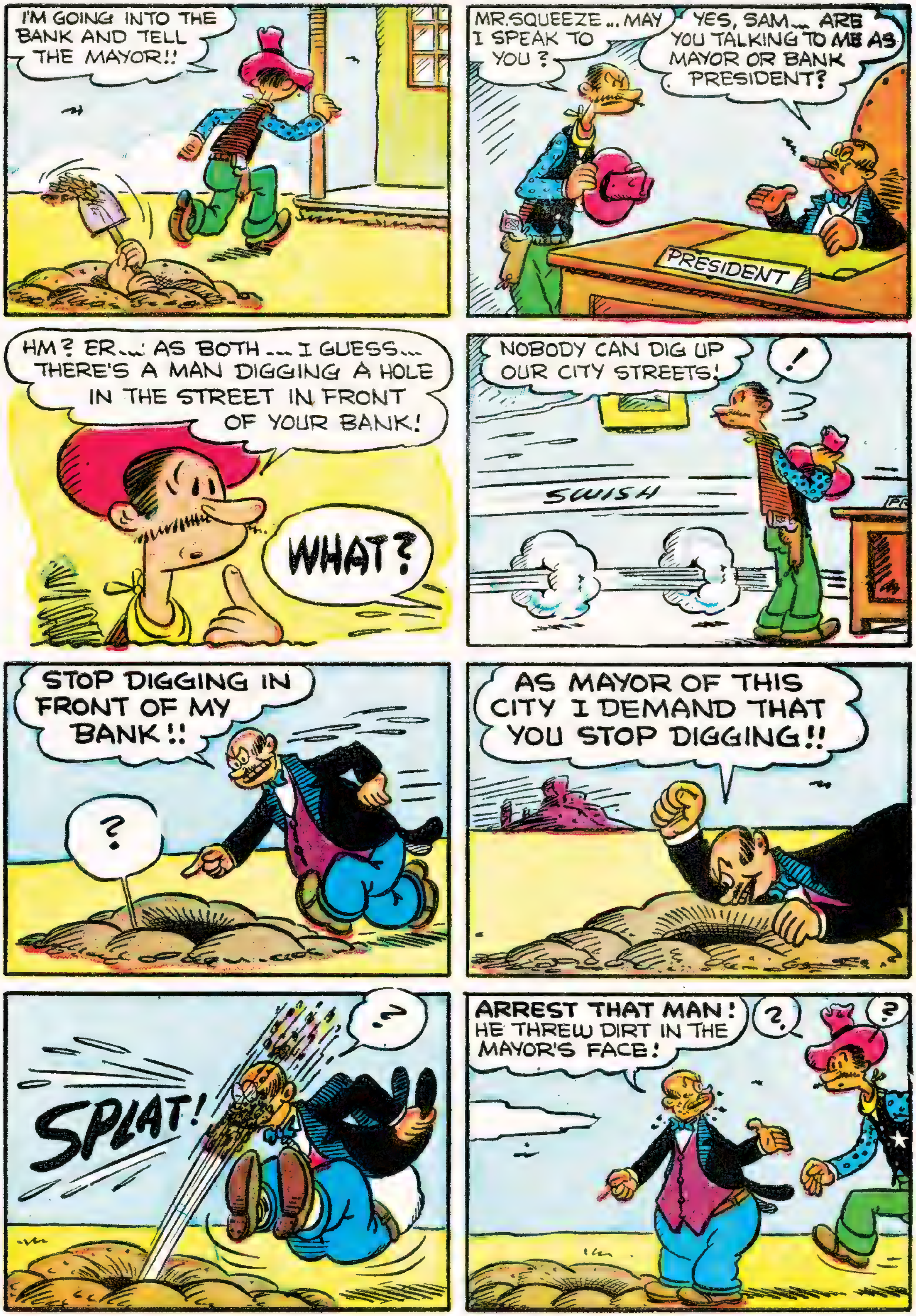
The gray spider, realizing that he was wasting his time, thanked Vernon for the cider, said good-bye and left. He hoped the cocky apple worm would be spared the horrible fate of being eaten or baked into an apple pie.

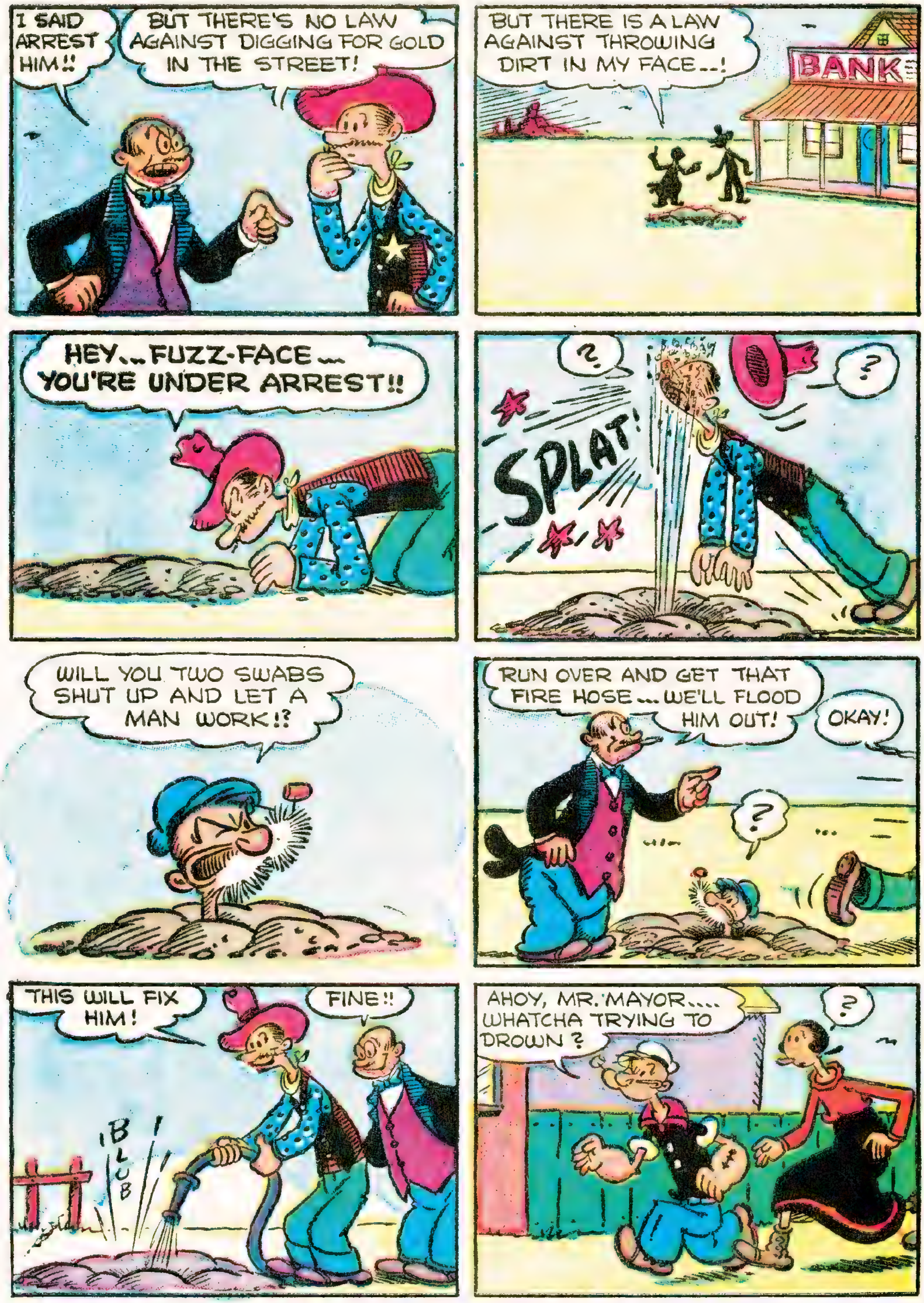
Vernon, who thought the whole thing was a big joke, stretched out on his bed to take a nap. He had only been asleep for a short

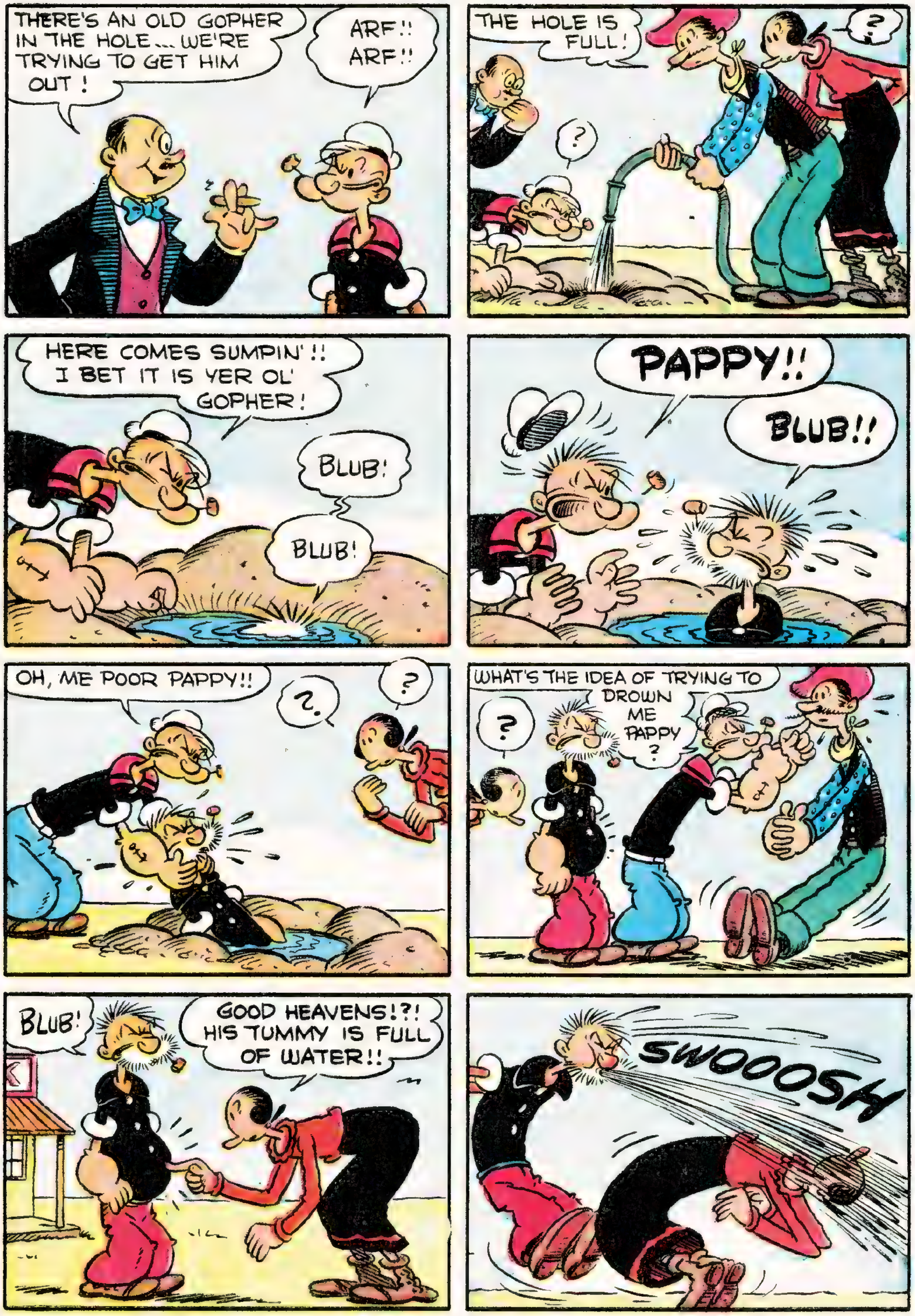
(Continued on inside back cover)


POPEYE
AN' PAPPY IN
"GOLDEN STREET!"
BUD SAGENDORF
HAS YA SEEN ME PAPPY, OLIVE?
OH, GOODY... IS HE LOST... I HOPE!?
I WISHED YA DIDN'T FEEL 'AT WAY ABOUT HIM.. WHEN WE GETS MARRIED, HE WILL BE YOUR PAPPY-IN-LAW!
THAT'S WHY WE'RE NOT MARRIED RIGHT NOW!!
I HASN'T SEEN PAPPY ALL DAY!
WHEN WE CAME ON THIS VACATION, I HOPED I'D NEVER SEE HIM!
ED'S
TRA-LA-DE-DA!
A GOLD DIGGING WE GO!
I LOVES THE WEST 'CAUSE THEY IS SO MUCH ROOM TO DIG!
HEY, STOP THAT!! YOU CAN'T DIG A HOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF MAIN STREET!
SCRAM, BUB... YA BOTHER ME!
BANK
POPEYE #24-533

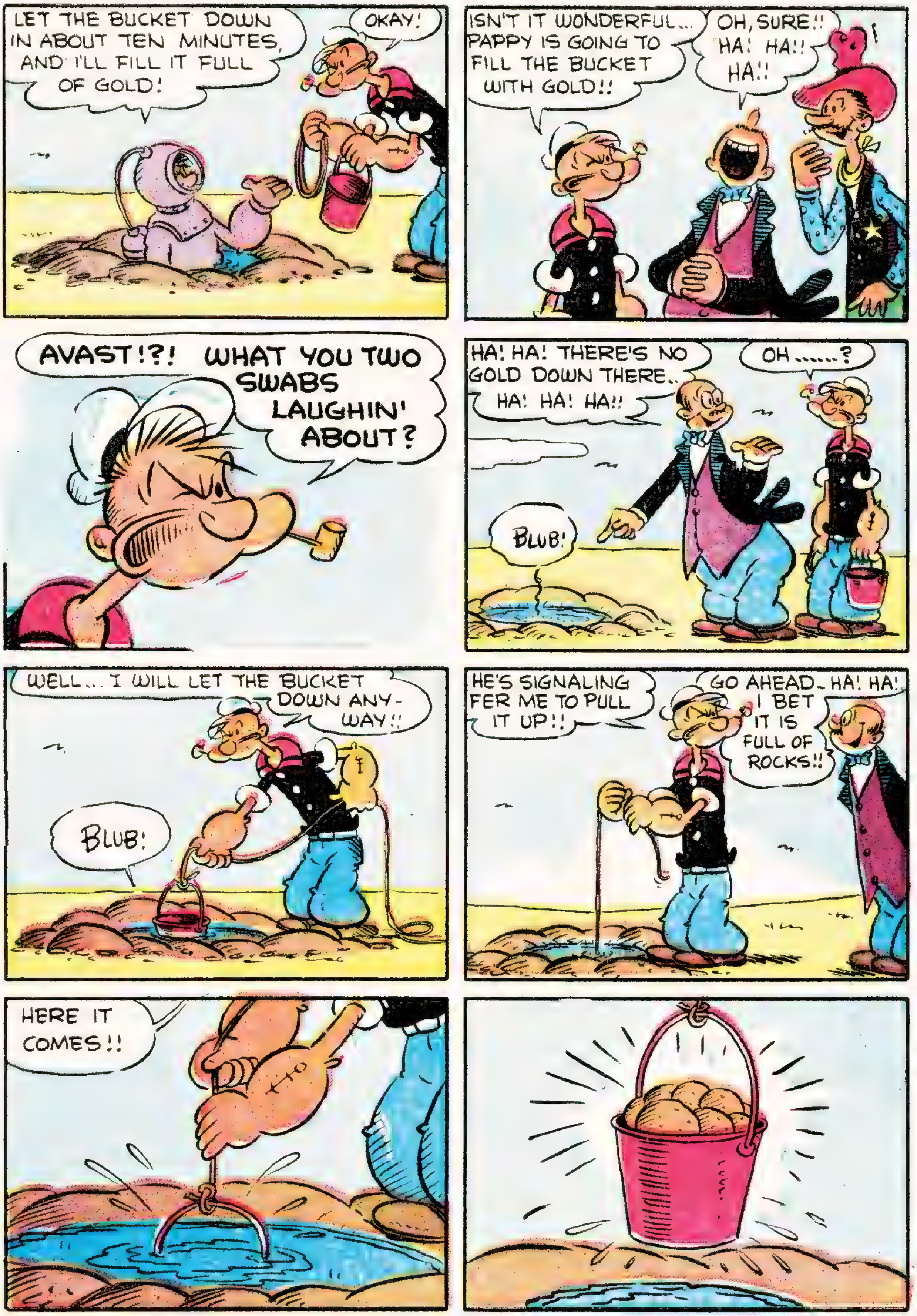
LISTEN, PIN-CHIN... FILL UP THAT HOLE, OR I'LL BLAST YOU!!
BAH!!
B
OKAY... YOU ASKED FOR IT!
CLICK
HEY!! THERE IS SOMETHING IN YOUR GUN BARREL!
HUH? HM? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING IN THERE!
?
?
PULL THE TRIGGER AND YOU'LL SEE IT!
BOOM!
HEH! HEH!!
THAT WASN'T A VERY NICE THING TO DO!
HEH! HEH! NOW LEAVE ME ALONE... I WANTS TO DIG!
TWEET TWEET
WHY ARE YOU DIGGING A HOLE?
I'M DIGGIN' FER GOLD.... I KNOWS THEY IS GOLD DOWN HERE!
BUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET.... THE MAYOR WON'T LIKE THAT!!
SO WHAT!!
THE LAW SAYS YA KIN DIG FER GOLD ANYWHERE YA PLEASES.... AN' I PLEASES TO DIG RIGHT HERE!!

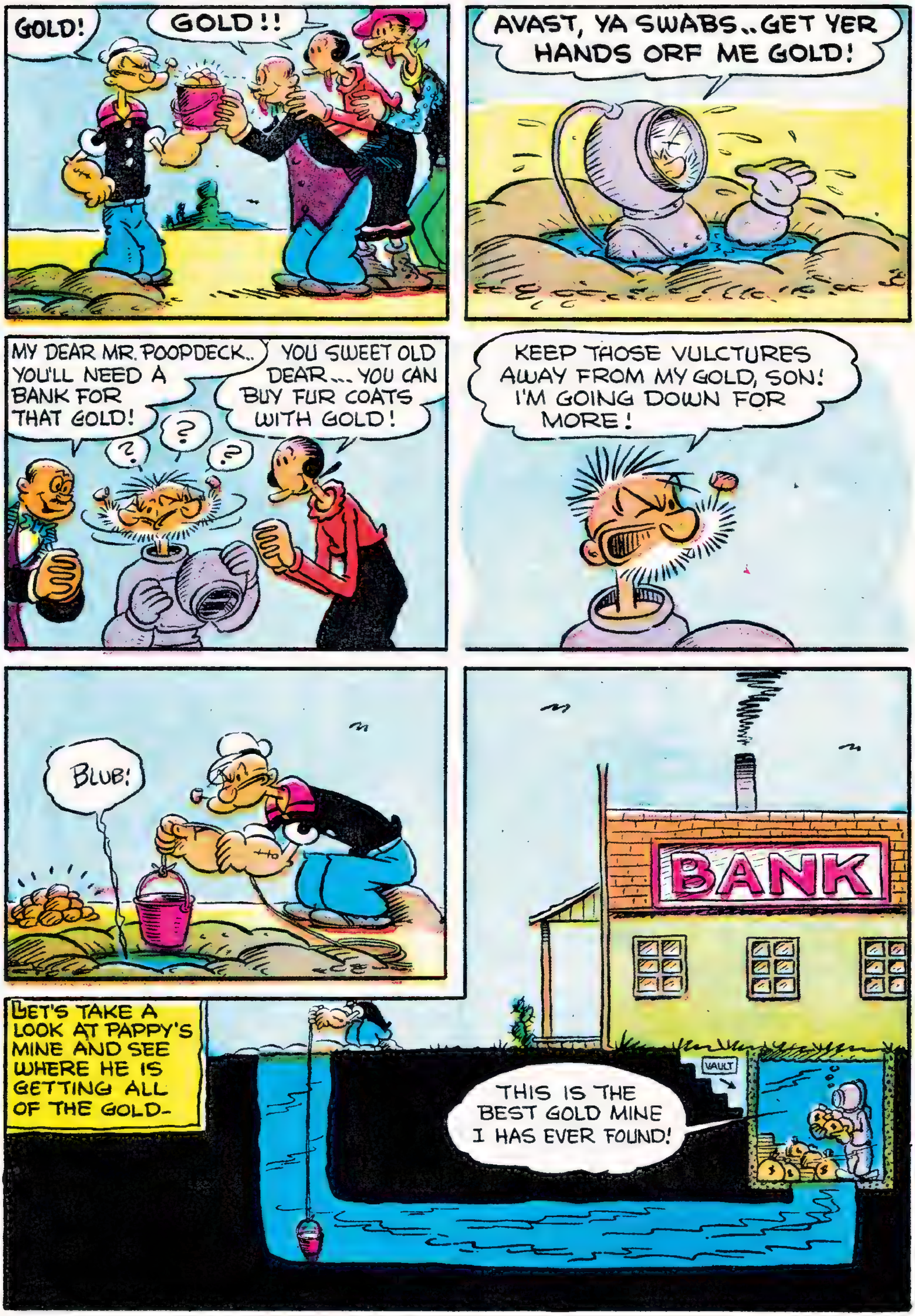

I'M GOING INTO THE BANK AND TELL THE MAYOR!!
MR. SQUEEZE... MAY I SPEAK TO YOU?
YES, SAM... ARE YOU TALKING TO ME AS MAYOR OR BANK PRESIDENT?
PRESIDENT
HM? ER...AS BOTH... I GUESS... THERE'S A MAN DIGGING A HOLE IN THE STREET IN FRONT OF YOUR BANK!
WHAT?
NOBODY CAN DIG UP OUR CITY STREETS!
!
SWISH
STOP DIGGING IN FRONT OF MY BANK!!
?
AS MAYOR OF THIS CITY I DEMAND THAT YOU STOP DIGGING!!
SPLAT!
?
ARREST THAT MAN! HE THREW DIRT IN THE MAYOR'S FACE!
?
?

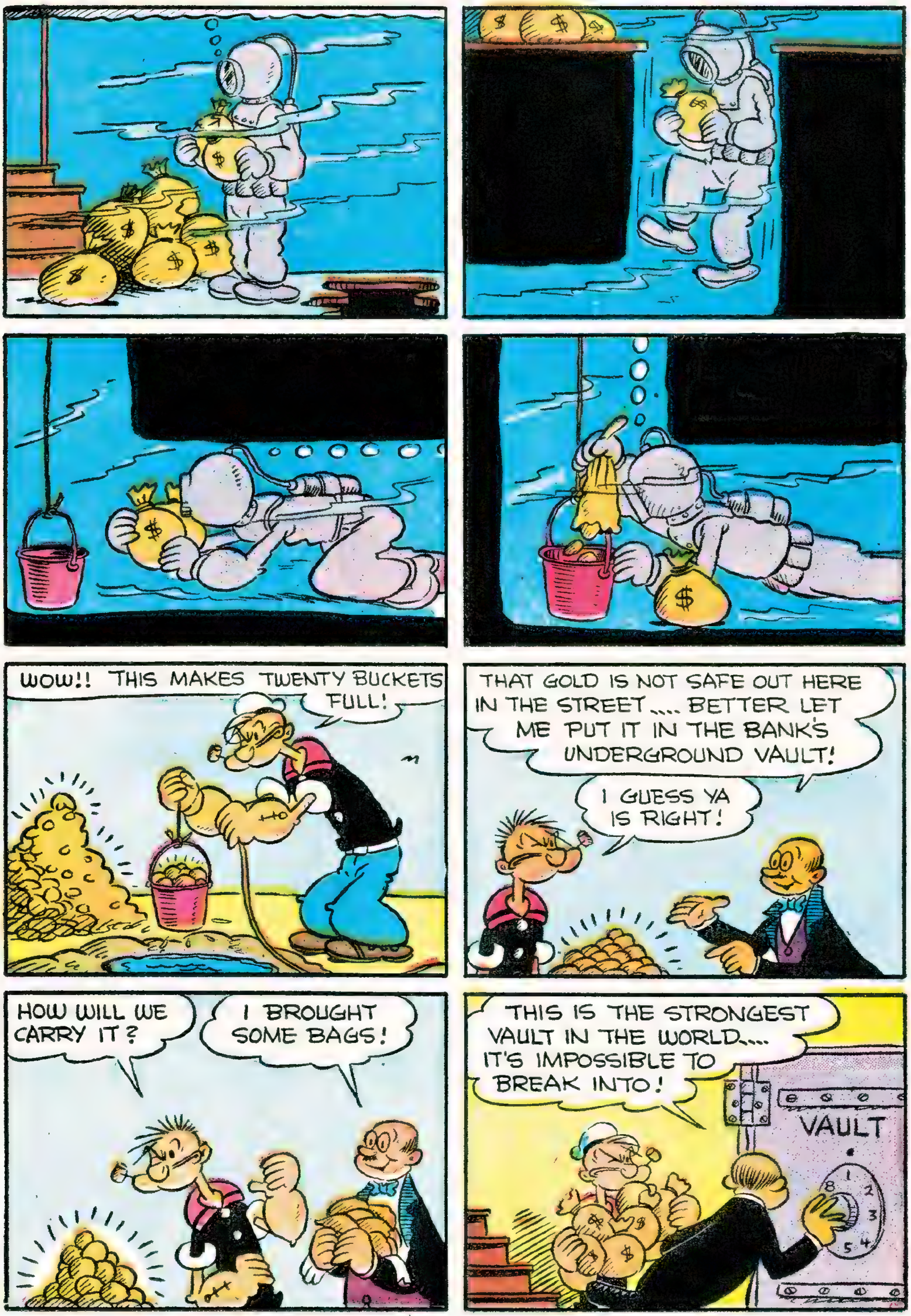

I SAID ARREST HIM!!
BUT THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST DIGGING FOR GOLD IN THE STREET!
BUT THERE IS A LAW AGAINST THROWING DIRT IN MY FACE--!
BANK
HEY...FUZZ-FACE... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!
?
?
SPLAT!
WILL YOU TWO SWABS SHUT UP AND LET A MAN WORK!?
RUN OVER AND GET THAT FIRE HOSE...WE'LL FLOOD HIM OUT!
OKAY!
?
THIS WILL FIX HIM!
FINE!!
BLUB
AHOY, MR. MAYOR.... WHATCHA TRYING TO DROWN?
?

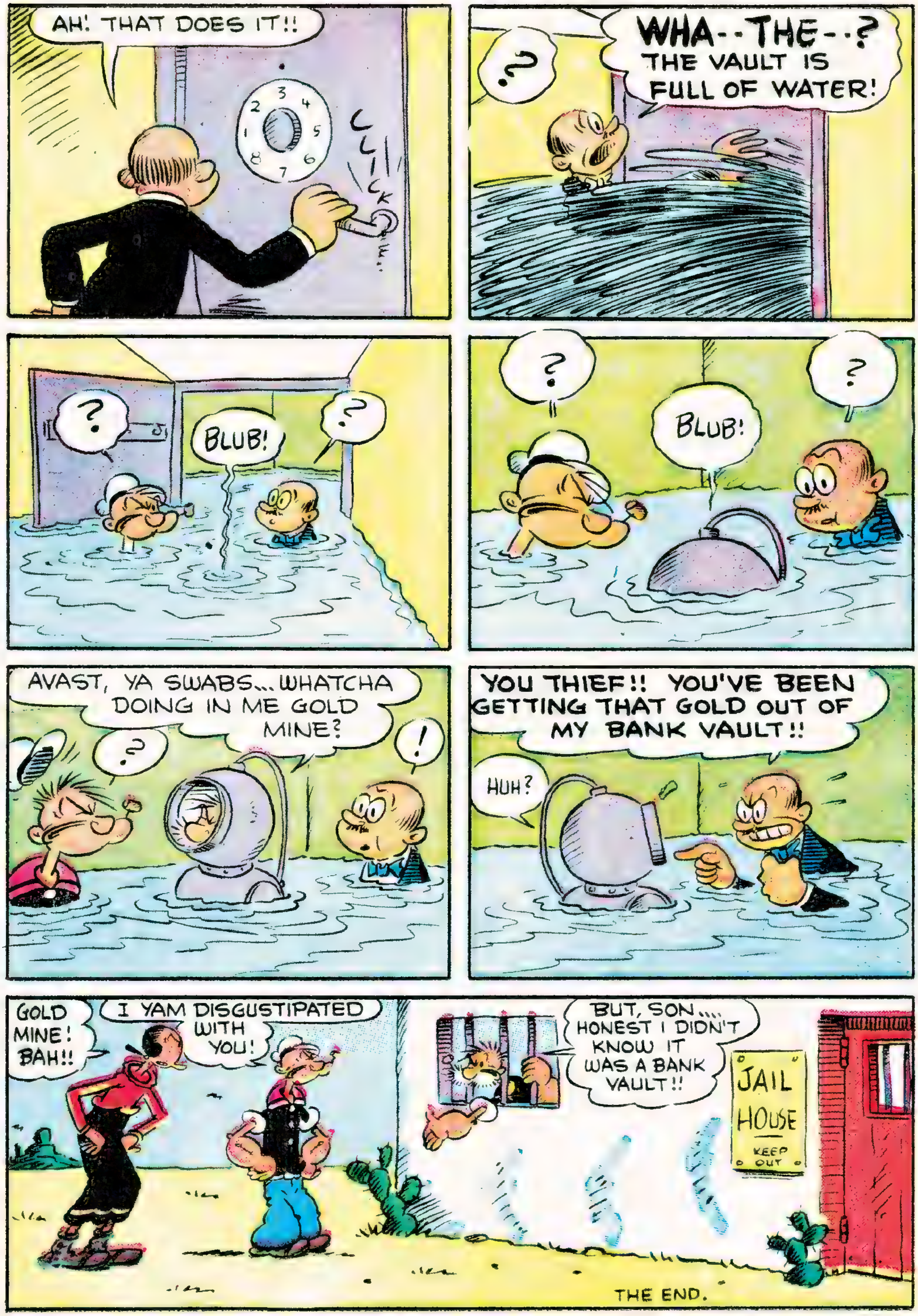

THERE'S AN OLD GOPHER IN THE HOLE... WE'RE TRYING TO GET HIM OUT!
ARF!! ARF!!
THE HOLE IS FULL!
?
?
HERE COMES SUMPIN'!! I BET IT IS YER OL' GOPHER!
BLUB!
BLUB!
PAPPY!!
BLUB!!
OH, ME POOR PAPPY!!
?
?
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TRYING TO DROWN ME PAPPY?
?
BLUB!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! HIS TUMMY IS FULL OF WATER!!
SWOOOSH

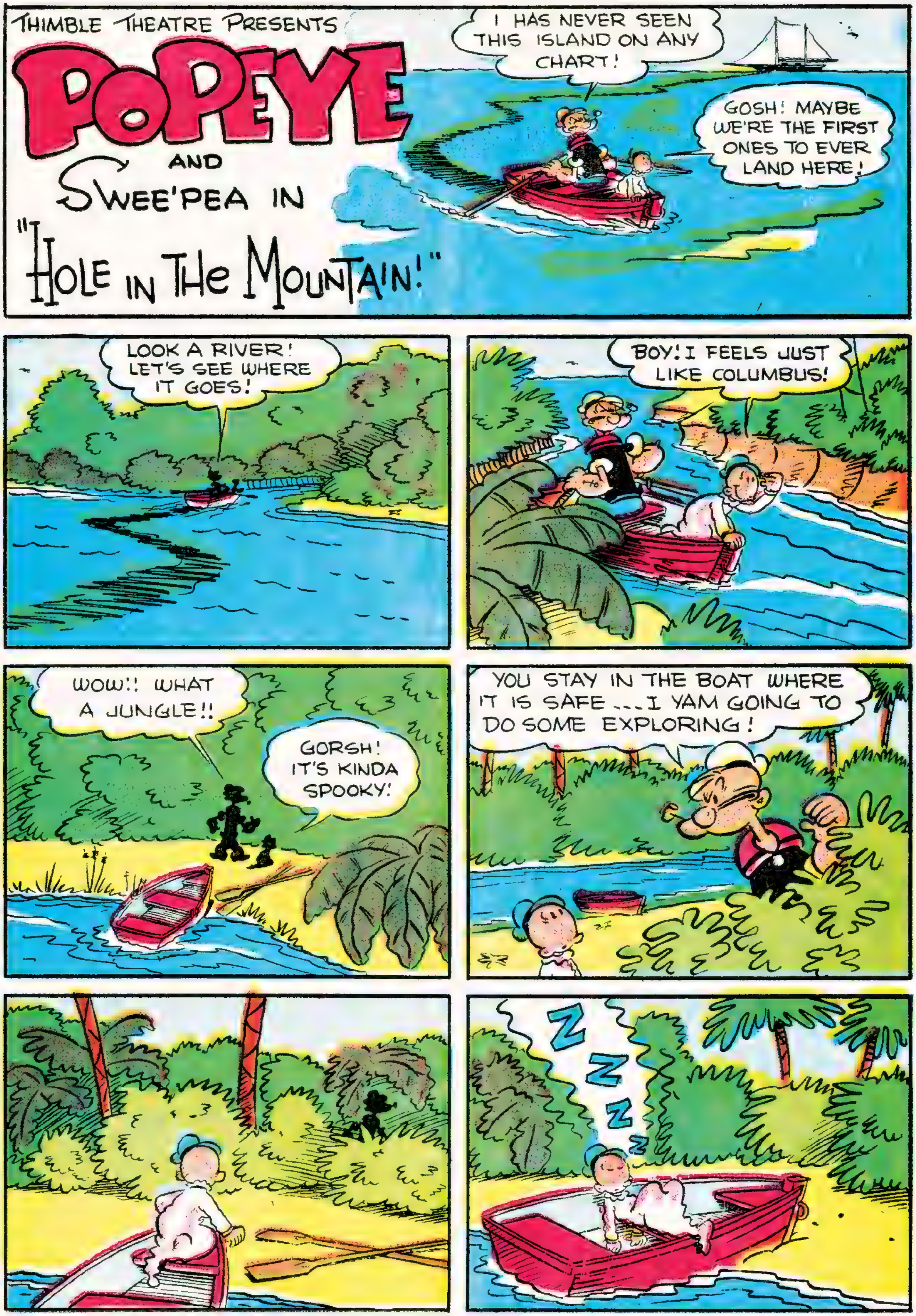
THANKS, OLIVE... THAT POKE IN THE TUMMY SAVED ME PAPPY'S LIFE!!
BLUB!
I FEELS FINE NOW!
AHOY, PAPPY.... WHERE YA GOING?
I'M GOING TO CHANGE MY CLOTHES AND GET BACK TO MY DIGGING!
WELL, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO DIG HERE ANY MORE!
HA! HA!
THE LAW SAYS HE KIN DIG FOR GOLD ANYPLACE HE WANTS TO!
SURE IT DOES!! BUT THIS HOLE IS FULL OF WATER!!
HA! HA!
WHA--TH--??
AWK!!
CLOMP! CLOMP! CLOMP!
A DIVING SUIT!!
ARF! ARF! ARF!
CLOMP
CLOMP

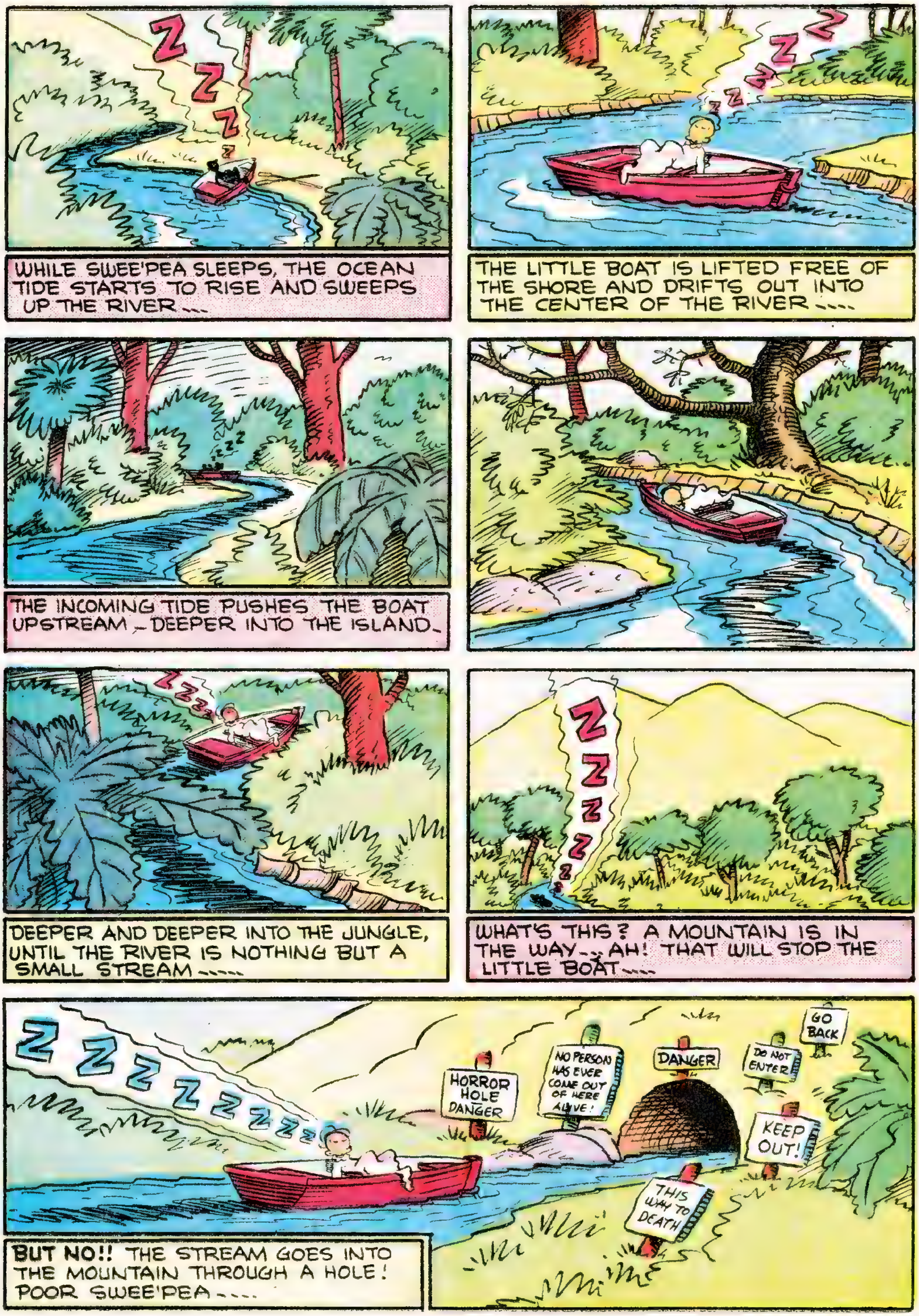

LET THE BUCKET DOWN IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, AND I'LL FILL IT FULL OF GOLD!
OKAY!
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL... PAPPY IS GOING TO FILL THE BUCKET WITH GOLD!!
OH, SURE!! HA! HA!! HA!!
AVAST!?! WHAT YOU TWO SWABS LAUGHIN' ABOUT?
HA! HA! THERE'S NO GOLD DOWN THERE.. HA! HA! HA!!
OH ......?
BLUB!
WELL... I WILL LET THE BUCKET DOWN ANY-WAY!!
BLUB!
HE'S SIGNALING FER ME TO PULL IT UP!!
GO AHEAD- HA! HA! I BET IT IS FULL OF ROCKS!!
HERE IT COMES!!


GOLD!
GOLD!!
AVAST, YA SWABS..GET YER HANDS ORF ME GOLD!
MY DEAR MR. POOPDECK.. YOU'LL NEED A BANK FOR THAT GOLD!
YOU SWEET OLD DEAR... YOU CAN BUY FUR COATS WITH GOLD!
?
?
?
KEEP THOSE VULCTURES AWAY FROM MY GOLD, SON! I'M GOING DOWN FOR MORE!
BLUB!
BANK
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT PAPPY'S MINE AND SEE WHERE HE IS GETTING ALL OF THE GOLD-
VAULT
THIS IS THE BEST GOLD MINE I HAS EVER FOUND!

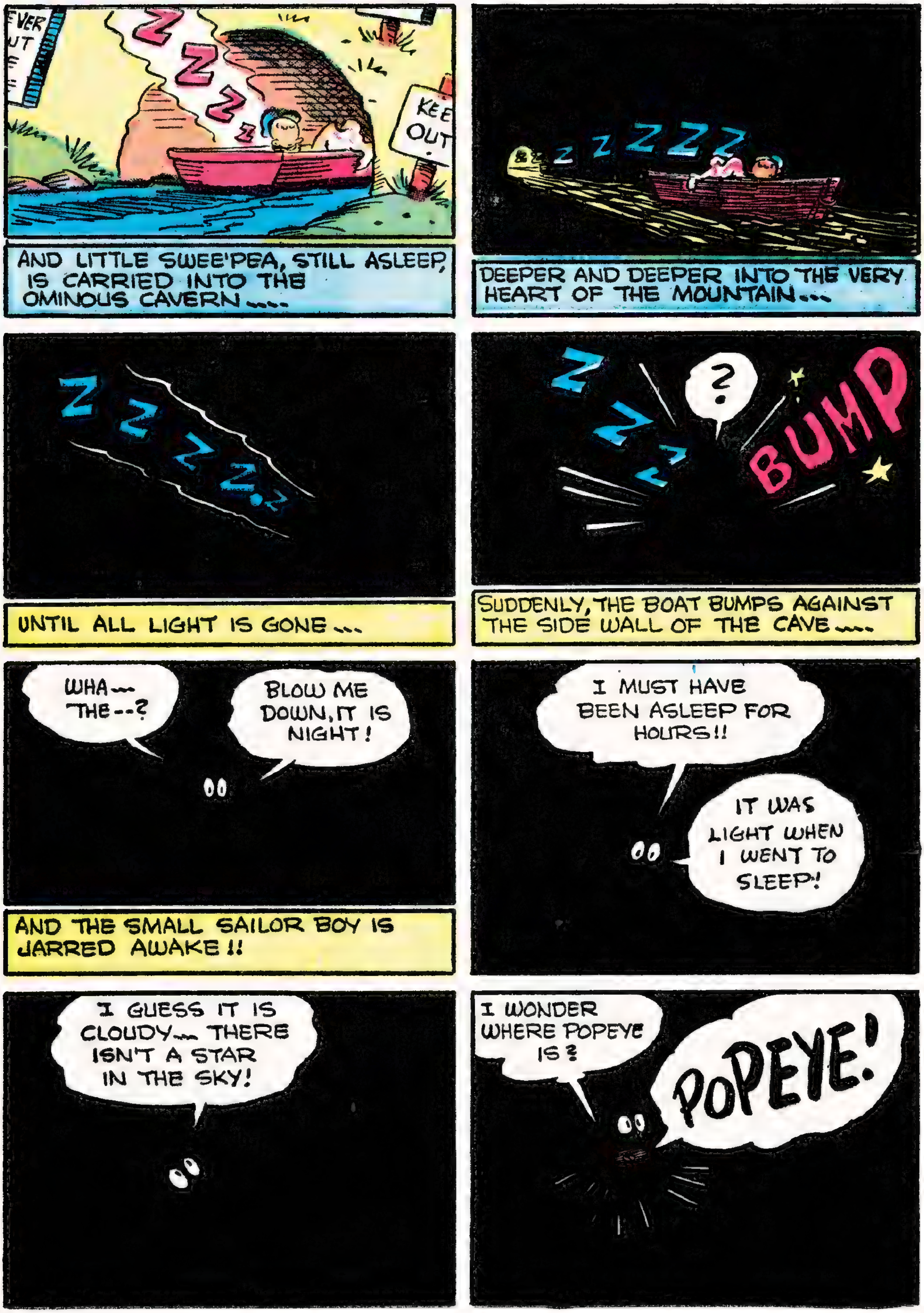

WOW!! THIS MAKES TWENTY BUCKETS FULL!
THAT GOLD IS NOT SAFE OUT HERE IN THE STREET.... BETTER LET ME PUT IT IN THE BANK'S UNDERGROUND VAULT!
I GUESS YA IS RIGHT!
HOW WILL WE CARRY IT?
I BROUGHT SOME BAGS!
THIS IS THE STRONGEST VAULT IN THE WORLD.... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO BREAK INTO!
VAULT


AH! THAT DOES IT!!
CLICK
?
WHA--THE--? THE VAULT IS FULL OF WATER!
?
BLUB!
?
?
BLUB!
?
AVAST, YA SWABS...WHATCHA DOING IN ME GOLD MINE?
?
!
YOU THIEF!! YOU'VE BEEN GETTING THAT GOLD OUT OF MY BANK VAULT!!
HUH?
GOLD MINE! BAH!!
I YAM DISGUSTIPATED WITH YOU!
BUT, SON.... HONEST I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A BANK VAULT!!
JAIL HOUSE
KEEP OUT
THE END.

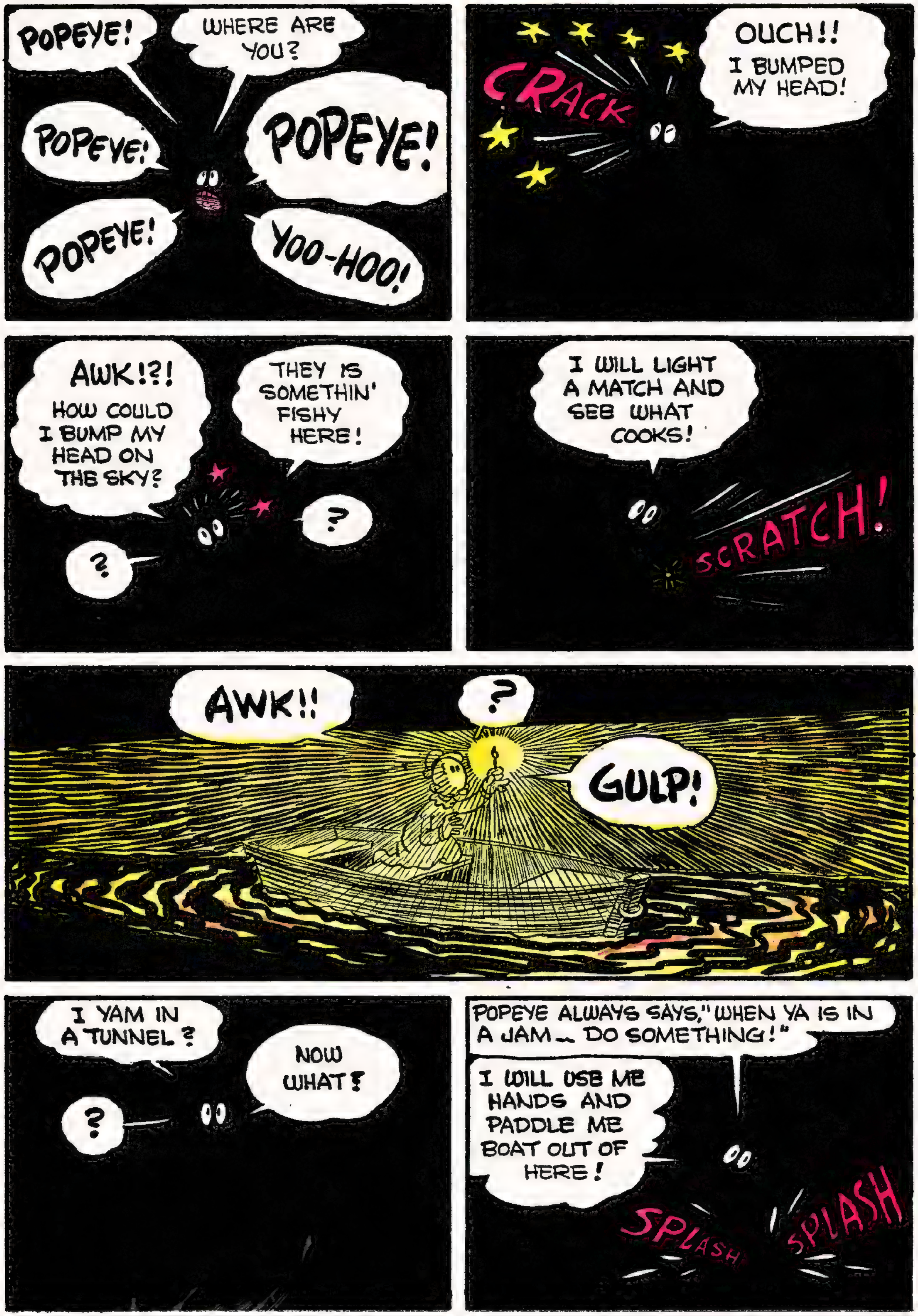

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
AND
SWEE'PEA IN
"HOLE IN THE MOUNTAIN!"
I HAS NEVER SEEN THIS ISLAND ON ANY CHART!
GOSH! MAYBE WE'RE THE FIRST ONES TO EVER LAND HERE!
LOOK A RIVER! LET'S SEE WHERE IT GOES!
BOY! I FEELS JUST LIKE COLUMBUS!
WOW!! WHAT A JUNGLE!!
GORSH! IT'S KINDA SPOOKY!
YOU STAY IN THE BOAT WHERE IT IS SAFE ... I YAM GOING TO DO SOME EXPLORING!
Z Z Z Z

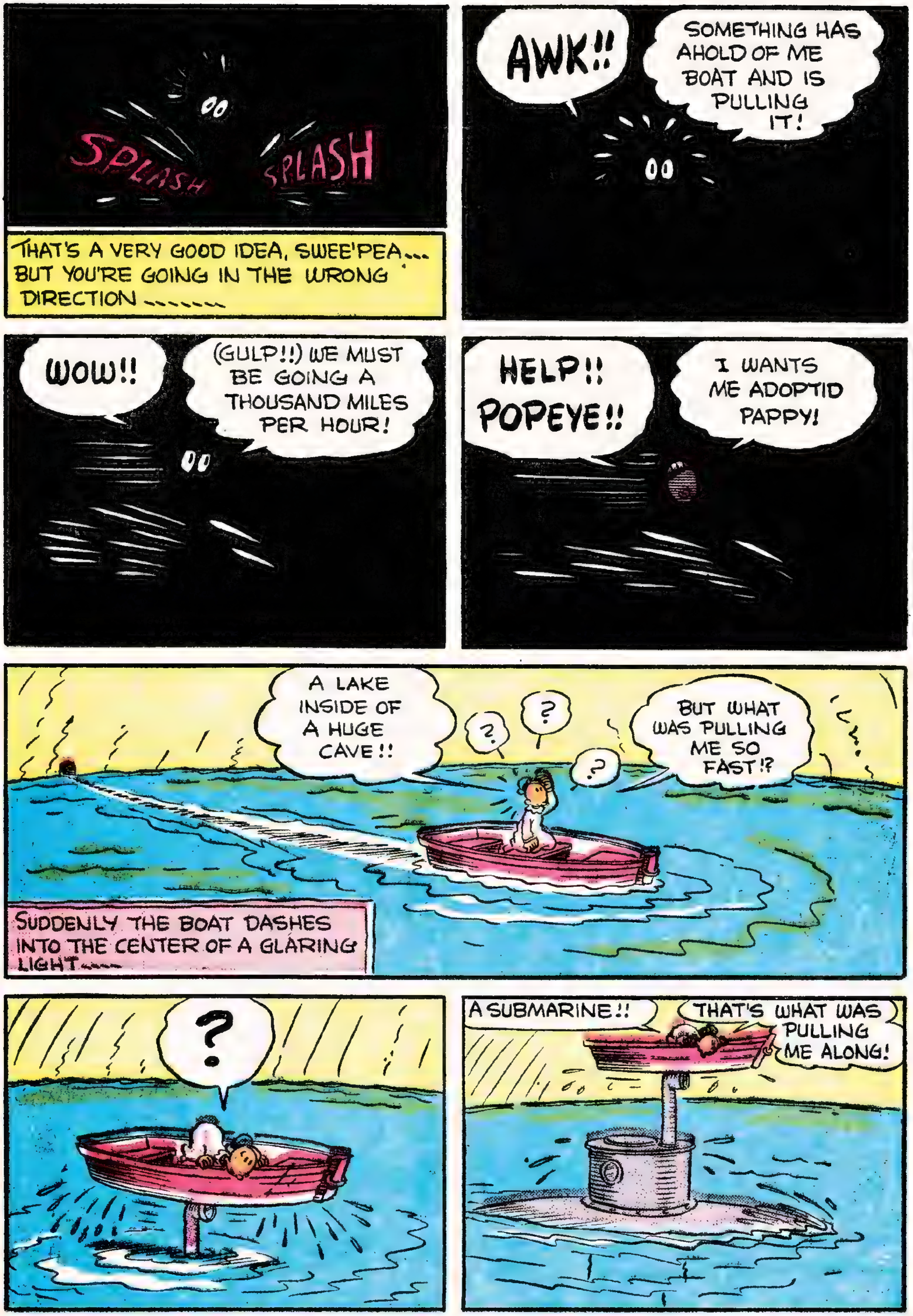


WHILE SWEE'PEA SLEEPS, THE OCEAN TIDE STARTS TO RISE AND SWEEPS UP THE RIVER ...
THE LITTLE BOAT IS LIFTED FREE OF THE SHORE AND DRIFTS OUT INTO THE CENTER OF THE RIVER ....
THE INCOMING TIDE PUSHES THE BOAT UPSTREAM — DEEPER INTO THE ISLAND —
DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE, UNTIL THE RIVER IS NOTHING BUT A SMALL STREAM .....
WHAT'S THIS? A MOUNTAIN IS IN THE WAY ... AH! THAT WILL STOP THE LITTLE BOAT ...
HORROR HOLE DANGER
NO PERSON HAS EVER COME OUT OF HERE ALIVE!
DANGER
DO NOT ENTER
GO BACK
KEEP OUT!
THIS WAY TO DEATH
BUT NO!! THE STREAM GOES INTO THE MOUNTAIN THROUGH A HOLE! POOR SWEE'PEA ....

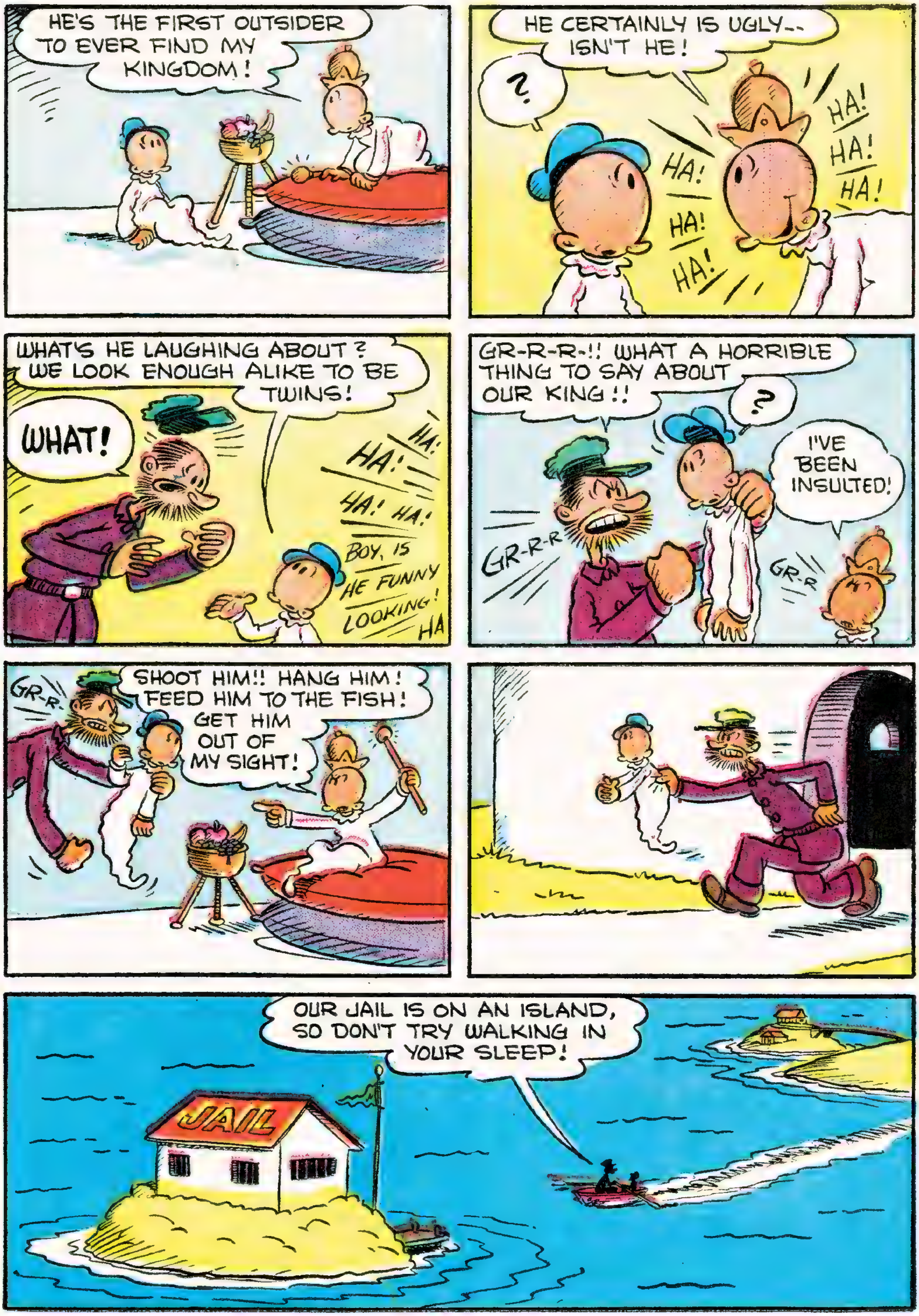


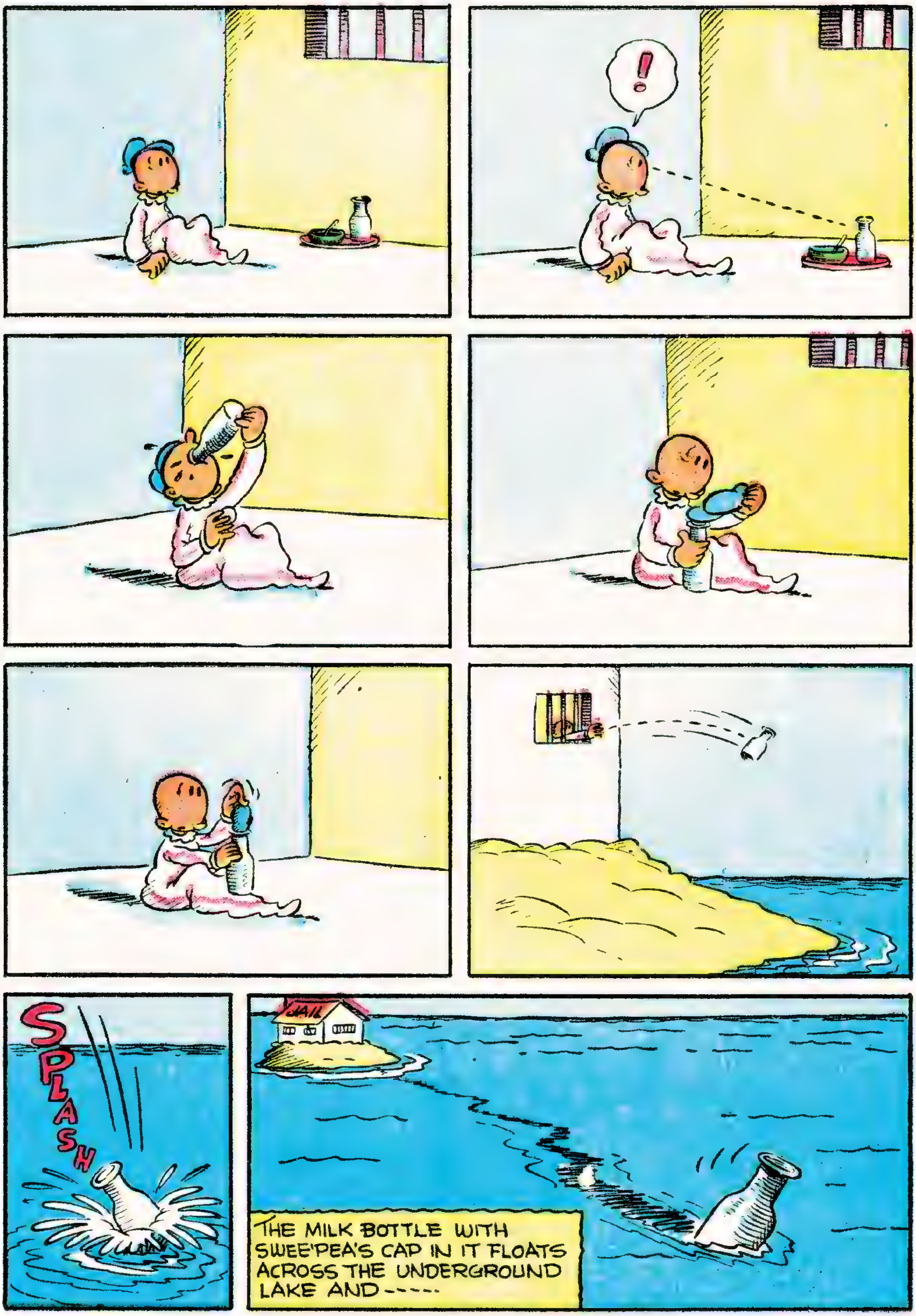
EVER
UT
KEE
OUT
AND LITTLE SWEE'PEA, STILL ASLEEP, IS CARRIED INTO THE OMINOUS CAVERN....
DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN...
UNTIL ALL LIGHT IS GONE...
?
BUMP
SUDDENLY, THE BOAT BUMPS AGAINST THE SIDE WALL OF THE CAVE....
WHA— THE--?
BLOW ME DOWN, IT IS NIGHT!
AND THE SMALL SAILOR BOY IS JARRED AWAKE!!
I MUST HAVE BEEN ASLEEP FOR HOURS!!
IT WAS LIGHT WHEN I WENT TO SLEEP!
I GUESS IT IS CLOUDY— THERE ISN'T A STAR IN THE SKY!
I WONDER WHERE POPEYE IS?
POPEYE!

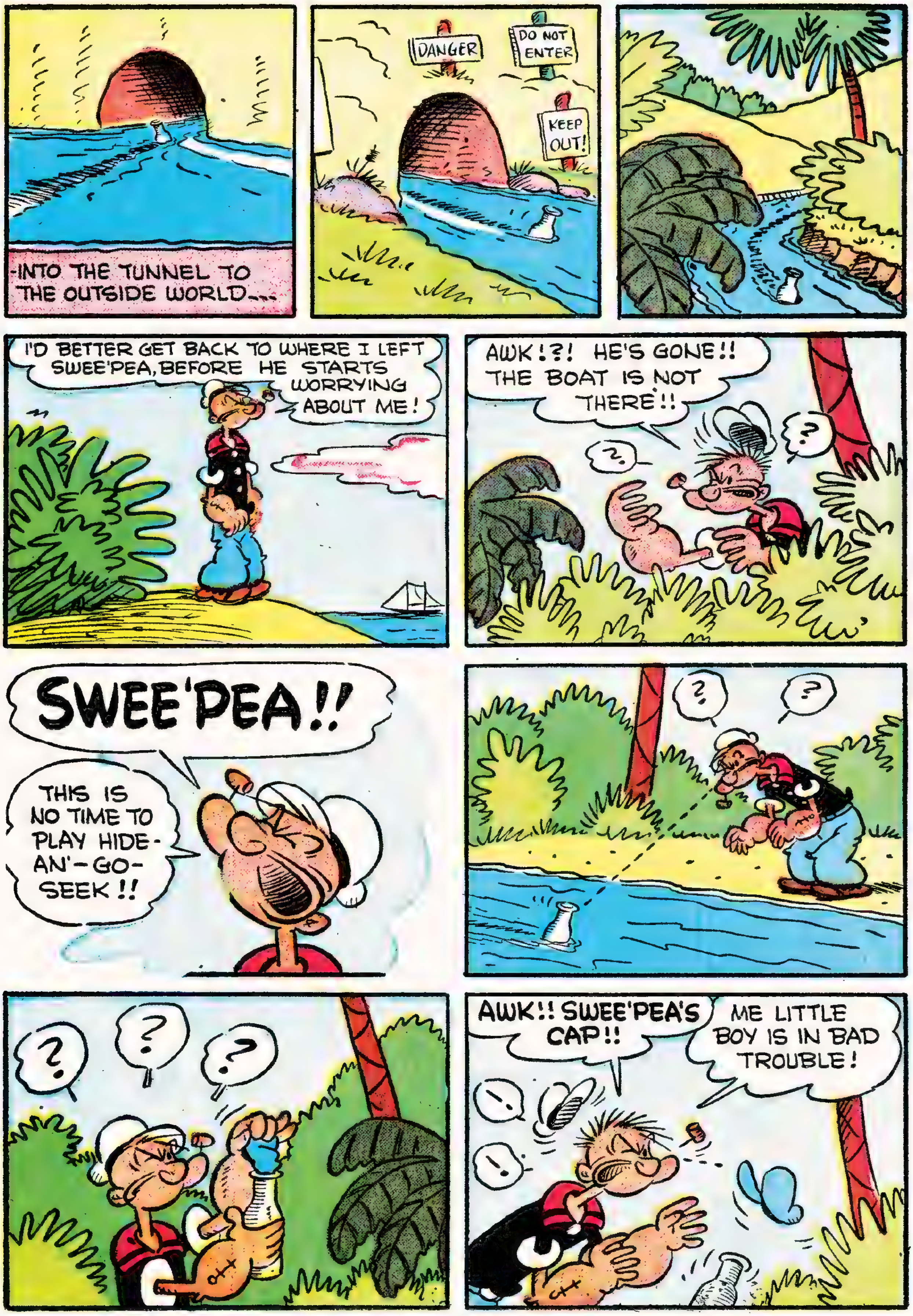

POPEYE!
WHERE ARE YOU?
POPEYE!
POPEYE!
POPEYE!
YOO-HOO!
CRACK
OUCH!! I BUMPED MY HEAD!
AWK!?! HOW COULD I BUMP MY HEAD ON THE SKY?
THEY IS SOMETHIN' FISHY HERE!
?
?
I WILL LIGHT A MATCH AND SEE WHAT COOKS!
SCRATCH!
AWK!!
?
GULP!
I YAM IN A TUNNEL?
NOW WHAT?
?
POPEYE ALWAYS SAYS, "WHEN YA IS IN A JAM — DO SOMETHING!"
I WILL USE ME HANDS AND PADDLE ME BOAT OUT OF HERE!
SPLASH
SPLASH

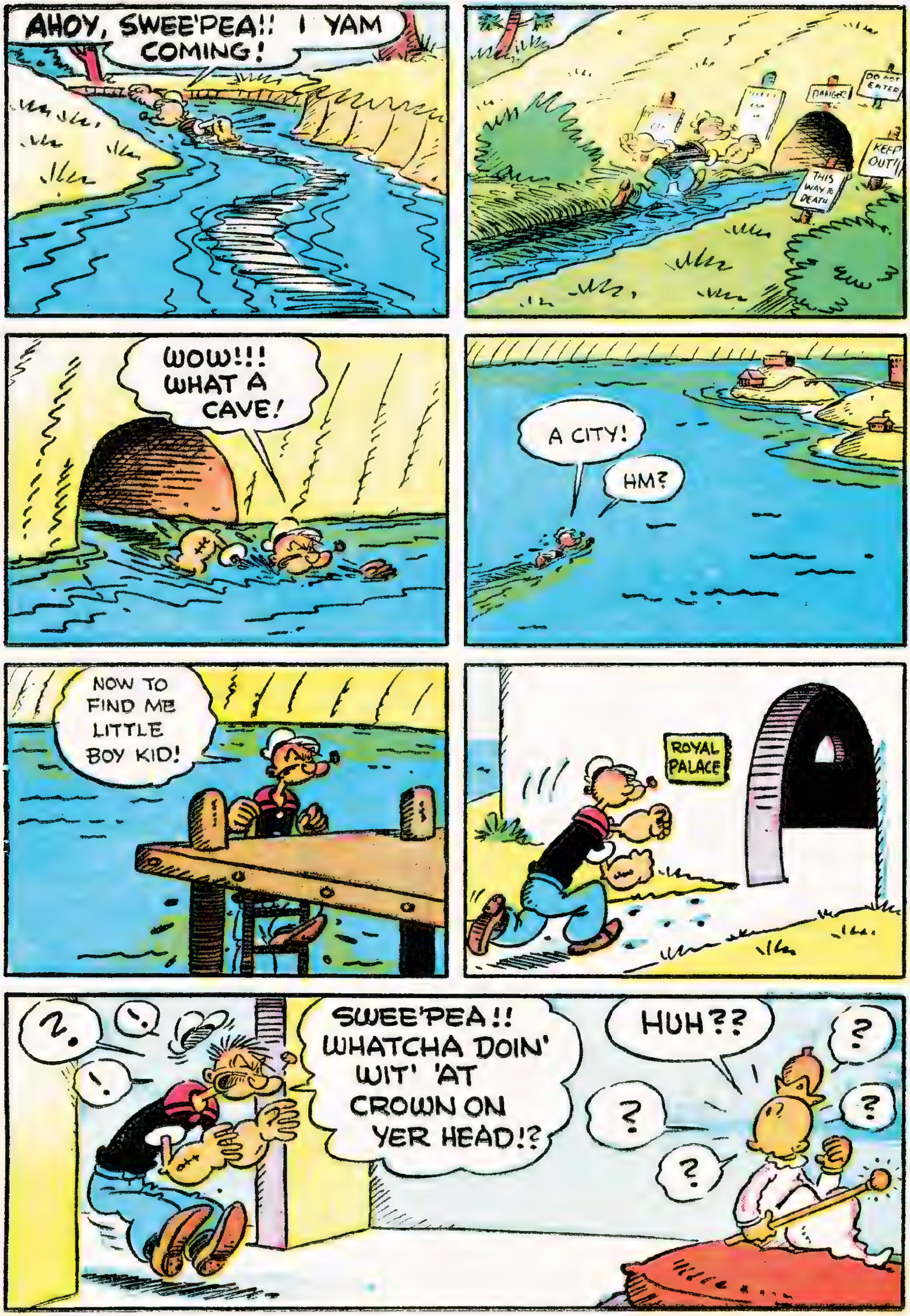

SPLASH
SPLASH
THAT'S A VERY GOOD IDEA, SWEE'PEA... BUT YOU'RE GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION ....
AWK!!
SOMETHING HAS AHOLD OF ME BOAT AND IS PULLING IT!
WOW!!
(GULP!!) WE MUST BE GOING A THOUSAND MILES PER HOUR!
HELP!! POPEYE!!
I WANTS ME ADOPTID PAPPY!
A LAKE INSIDE OF A HUGE CAVE!!
?
?
?
BUT WHAT WAS PULLING ME SO FAST!?
SUDDENLY THE BOAT DASHES INTO THE CENTER OF A GLARING LIGHT....
?
A SUBMARINE!!
THAT'S WHAT WAS PULLING ME ALONG!

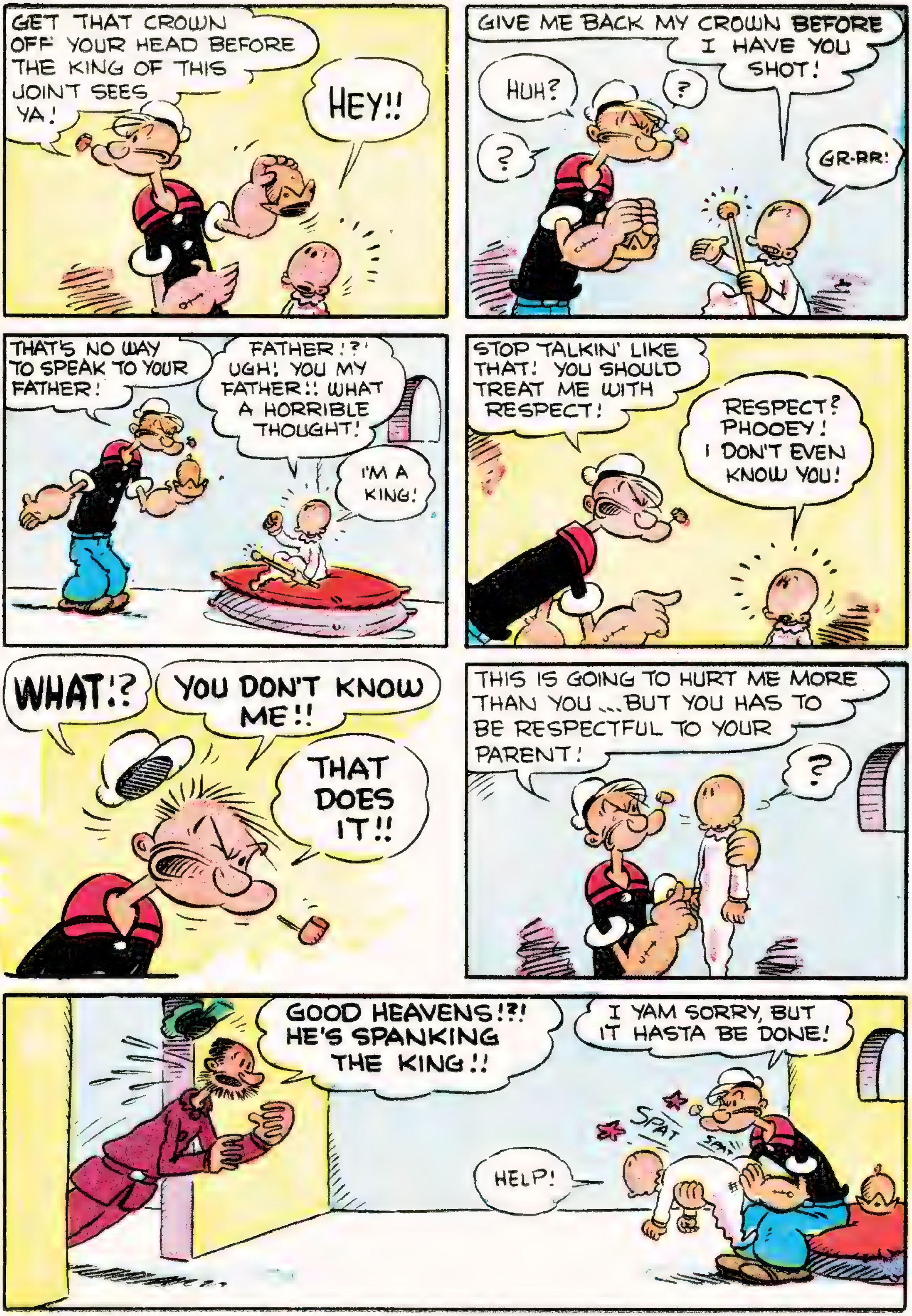
THEY'S A BUNCH OF ISLANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAKE.. WE IS HEADING RIGHT FOR THEM!
MY GORSH!?! THERE ARE HOUSES AND PEOPLE ON THE ISLANDS!
?
IT'S A WHOLE CITY!
HEY!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE IN CAVEOLLA?
ER--I DIDN'T ASK TO COME!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU TO THE KING!
GULP!
THE KING WON'T BE HAPPY ABOUT THIS!!
ROYAL PALACE
I'M NOT TOO HAPPY ABOUT IT MESELF!
YOUR MAJESTY!!
LOOK AT WHAT CAME IN ON THE SUPPLY SUB....
?
?
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT IS IT!?
?
?

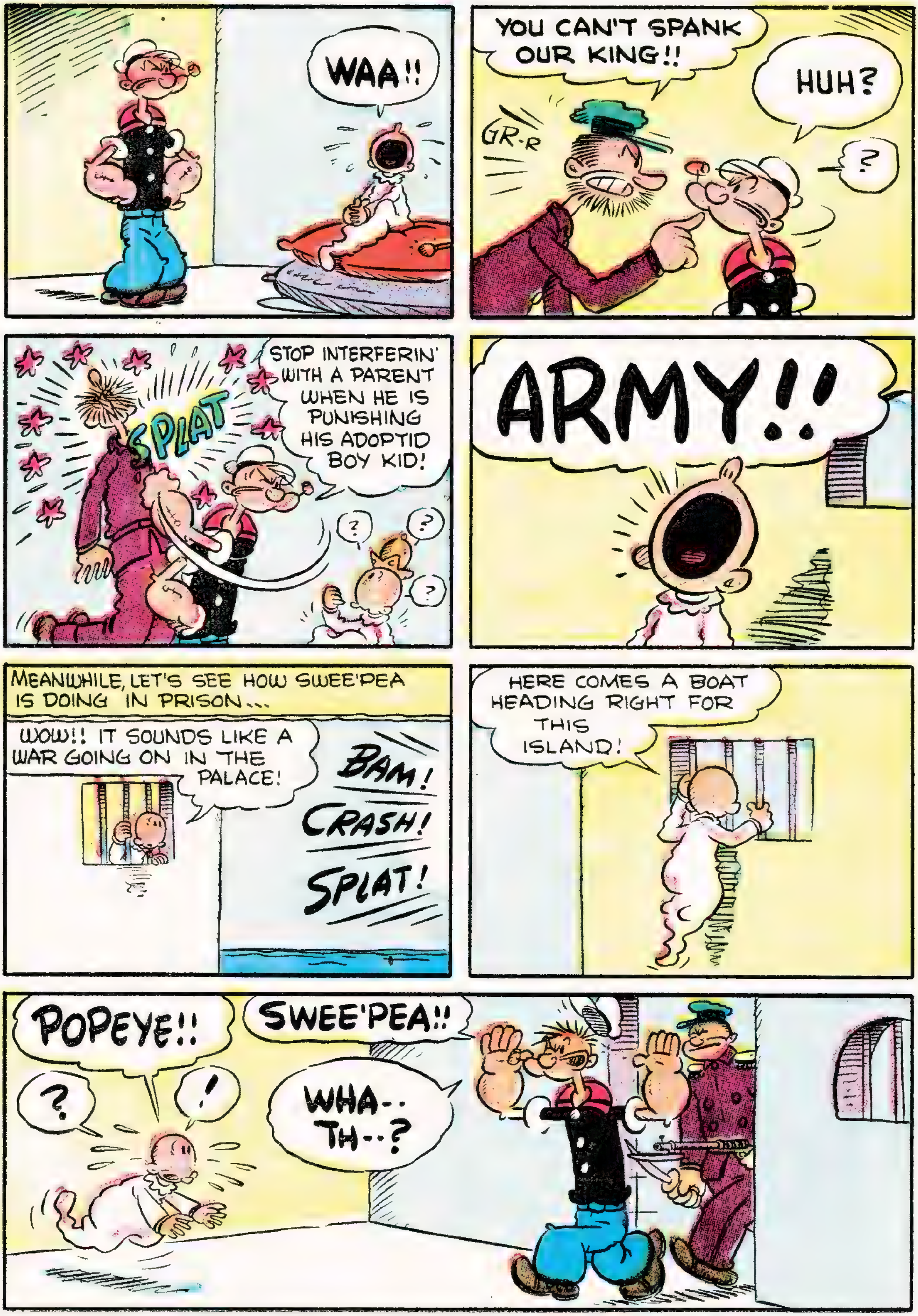

HE'S THE FIRST OUTSIDER TO EVER FIND MY KINGDOM!
HE CERTAINLY IS UGLY-- ISN'T HE!
?
HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!
WHAT'S HE LAUGHING ABOUT? WE LOOK ENOUGH ALIKE TO BE TWINS!
WHAT!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
BOY, IS HE FUNNY LOOKING! HA
GR-R-R-!! WHAT A HORRIBLE THING TO SAY ABOUT OUR KING!!
?
I'VE BEEN INSULTED!
GR-R-R
GR-R
GR-R
SHOOT HIM!! HANG HIM! FEED HIM TO THE FISH! GET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT!
OUR JAIL IS ON AN ISLAND, SO DON'T TRY WALKING IN YOUR SLEEP!
JAIL

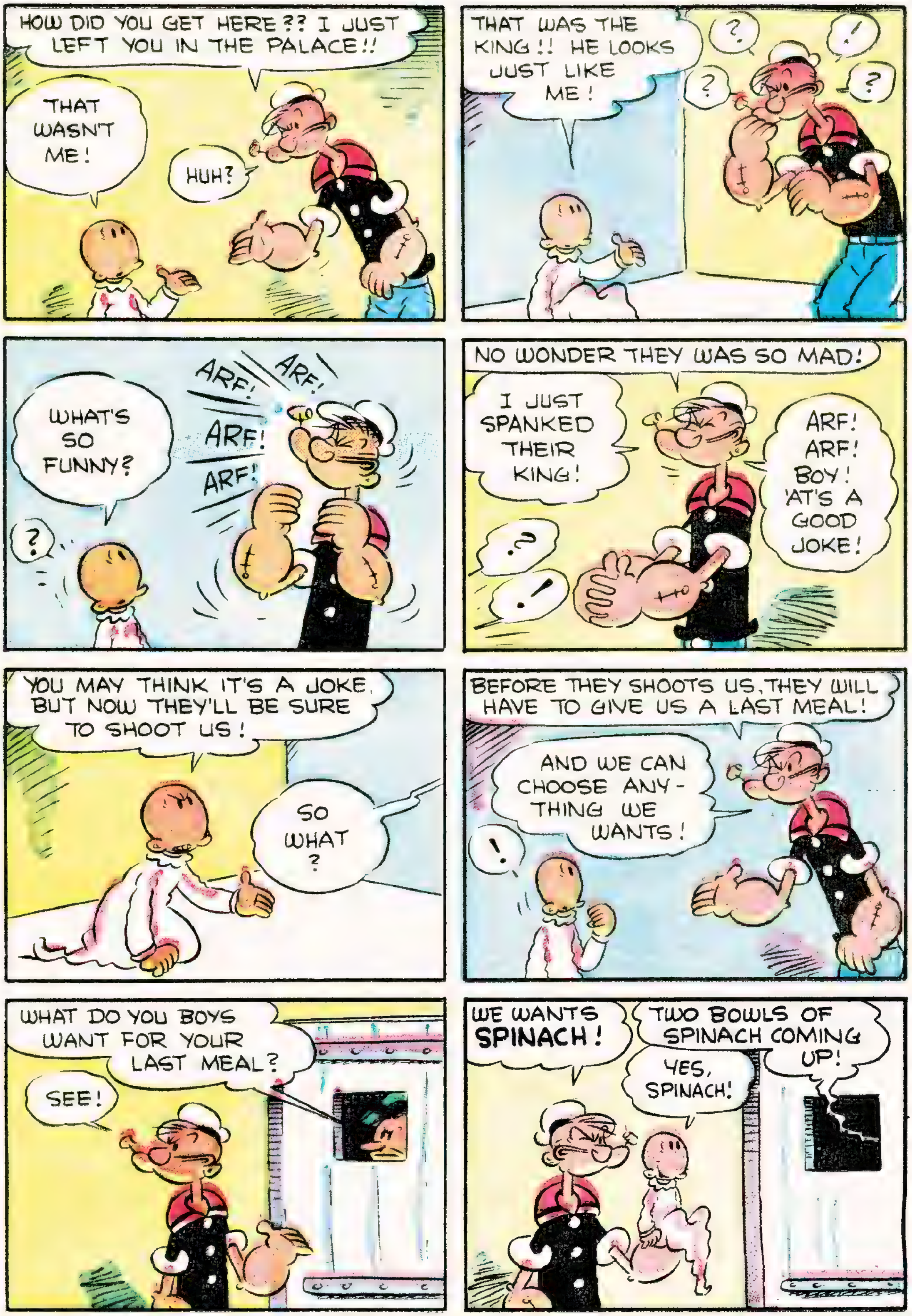

!
SPLASH
JAIL
THE MILK BOTTLE WITH SWEE'PEA'S CAP IN IT FLOATS ACROSS THE UNDERGROUND LAKE AND-----

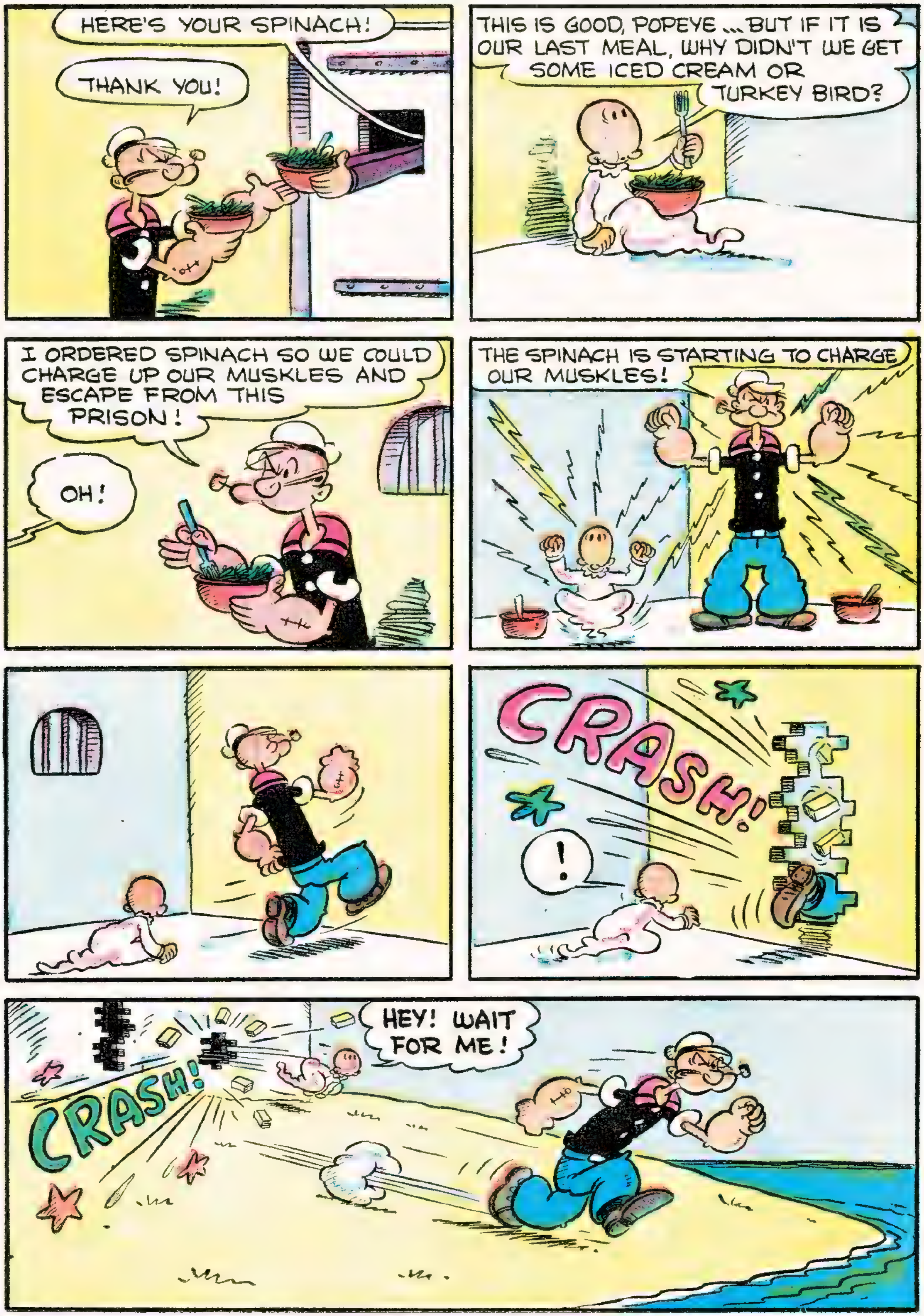

-INTO THE TUNNEL TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD---
DANGER
DO NOT ENTER
KEEP OUT!
I'D BETTER GET BACK TO WHERE I LEFT SWEE'PEA, BEFORE HE STARTS WORRYING ABOUT ME!
AWK!?! HE'S GONE!! THE BOAT IS NOT THERE!!
?
?
SWEE'PEA!!
THIS IS NO TIME TO PLAY HIDE-AN'-GO-SEEK!!
?
?
?
?
?
AWK!! SWEE'PEA'S CAP!!
ME LITTLE BOY IS IN BAD TROUBLE!
!
!

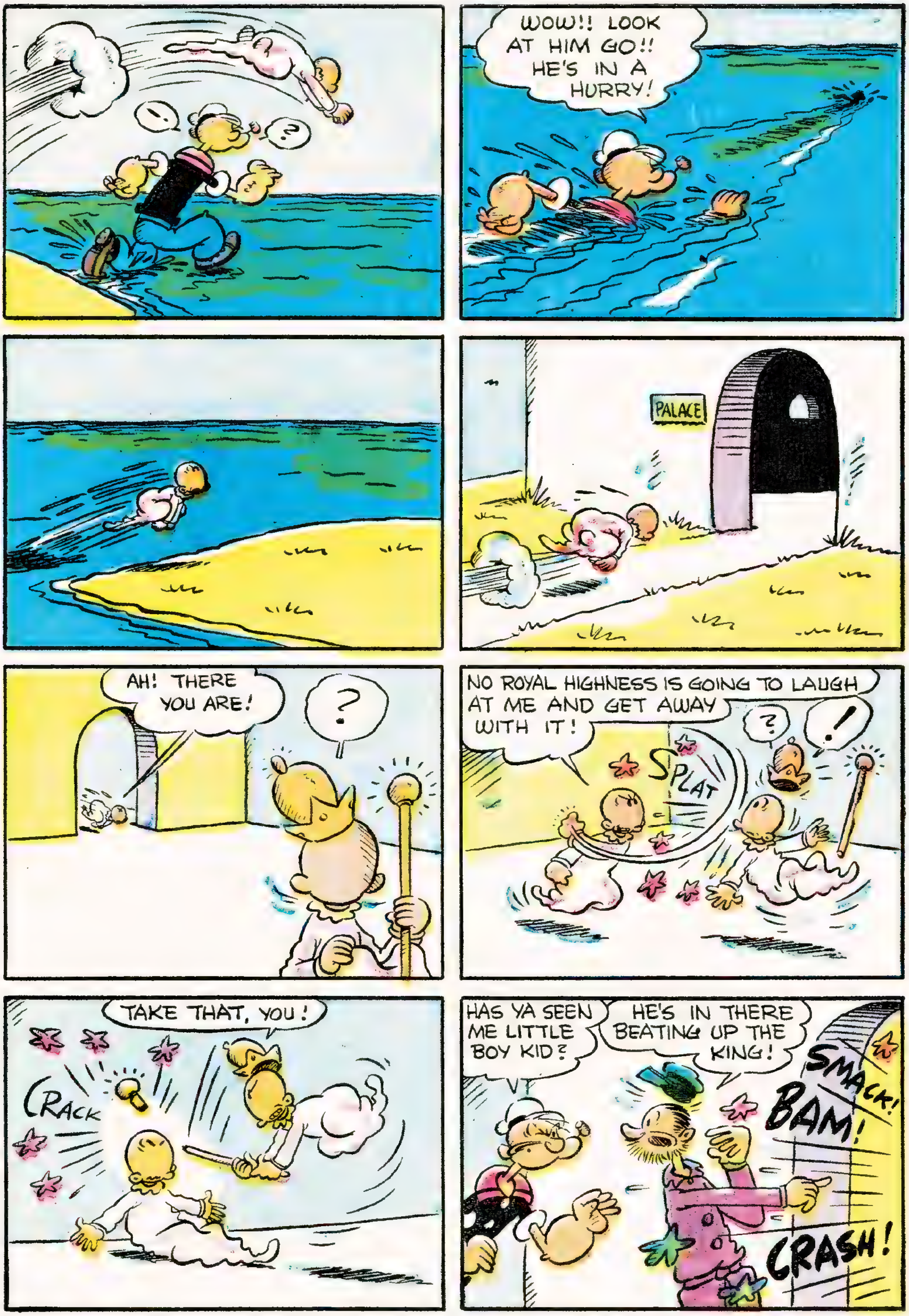

AHOY, SWEE'PEA!! I YAM COMING!
DANGER
DO NOT ENTER
KEEP OUT!
THIS WAY TO DEATH
WOW!!! WHAT A CAVE!
A CITY!
HM?
NOW TO FIND ME LITTLE BOY KID!
ROYAL PALACE
SWEE'PEA!! WHATCHA DOIN' WIT' 'AT CROWN ON YER HEAD!?
HUH??
?
?
?
?

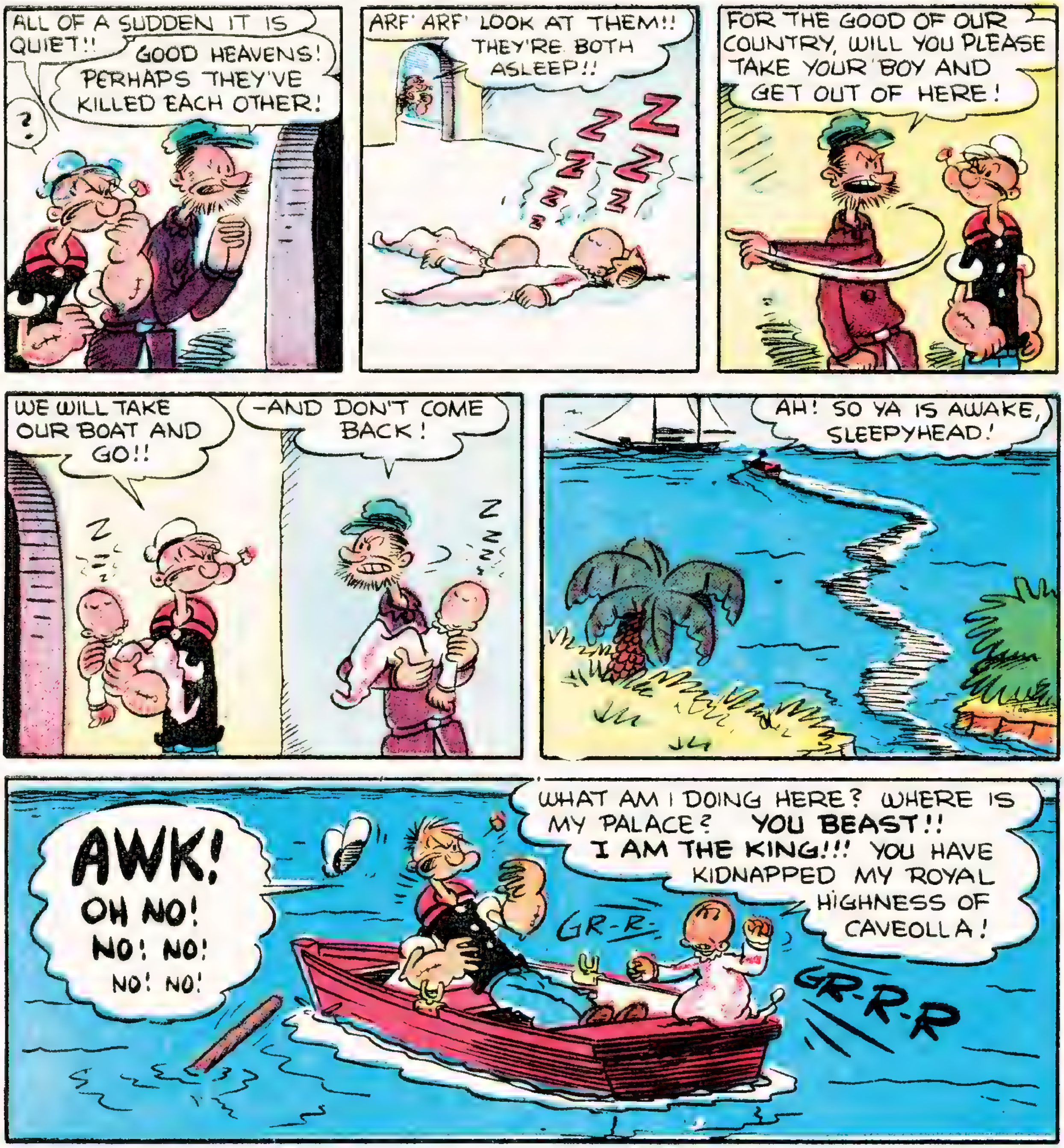

GET THAT CROWN OFF YOUR HEAD BEFORE THE KING OF THIS JOINT SEES YA!
HEY!!
GIVE ME BACK MY CROWN BEFORE I HAVE YOU SHOT!
HUH?
?
?
GR-RR!
THAT'S NO WAY TO SPEAK TO YOUR FATHER!
FATHER!?! UGH! YOU MY FATHER!! WHAT A HORRIBLE THOUGHT!
I'M A KING!
STOP TALKIN' LIKE THAT! YOU SHOULD TREAT ME WITH RESPECT!
RESPECT? PHOOEY! I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU!
WHAT!?
YOU DON'T KNOW ME!!
THAT DOES IT!!
THIS IS GOING TO HURT ME MORE THAN YOU ...BUT YOU HAS TO BE RESPECTFUL TO YOUR PARENT!
?
GOOD HEAVENS!?! HE'S SPANKING THE KING!!
I YAM SORRY, BUT IT HASTA BE DONE!
SPAT
HELP!

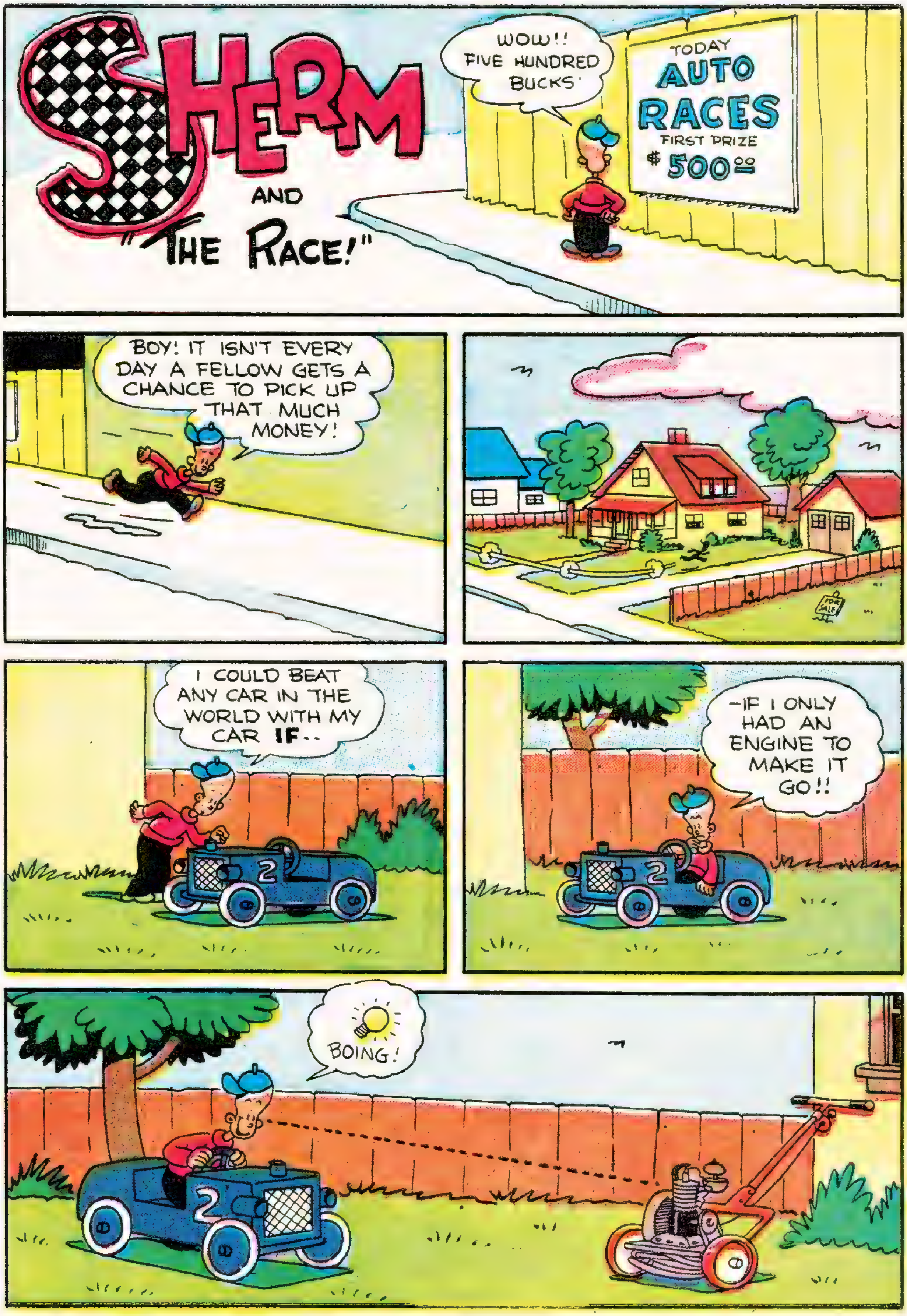

WAA!!
YOU CAN'T SPANK OUR KING!!
GR-R
HUH?
?
SPLAT
STOP INTERFERIN' WITH A PARENT WHEN HE IS PUNISHING HIS ADOPTID BOY KID!
?
?
?
ARMY!!
MEANWHILE, LET'S SEE HOW SWEE'PEA IS DOING IN PRISON...
WOW!! IT SOUNDS LIKE A WAR GOING ON IN THE PALACE!
BAM!
CRASH!
SPLAT!
HERE COMES A BOAT HEADING RIGHT FOR THIS ISLAND!
POPEYE!!
SWEE'PEA!!
?
!
WHA-- TH--?

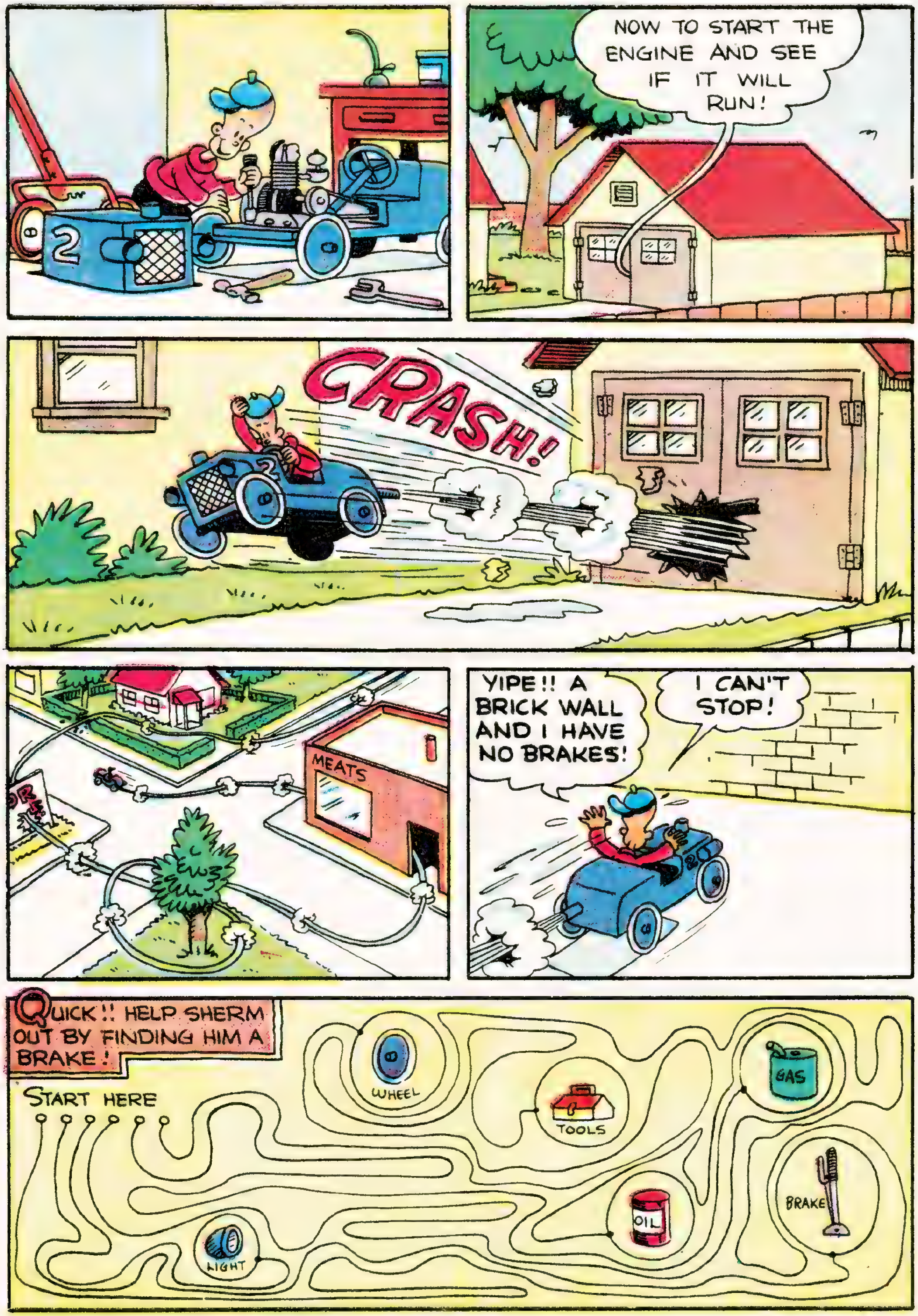

HOW DID YOU GET HERE?? I JUST LEFT YOU IN THE PALACE!!
THAT WASN'T ME!
HUH?
THAT WAS THE KING!! HE LOOKS JUST LIKE ME!
? ! ? ?
WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!
?
NO WONDER THEY WAS SO MAD!
I JUST SPANKED THEIR KING!
ARF! ARF! BOY! 'AT'S A GOOD JOKE!
? !
YOU MAY THINK IT'S A JOKE, BUT NOW THEY'LL BE SURE TO SHOOT US!
SO WHAT?
BEFORE THEY SHOOTS US, THEY WILL HAVE TO GIVE US A LAST MEAL!
AND WE CAN CHOOSE ANY-THING WE WANTS!
!
WHAT DO YOU BOYS WANT FOR YOUR LAST MEAL?
SEE!
WE WANTS SPINACH!
YES, SPINACH!
TWO BOWLS OF SPINACH COMING UP!

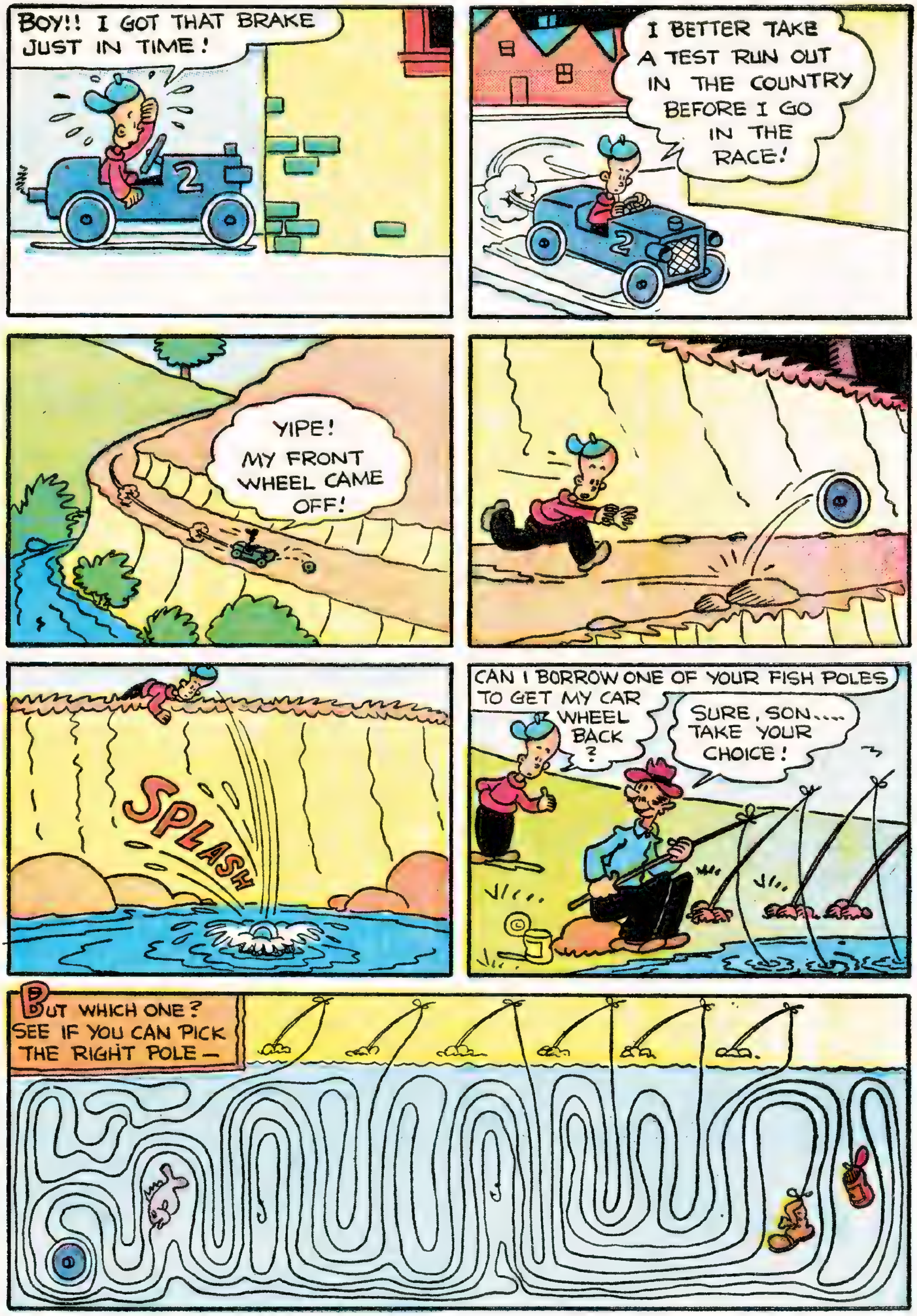

HERE'S YOUR SPINACH!
THANK YOU!
THIS IS GOOD, POPEYE ... BUT IF IT IS OUR LAST MEAL, WHY DIDN'T WE GET SOME ICED CREAM OR TURKEY BIRD?
I ORDERED SPINACH SO WE COULD CHARGE UP OUR MUSKLES AND ESCAPE FROM THIS PRISON!
OH!
THE SPINACH IS STARTING TO CHARGE OUR MUSKLES!
CRASH!
!
CRASH!
HEY! WAIT FOR ME!

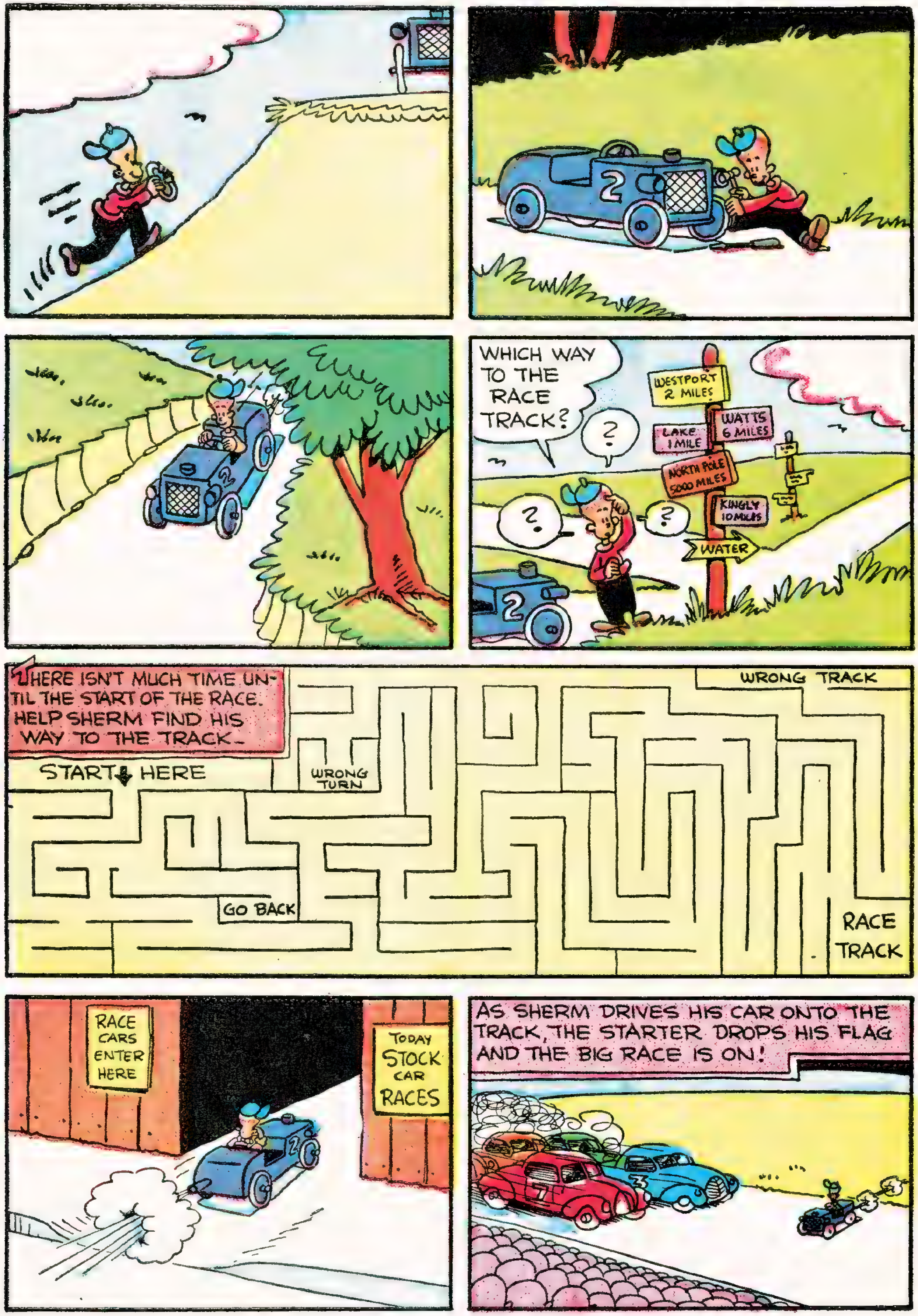

WOW!! LOOK AT HIM GO!! HE'S IN A HURRY!
PALACE
AH! THERE YOU ARE!
?
NO ROYAL HIGHNESS IS GOING TO LAUGH AT ME AND GET AWAY WITH IT!
SPLAT
TAKE THAT, YOU!
CRACK
HAS YA SEEN ME LITTLE BOY KID?
HE'S IN THERE BEATING UP THE KING!
SMACK!
BAM!
CRASH!


ALL OF A SUDDEN IT IS QUIET!!
GOOD HEAVENS! PERHAPS THEY'VE KILLED EACH OTHER!
?
ARF! ARF! LOOK AT THEM!! THEY'RE BOTH ASLEEP!!
Z Z Z Z Z Z Z
FOR THE GOOD OF OUR COUNTRY, WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE YOUR BOY AND GET OUT OF HERE!
WE WILL TAKE OUR BOAT AND GO!!
-AND DON'T COME BACK!
AH! SO YA IS AWAKE, SLEEPYHEAD!
AWK! OH NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!
WHAT AM I DOING HERE? WHERE IS MY PALACE? YOU BEAST!! I AM THE KING!!! YOU HAVE KIDNAPPED MY ROYAL HIGHNESS OF CAVEOLLA!
GR-R-
GR-R-R

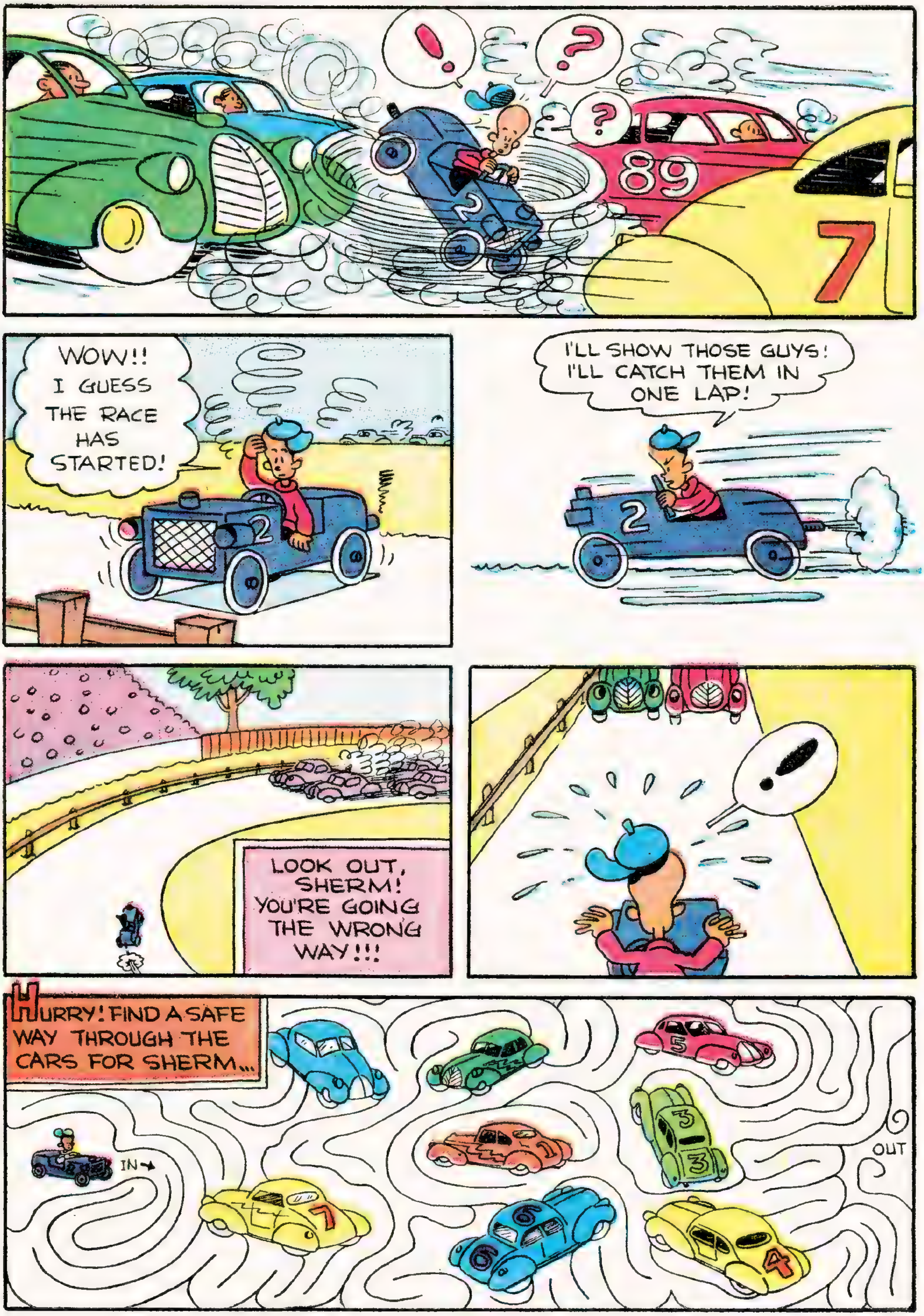

SHERM AND "THE RACE!"
WOW!! FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS!
TODAY AUTO RACES FIRST PRIZE $500.00
BOY! IT ISN'T EVERY DAY A FELLOW GETS A CHANCE TO PICK UP THAT MUCH MONEY!
FOR SALE
I COULD BEAT ANY CAR IN THE WORLD WITH MY CAR IF--
-IF I ONLY HAD AN ENGINE TO MAKE IT GO!!
BOING!

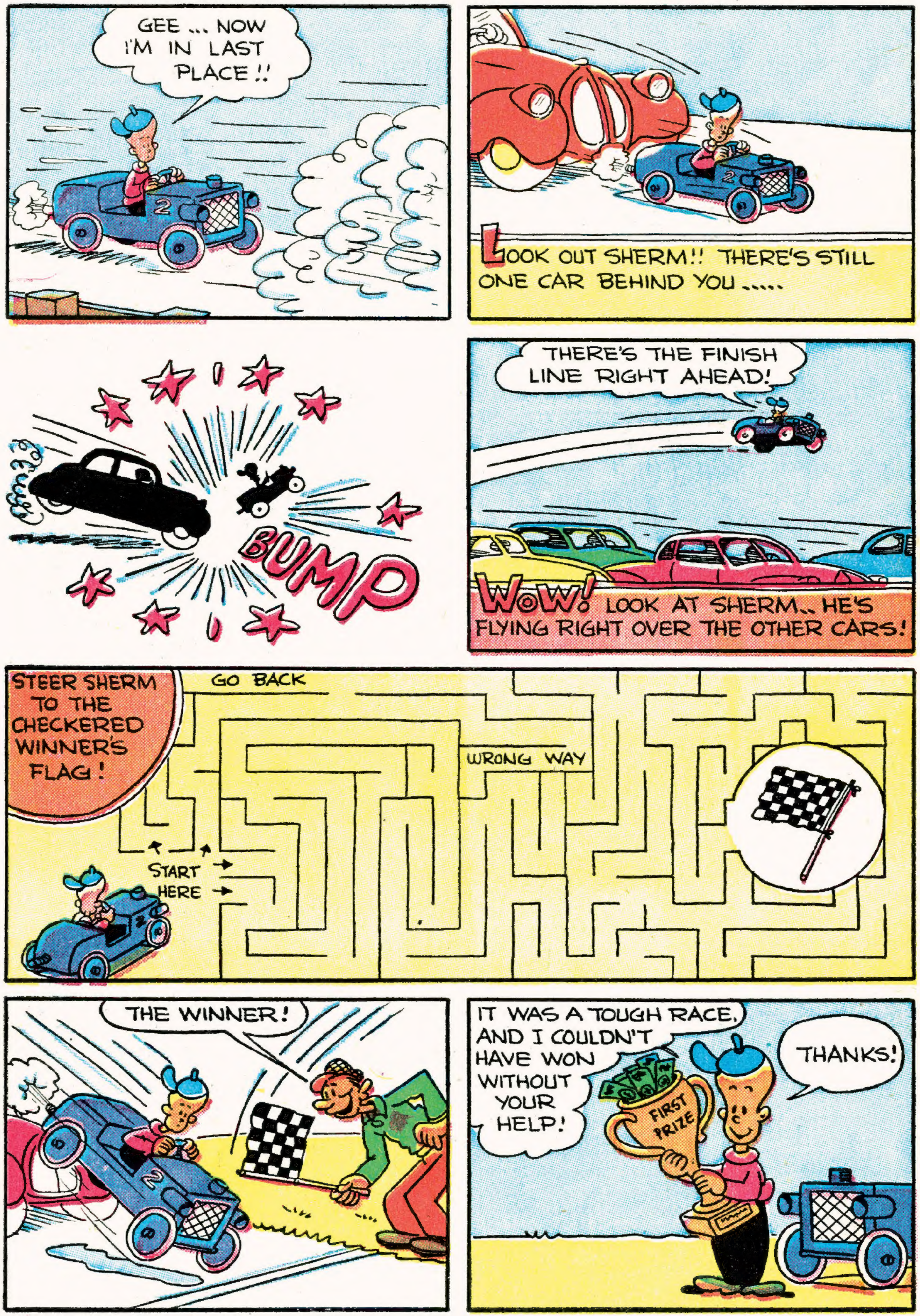

2
NOW TO START THE ENGINE AND SEE IF IT WILL RUN!
CRASH!
2
MEATS
YIPE!! A BRICK WALL AND I HAVE NO BRAKES!
I CAN'T STOP!
QUICK!! HELP SHERM OUT BY FINDING HIM A BRAKE!
START HERE
WHEEL
TOOLS
GAS
BRAKE
OIL
LIGHT


BOY!! I GOT THAT BRAKE JUST IN TIME!
I BETTER TAKE A TEST RUN OUT IN THE COUNTRY BEFORE I GO IN THE RACE!
YIPE! MY FRONT WHEEL CAME OFF!
SPLASH
CAN I BORROW ONE OF YOUR FISH POLES TO GET MY CAR WHEEL BACK?
SURE, SON.... TAKE YOUR CHOICE!
BUT WHICH ONE? SEE IF YOU CAN PICK THE RIGHT POLE—



WHICH WAY TO THE RACE TRACK?
?
WESTPORT 2 MILES
WATTS 6 MILES
LAKE 1 MILE
NORTH POLE 5000 MILES
KINGLY 10 MILES
WATER
?
?
THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME UNTIL THE START OF THE RACE. HELP SHERM FIND HIS WAY TO THE TRACK.
START HERE
WRONG TURN
WRONG TRACK
GO BACK
RACE TRACK
RACE CARS ENTER HERE
TODAY STOCK CAR RACES
AS SHERM DRIVES HIS CAR ONTO THE TRACK, THE STARTER DROPS HIS FLAG AND THE BIG RACE IS ON!


!
?
?
89
2
7
WOW!! I GUESS THE RACE HAS STARTED!
I'LL SHOW THOSE GUYS! I'LL CATCH THEM IN ONE LAP!
LOOK OUT, SHERM! YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY!!!
!
HURRY! FIND A SAFE WAY THROUGH THE CARS FOR SHERM...
IN
OUT


GEE ... NOW I'M IN LAST PLACE !!
LOOK OUT SHERM!! THERE'S STILL ONE CAR BEHIND YOU .....
BUMP
THERE'S THE FINISH LINE RIGHT AHEAD!
WOW! LOOK AT SHERM.. HE'S FLYING RIGHT OVER THE OTHER CARS!
STEER SHERM TO THE CHECKERED WINNER'S FLAG!
GO BACK
WRONG WAY
START HERE
THE WINNER!
IT WAS A TOUGH RACE, AND I COULDN'T HAVE WON WITHOUT YOUR HELP!
FIRST PRIZE
THANKS!

(Continued from inside front cover)

time when his whole house was picked up and tossed about like a cork in a mud puddle. Poor Vernon awoke to find himself on the floor in the corner of the room with all of his worm furniture piled on top of him.

"WOW ! What a windstorm!" he yelled as the house came to rest, and he freed himself from the pile of furniture. "Look at the mess it made of this room. It'll take me an hour to straighten it all up."

An hour later Vernon sighed as he placed the last picture back on the wall. "I hope we don't have another storm like that again. I think I'll go outside and see how much damage it did to the other apples."

He started down the hall for his front door, and just as he opened the door and stuck his head out, he felt his house being lifted into the air. Before he could blink two times, he found himself staring into a huge cave with a white picket fence across the opening.

"YIPE!" he screamed as he realized that the cave was the open mouth of the farmer. "My house and I are about to be eaten up!"

As he dashed for the back door of his house, he realized that what he had thought was a storm had been the farmer picking his beautiful apple home.

He threw himself out the back door of his house and fell to the ground. It was only after he caught his breath that he realized how narrow had been his escape; for when the farmer had bitten through the apple, he had pinched the tip of Vernon's tail with his teeth. Vernon shuddered as he thought of what would have happened if he had been just a second slower.

"Maybe next time you won't laugh at me when I try to give you some advice," said the gray spider who had seen the whole thing happen.

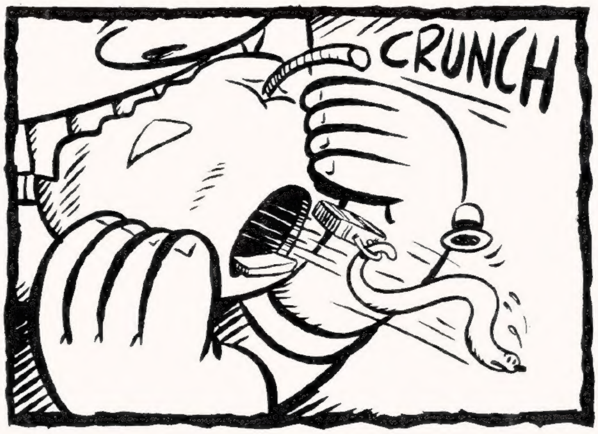
"OH, WOE IS ME!" moaned Vernon. "My beautiful home is gone. My home is inside the farmer's tummy. I have no place to live."

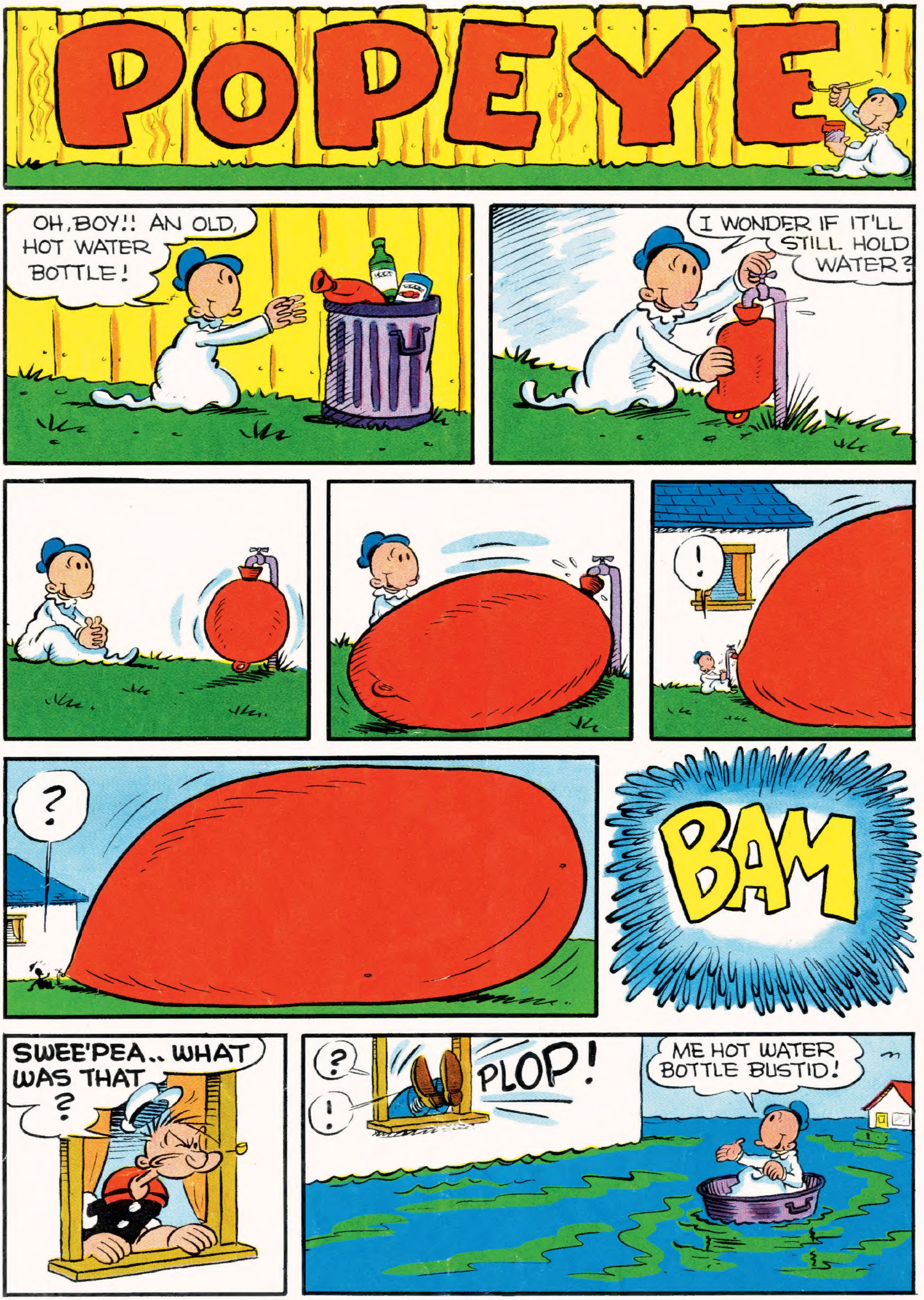
"Come with me," Gerard said and led Vernon over to an old apple lying on the ground. "Here's a home for you. This is where you should have been in the first place."

Vernon looked with horror at the dried up apple. "It's awful! I couldn't live in THAT!"

"Do you want to be eaten?" smiled Gerard.

"ER—A—ER—NO!" answered Vernon as he moved right into the old apple. As far as we know, he is still living there, secure in the knowledge that he is safe from the farmer and any other person who likes to eat big shiny red apples.




POPEYE
OH, BOY!! AN OLD, HOT WATER BOTTLE!
I WONDER IF IT'LL STILL HOLD WATER?
!
?
BAM
SWEE'PEA.. WHAT WAS THAT ?
?
!
PLOP!
ME HOT WATER BOTTLE BUSTID!

PRAISE FOR BUD SAGENDORF POPEYE PROJECTS BY YOE BOOKS.

"Gloriously funny writing and drawing style! Sagendorf comics are great comics!"
—MTV Geek *(Eddie Wright)*

"Sagendorf was the long-time assistant to the creator of Popeye, Elzie Segar, and his comics are just as classic!"
—Cartoon Brew *(Jerry Beck)*

"Hijinks one expects from Popeye—and even a little of the heart to boot."
—Pendragon's Post

"There's no comics with as much pure undiluted comic bookiness, stream-of-conciousness, and outlandish stories. They're super-fun!"
—Gutter & Panels *(John Gholson)*

"Sagendorf's cartooning is timeless in its bigfootededly bizarre brilliance. Bud Sagendorf is all kinds of awesome!"
—The Savage Critics *(John Kane)*

"Bud Sagendorf's Popeye *was brilliant. The stories were as compelling and entertaining as anything on the stands at the time—and we're talking about a period that encompassed Carl Barks'* Uncle Scrooge, *John Stanley's* Little Lulu, *and Shelly Mayer's* Sugar and Spike.*"*
—Comic Mix *(Mike Gold)*

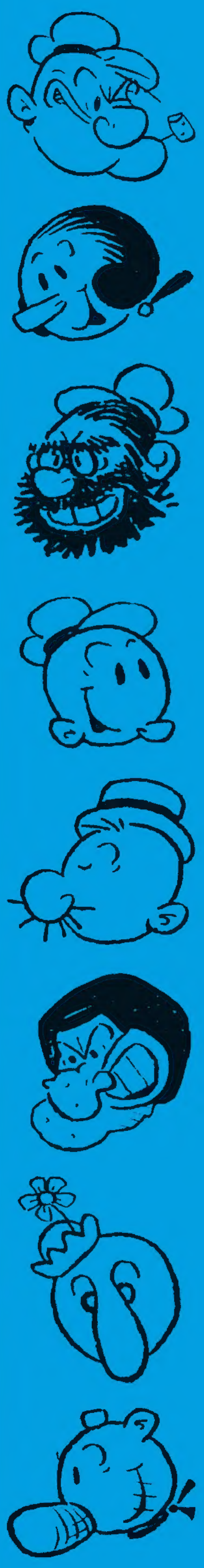
"What a genius! Sagendorf's comic books were classics, completely his own… brilliant stream-of-consciousness tales, with plenty of action and suspense, and clever, silly cartooning that carried it all beautifully."
—Potrezebie *(Bill Pearson)*

"For any age group, in much the same way as is The Simpsons.*"*
—The Lottery Party

"Brilliantly lively storytelling. Absolutely, positively recommended!"
—The Big Blog of Kids' Comics *(Mykal Banta)*

"Arf-filled!"
—Graphic Policy *(Brett Schenker)*

This book includes Popeye Classics issues #20–24.



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